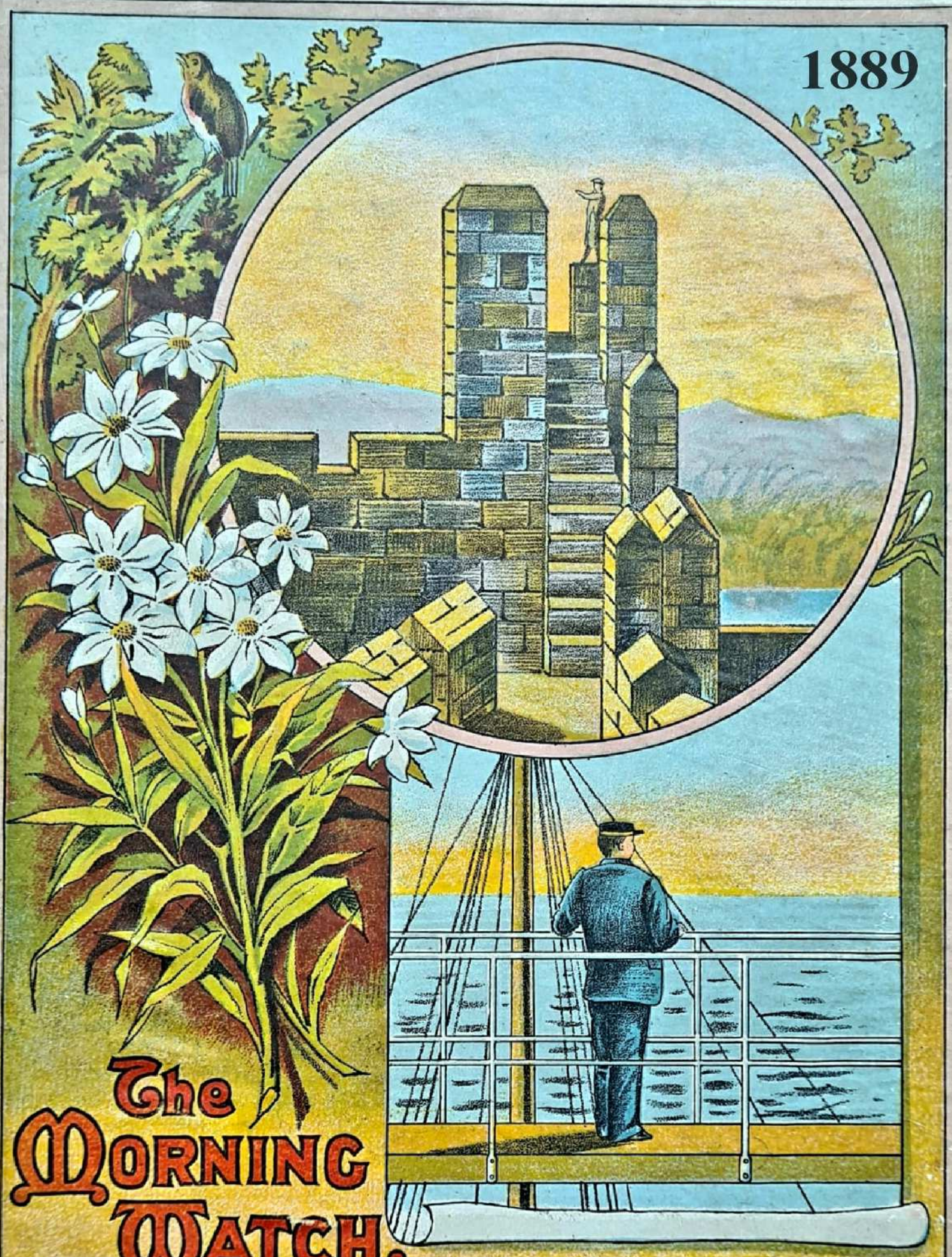


1889

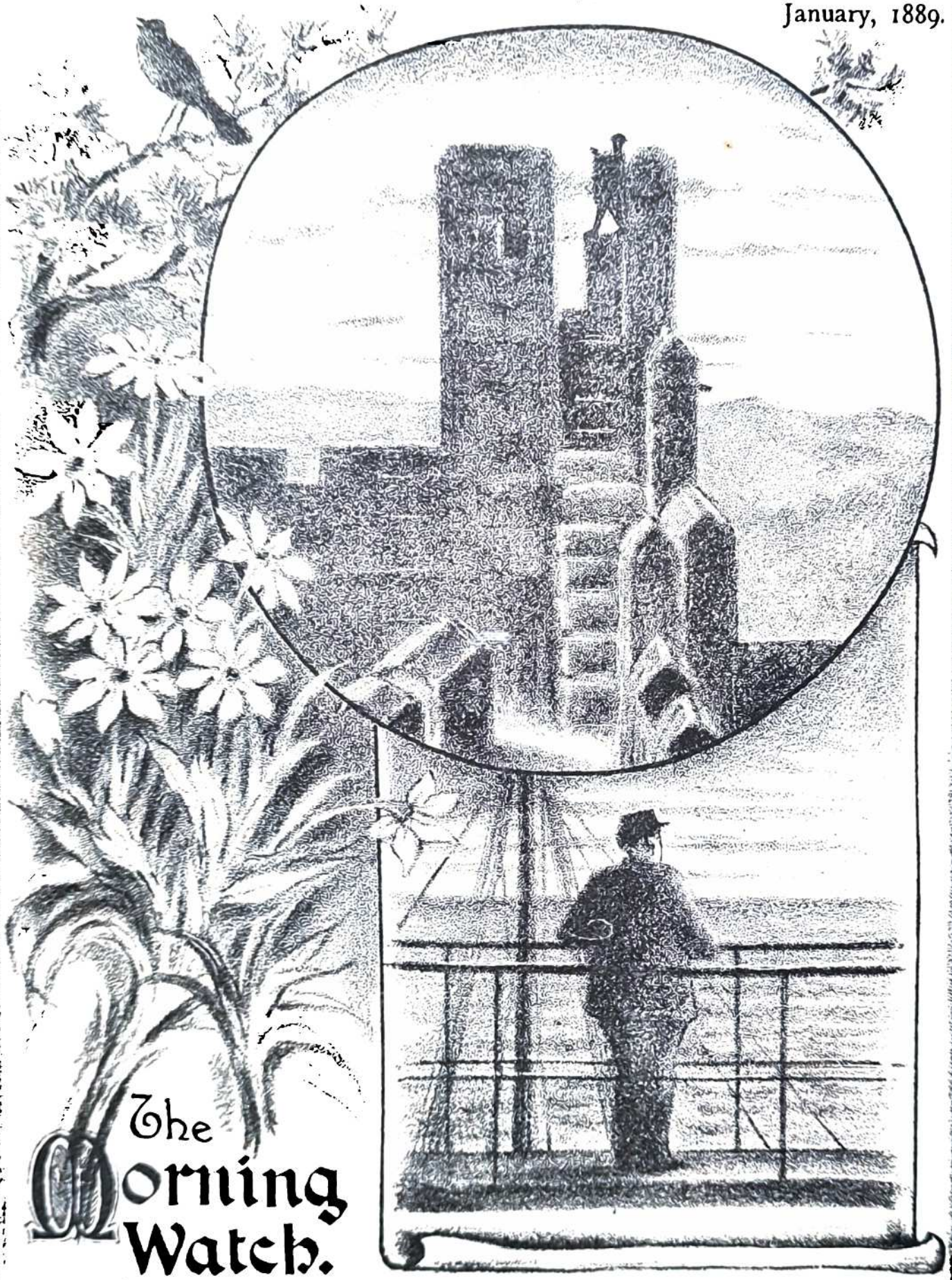
The Morning Watch.

EDITED BY
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK: JAMES McKELVIE & SONS LTD.
EDINBURGH AND GLASGOW: JOHN MENZIES & CO. LTD.
LONDON: THE SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION, 57 & 59 LUDGATE HILL, E.C.

JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS LTD., LITHO.

January, 1889.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK, JAMES McKELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

Postage on 4 Copies or under is ½d. by Book Post. 30 Copies may be sent by Parcel Post for 3d.

NOW READY,

Neatly Bound, Price ONE SHILLING,

(Free by post, 1s. 1d.),

The Volume of

The Morning Watch for 1888.

JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS, GREENOCK.

May be had of all Booksellers.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

JUNIORS.—1. What name does Christ get oftenest in the Book of Revelation? 2. A list of miracles in Exodus.

SENIORS.—1. Why is Christ called the Lamb of God? 2. A list of families in which there were three or more good persons.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to both the November and December Questions have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—Robert R. Stevenson. GARVAGH.—Wm. J. Dallas. GLASGOW.—Janet Barclay, Bessie Stirling, John Stirling. HAMILTON.—Mary H. Hamilton. KELLSWATER.—James Thomson. LEEDS.—James Paterson, Jeanie L. Paterson, John Pomphrey. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alex. Adams. RATHFELAND.—Lizzie Copeland. STRANRAER.—Willie Duffus, Agnes A. Higgins, William A. Higgins. WHITHORN.—Alex. Culton, James C. M'Kinnell. WISHAW.—John Telfer, Thomas Tudhope.

Seniors.

AIRDRIE.—Lizzie S. Stevenson, Jeanie N. Taylor. GLASGOW.—Agnes Stirling. GREENOCK.—James Kirkwood. LEEDS.—Jeanie L. Paterson. LIMAVADY.—Mary Nevin Wilson. WISHAW.—Robert Telfer, Robert A. Tudhope.

November Questions.

Juniors.

BAILIESMILL.—Mary J. Campbell, Samuel J. Campbell, Agnes Welsh Harvey. BALLYLAGGAN.—Joseph Gray. BROUGHTY FERRY.—Minnie A. Pringle. COLERAINE.—James Houston, Robert T. M. Houston. GLASGOW.—James Fulton, Alex. Fulton, Sarah Irvine, Robert Wilson. GREENOCK.—Florence Grieve, Hilda Grieve, Wm. Kirkwood, Duncan M'Neil, Kate Ralston, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston. INVERKIP.—Jeanie H. Lang. LIVERPOOL.—Alexander Dow, Katie Dow. LOANHEAD.—Maggie Craig. LOUGHBRICKLAND.—Lizzie Whitten. NEMPHLAR.—W. Shirlaw. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alex. Adams. SHANDON.—Archie B. Finlay. STRANRAER.—H. G., Anna B. Bradford, James Bradford, Lilias K. Cluckie, Mary A. M'Kail, Maggie M'Lellan, James Shankland, Alice Stewart, Florence Mary Stewart. WISHAW. Agnes Brown.

Seniors.

GREENOCK.—Jessie M'Kellar. HAMILTON.—Maggie K. W. Martin. KELLSWATER.—James Thomson. LEEDS.—J. Pomphrey. WHITHORN.—W. R. M'Kinnell. STRANRAER.—David M'Kail.

December Questions.

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—John Reid. GOVAN.—J. Irwin. GREENOCK.—Thomas W. R. Davidson. Eliza G. Howie, Rachel M. Hutcheson, Jeanie Kirkwood, Mary M'Neil. INVERKIP.—Annie H. Lang. STRANRAER.—Mary Hamilton, Robt. A. Higgins, Thomas P. Higgins.

Seniors.

GREENOCK.—Archie M'Neil. HAMILTON.—Maggie H. W. Hamilton. STRANRAER.—Maggie Hamilton. WISHAW.—Isabella Napier.

Answered Questions 1 and 2.

KELLSWATER.—James Thomson.

Answered Questions 2 and 3.

LEEDS.—J. Pomphrey.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

Jan. 6.—Mission of John the Baptist.—Mark i. 1-11. Text, Mark i. 3. Quest. 7. Psalm i. 1,2.

THE Gospel of Mark has been called the Gospel "of God working." No references to the early life of Jesus, except in the very first verse to His eternal life, "the Son of God." The first work is the preparation. (1) Men cannot understand the love of God till they see themselves. John was sent to rouse men to think and to repent. (2) John prepared some of the best disciples for Christ. Peter and Andrew, James and John, were among them. (3) He prepared the way by rousing Israel to see that Jewish descent was not enough to

save them. Proselytes only had been baptised before, but now Jews themselves were called to a baptism of repentance. But (4) John's baptism was not enough. He had not the power of the Holy Ghost yet given him. (5) John could give advice and direction, only Christ could give peace and salvation. The baptism of Jesus by John was (1) a proof of Christ's perfect holiness. He came for it as one who had "fulfilled all righteousness." (2) A proof of John's imperfection—"I have need to be baptised of Thee"—for the best minister who has been preaching to others has himself to come to Christ as a sinner, saying "*I* have need." (3) A proof of Christ as the sin-bearer. Other men were baptised to get pardon, He to give it. He was sinless, but "He was numbered with the transgressors" to save them. (4) The Father was always well pleased in Christ, but His highest joy in Him is in His taking sin on Him to take it away. So here we have the descent of the Spirit and the blessing of the Father at the baptism. The Trinity at every baptism.

———o———

Jan. 13.—A Sabbath in the Life of Jesus.—Mark i. 21-34. Text, Luke iv. xvi. Quest. 8. Psalm i. 3, 4.

CHRIST never utters opinions. He never says, "I think so." "He taught them as one having authority," for His words told just of what He knew and had seen. The man with the unclean spirit here had peace at times, else he would not have been allowed to come into the synagogue. But like a man who has committed crime, who starts when any hand is laid on his shoulder, so this spirit cries out in fear at the presence of Christ. Christ let in the light and the world saw a little of what the devil was doing. Turn up a big stone that has been lying for a while half embedded in a field, and what a scampering of slimy creeping things you see. Christ disturbed and exposed the devil's work, and so we hear more of people "possessed" in the Gospels than elsewhere. It was not just disease or madness, it was partly both and more than both. It was dominion over the human will by a personal devil.

The cure of Simon's wife's mother shews Christ's interest in those He blessed. How often we read of His "stretching out His hand" and "touching" the sick. There are people who are willing to do good, to give their means, and sympathy, to work that does not bring them into actual contact with the poor and suffering. Christ "went near," He "touched" them. The manner of this miracle is as Christlike as its power. He came and took her by the hand and lifted her up. Some people do kindly things in such an ungracious way that one hardly feels grateful. A hard, sharp "way" spoils nearly all the good of many a Christian.

———o———

Jan. 20.—Healing of the Leper.—Mark i. 35-45. Text, Mark i. 42. Quest. 9. Psalm i. 5-6.

WE see how much occupied Christ was; but He must always find time for prayer. If there was no time He would make time. Yet He had time for all who came to Him. He shews us here one good way of making time for prayer and time for work—early rising. Besides public worship and family worship there must always be "solitary prayer."

Lepers could not live in towns, and this man had to watch for Jesus. He had got to know of Christ's power, and he was in great need, for Luke says "he was full of leprosy." Sometimes Christ healed men gradually, but He never once healed a leper that way. Lepers were always healed on the instant. For leprosy was the type of sin, and though Christ does not always take trouble and darkness from His people He always takes away sin the moment they "come beseeching Him." So, like an echo to the leper's prayer, came the answer, "I will; be thou clean."

Leprosy is the most terrible of diseases. It is now found that the Jews were so far wise in keeping them apart, for the disease is infectious. So it was the fit type of the still worse disease of the soul by which a man is shut out from the society of what is best here, and from knowing the love of God. No one else would touch the leper; but Christ did. No one else *can* touch and heal the worse leprosy.

Jan. 27.—Forgiveness and healing.—Mark ii. 1-17. Text, Psalm ciii. 3. Quest. 10. Psalm ii. 1-3.

WHAT boldness of access men had and have to Christ! No matter how they came, or when, boldly or timidly, by day, at meal-time, or at night, He made them welcome. Luke tells us that there were Pharisees and doctors of the law from all parts of the country evidently come to watch Him. They would be pleased to see the interruption when the roof was torn open and a palsied man was let down at Jesus' feet to be healed. They would see now what He claimed to be. (1) We do not *read* of the palsied man's own faith. It was, at least partly, for the faith of his four friends that Christ healed him. The power of our prayers for others, of the prayers of others for us. (2) Christ does not always give what is asked, He gives more. This man wanted his palsy cured, Christ gave him what he needed more, forgiveness. (3) Sin ruins body as well as soul. It was sin that palsied this man. (4) Christ goes to the root of what is wrong. Healing would do no good to this man till he saw his sin in his trouble.

The Pharisees, of course, were angry. Their hearts were wrong, and so everything Christ did was wrong to them. His claim was blasphemy, they said. You cannot prove the highest things as you can prove that two and two are four. Christ even could only prove the forgiveness to them by the healing. But the palsied man knew it in his heart. "The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him."

THIS is the wreck of the good ship "Leap Year;" a total wreck if ever there was one, and twelve months ago it was as brave a ship as ever crossed the sea of Time. It took 6000 years to build, but the plans were made ages and ages before the world was. It was the work of a Master Builder Who Himself has sailed the sea and knows the rage and power of the elements. Its compartments and divisions were more in number than could be believed, leading and

opening the one into the other, and so curiously framed withal that if but one, the very smallest even, were kept uninjured, the ship could not be lost. The Compass needed no correcting, it pointed truly to the Star—

> That is an ever fixed mark
> To every wandering bark.

The charts were those the Master Builder used Himself; seafaring men, though fools, might never err therein. There were laws for every season, and rules for foretelling, aye, and for escaping every storm. And for those days when neither sun nor stars appear there was an Anchor, sure and steadfast. The cargo was beyond all price; golden opportunities past reckoning, the like of which were never seen before and shall never be seen again; and there were hopes of saints and Angels, and vows and resolutions of our own, and desires and promises of God exceeding great and precious, and there were souls of men. And what provision for the way: the finest of the wheat, milk, and honey from the the rock, apples of gold, manna from heaven, and living water, and store of pleasures, a continual allowance given from the King, a daily rate for every day!

What could have been done more that was not done?

And how then is it that that gallant ship was lost? Shall I tell you? It was because the Captain would not take the Master Builder with him, though He offered and entreated to be allowed to come. Nor would he take the course laid down, but set at naught his chart. "And then in counsels of his own he vainly wandered." He called the ship's stores "light food," and ate instead thereof provision which he had purchased for himself, apples of Sodom, clusters of Gomorrah, and husks that swine do eat. He kept no watch. Winds blew and darkness fell on him; but he went down into the sides of the ship, and lay, and was fast asleep. And though he was roused while as yet it was not too late, and warning voices came through the night, and flashes from the lighthouse fell on him, and he might have deemed from the roaring of the seas that he drew nigh destruction, he would have none of their reproof.

How much is lost of all the "Leap Year" carried I cannot tell, I fear to think. But the Captain himself was spared. Shall I tell you who he was? It is you, who now read these words. And strange to say, for it seems incredible, you are getting a new ship to command, a little smaller, but not less goodly than that which you have lost!

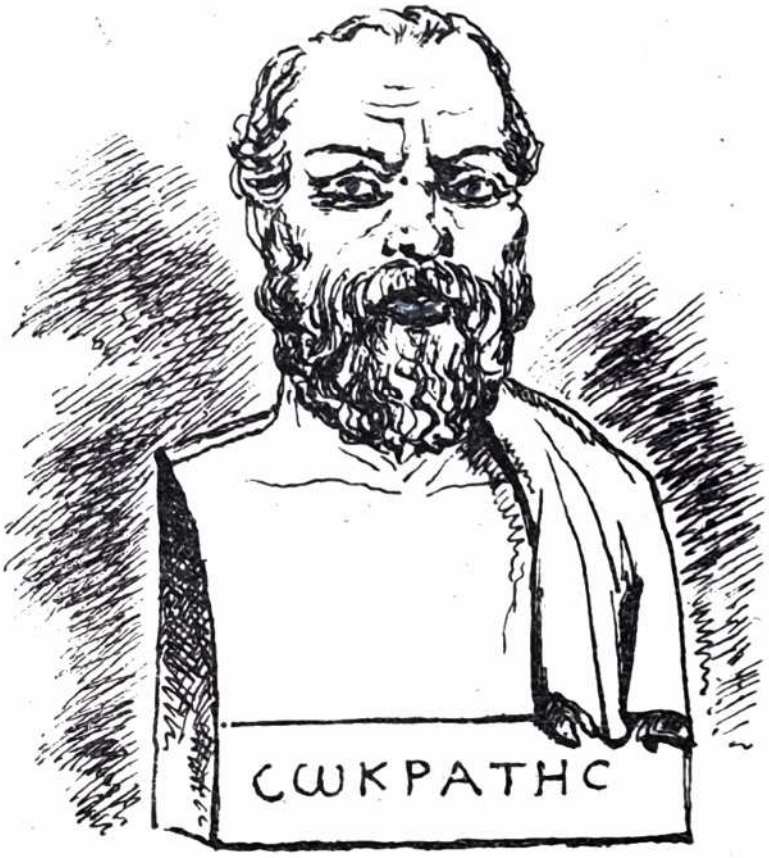
What shall *its* fate be? Surely *this* voyage you will take Christ with you, will you not?

Mr. Charles Longuet Higgins had those lines carved over his mantelpiece:—

> LET COME WHAT WILL COME,
> GOD'S WILL IS WELCOME.

Burgon's Lives of Twelve Good Men.

Socrates.



SOCRATES was a famous Greek philosopher who lived at the same time as Malachi and Nehemiah. He was, as you see, very plain looking, but a man's face may be ugly and yet very winning, and a girl's may be very beautiful, and yet no one may care for it. It is the look we put into our faces that is everything. Socrates was considered the wisest man of his time, but that could only be, he said, because he knew his own ignorance, and other people did not know theirs. He spent all his time teaching in public, going about the streets and the market-places and the shops, from morning to night, talking on any subject with anybody, young or old, rich or poor, who was willing to talk with him. His food and dress were of the plainest, for he was very poor. He had neither shirt nor shoes, even in winter, and yet he would take no reward from any one. All that he could muster was £4, he told his judges. For, strange to say, he was accused before the people of bringing in a new religion and corrupting the youth, and sentenced to be put to death by poison. He lay thirty days in prison, and might have escaped if he had wished. When his last hour came he asked the executioner what he had to do. "Nothing," he said, "but after you have drunk it to walk about till your legs feel heavy, and then lie down." Then he handed him the cup, and Socrates, taking it with great cheerfulness, drank it very readily and pleasantly. His friends, when they saw him drinking it, burst into tears, whereupon he cried out, "What are you doing, strange men? Did I not send the women away that there might be no noise? Be quiet, therefore, and act bravely." A little after he lay down and died, seventy years of age.

His wife, Xantippe, who might have been famous as his help-meet, is remembered only for her bad temper and her loud tongue.

THERE ARE ABOUT 900 LANGUAGES IN THE WORLD, AND OF THESE THERE ARE 560 INTO WHICH THE BIBLE HAS NOT YET BEEN TRANSLATED.

The Ptarmigan.

THE Ptarmigan is a kind of grouse. It is about 15 inches in length and weighs, feathers and all, about 20 ounces. A grouse has hairy legs, but a ptarmigan has hairy feet as well. Poor bird! it would need to be well clad for it lives on the tops of mountains amid the storm and the cold, and the mist and the snow. It is found in the Highlands of Scotland, but no where else in the British Isles. It lives on rock-plants, mosses, and berries, and has never been known to grumble because it can't get dainties. One needs a sharp eye to see it, it is so like the rocks where it has its haunts, but once seen it is easily shot. For it has no fear of man, and often, with its curious croaking cry, comes running to one's very feet.

There are other two very odd things about the Ptarmigan. First, its name is very hard to spell. I don't suppose it knows that, but, if bird nature is in the least like human nature, it would be very proud if it did know it, and would be much displeased if the P at the beginning were left out, say, on a letter, or in a newspaper report.

No one knows how the P got there, for the word is just the Gaelic *Tarmanach*, which is said to mean a dweller on mountains, and for a long time the word was spelt Termigant in English. As the name now stands it would be very hard for the little birds to learn, but they are sure to have a far easier name themselves for their own use. What will other birds call them? When an eagle, for example, asks her young ones, before she starts out in the morning, to guess what she is going to bring home for supper, whether a blue hare, or a little lamb, or a lot of ptarmigan, I wonder what she says. What are birds always saying to one another? For it seems queer that a man should be able to speak four languages and read all kinds of books, and make out all sorts of writing, and yet two little birds will sit on a tree talking for hours every day, loud out, and he does not know one word they are saying, and maybe they are making jokes about him or his wife all the time!

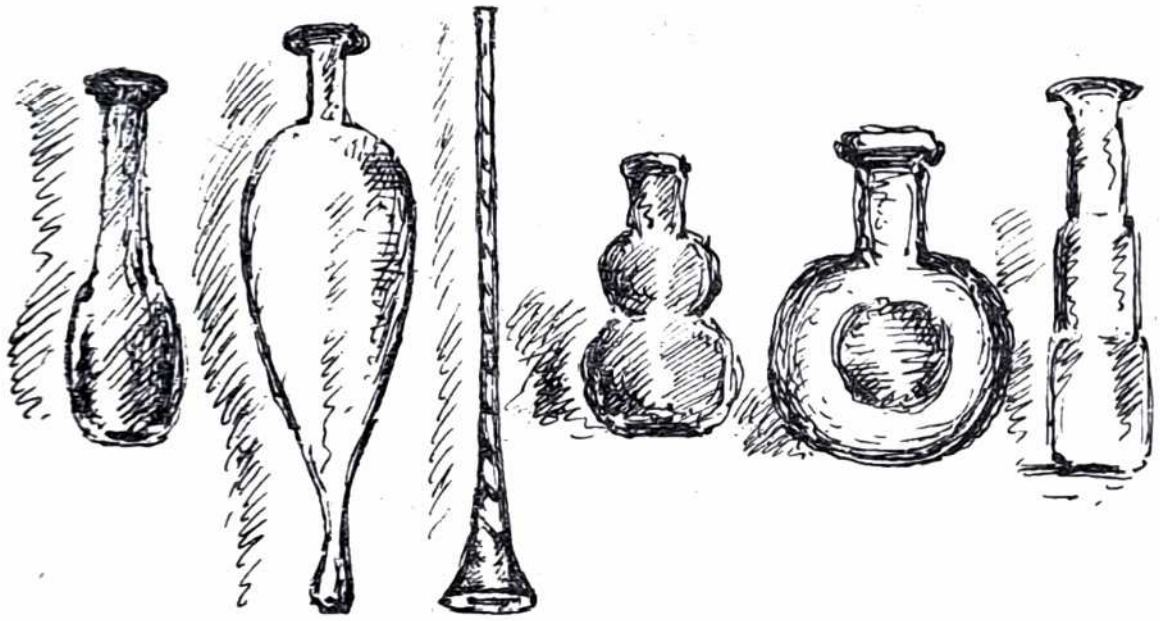
The other curious thing is that whilst most birds get two new suits of feathers every year, the Ptarmigan gets three. They have a grey suit for summer after their little ones are hatched; then a snowy white one for winter; and a third one for spring, much gayer than the others. A bird's feathers get worn just like our boots and clothes. They are always using them, wet or dry, sunshine or storm. Sometimes they rub them against stones, or knock them against branches. For some birds will be careless, and some always late and in a hurry. Sometimes too parts of their wings are shot away by sportsmen, and if they did not get new ones, what would come over them, running about naked, helpless, unable to fly? So God clothes them, for we can't. Nor can they clothe themselves. Hands, after all, as one has said, are better than wings. We can clothe ourselves, and we can clothe others if we have the heart to do so. But if a bird loses its feathers by accident, its own mother, no matter how clever or "handy" she is, can do nothing but look at it. Yet though Ptarmigan all get the same number of suits, there will be some more careful and tidy and neat than others; very particular where they go and how they fly; and if they get wet in rain, or hail, or snow, will oil their feathers very carefully. But others will always be coming home dirty, and putting off drying and oiling their "things" till the next day, and before they have had their new clothes a fortnight they won't have an article fit to put on on a Sabbath day.

———o———

Sale of a Hindoo god.

ON the 5th of last month the Hindoo Lingam god was sold by auction in New Bond Street, London. It consists of a precious stone called a chrysoberyl cat's-eye fixed in a topaz on the top of a pyramid studded with diamonds and nine other precious stones, including a sapphire, an emerald, and a ruby. Its total height is 2¼ inches. It was pre-

served for more than a thousand years in an ancient temple at Delhi, and was greatly reverenced, chiefly by women. When Bad Shah Bahador Shah, the last king of Delhi, was captured and exiled to the Andaman Isles, his queen stole the god, and it was never seen again until she sold it, being in want, during the Mutiny to an English gentleman. Its latest owner is a London jeweller, who bought it at the sale for £2,450.



Tear Bottles.

WE can tell what a man is if we watch what he laughs at. If he laughs at a drunk man he shows that he has still a good deal to learn before he can see God. Christ could not laugh at such a sight.

We can tell, in the same way, what a boy or girl is if we watch what they cry for. "Our eyes tell tales of us."

The Greeks and Romans long ago, it is said, used to put the tears they shed when a friend died into a bottle, and these bottles were placed in the tomb on the day of burial. The bottles in the illustration were found in Cyprus.

In the 56th Psalm, David says to God, Put Thou my tears into Thy bottle; are they not in Thy Book? He asks God, that is to say, to remember all his affliction. Now, is it not a very strange thing that God writes down in His book the number of the tears we shed, and what we shed them for? I think if we saw our tears all put in bottles and labels or tickets stuck on them to tell what we had cried for, we should every one of us be very much ashamed. How many bottles would be labelled "Sulks," and "Envy," and "Discontent," "Tears shed because I didn't get out to play," "Tears shed when my mother punished me for disobedience," "For talking in school," "For telling lies"—a long row of these!—

and how many rows of "Shed for nothing!" To these last we are ever adding, even in old age: "Shed needlessly," "Through want of faith." Not many, I fear, "For sin that I have done," or "For grief at the sins of others," or "For the sorrows of the world." And how few "Tears of joy over God's mercies," and yet these mercies have been past reckoning and infinitely and unimaginably great.

And, Oh! the tears we have made others shed — our mothers, our teachers, our play-fellows, the people whom we have taught to sin; and worse, unspeakably worse, have we not all grieved God's Good and Holy Spirit, and broken Christ's heart?

—o—

Water into Wine.

LIKE water-pots at Cana stand
Behind us stony years,
That have been filled at Christ's command
With grievous rain of tears.

Some fewer firkins, others more,
These stony urns contain;
Not into every year could pour
An equal fall of rain.

But firkins two or three apiece,
That fill them to the brim;
When all are filled so, rain will cease,
Waiting the word from Him.

The word comes, "Draw out now and bear,"
When—miracle divine!—
They draw and bear to banquet, where
The water now is wine.

The best wine first, the last the worst—
Man's feasts are ordered so;
They run to waste, pall on the taste,
From bad to worse they go.

Joy loses joy in course of years,
And is quite lost when past;
But rain of tears such vintage bears
As yields the good wine last.

And as Lord Christ in vineyard still
Makes yearly wine from rain,
So His first miracle He will,
Returning, work again.

When, His own marriage being come,
He, seated by her side,
Shall order to the banquet room
The new wine for His bride.

And her cup-bearer, Memory,
From urns of ancient years,
Shall fetch there choicest draughts that be,
The wine that once was tears.

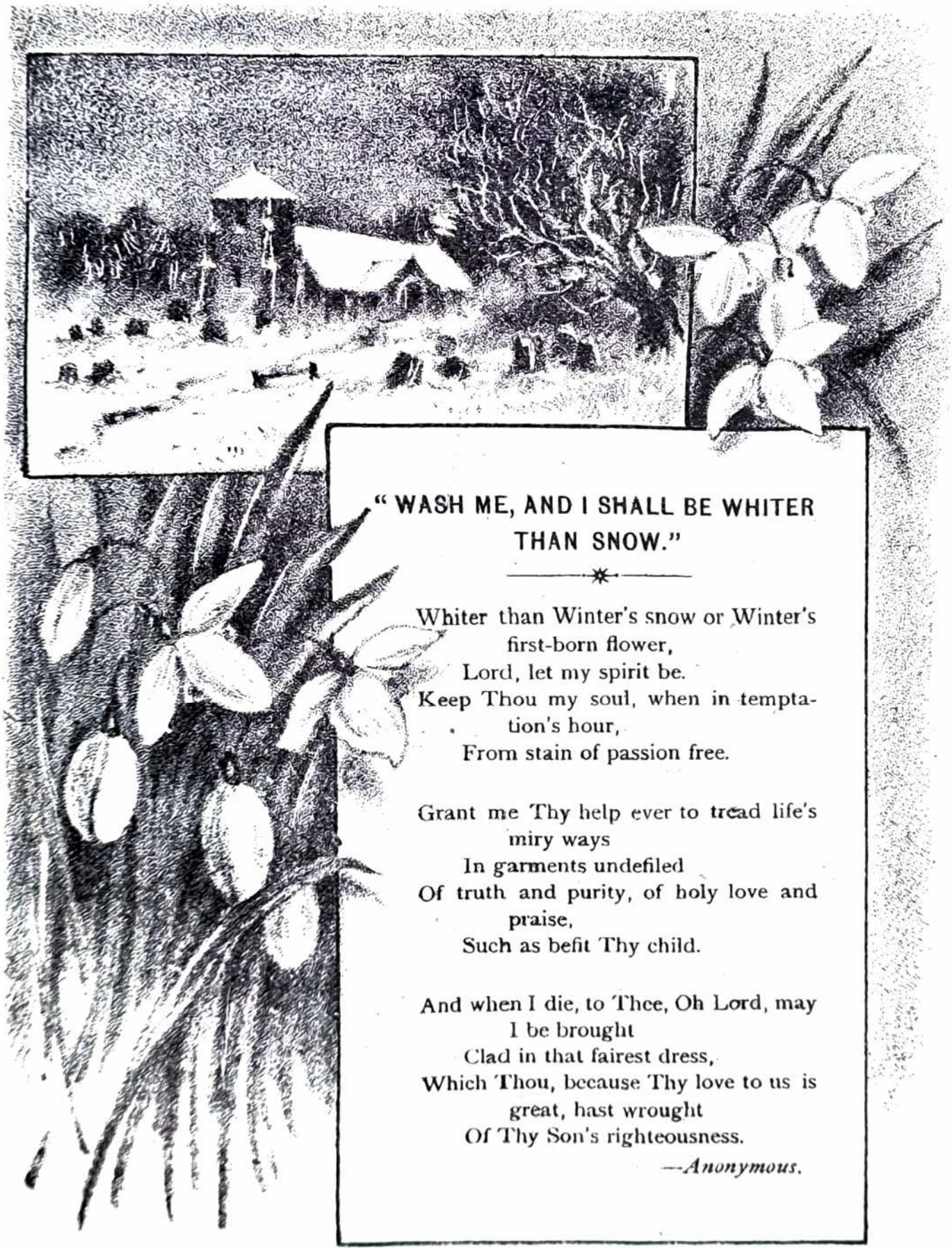
Dr. Brown's Life of Dr. Robertson of Irvine.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age.—Psalm xcii. 14.

When "Rabbi" Duncan was dying in Edinburgh, some one told him there was a man in the Infirmary whose language no one could speak. "I will learn it, I will learn it," he said, "and tell him about the Saviour."

Madame Dumas, the President of the Protestant Women's Society for visiting prisoners in Paris, who has just completed her 96th year, learnt Spanish when she was 82 that she might be able to speak to a poor Spanish girl who was in prison, and in terrible distress.

TAKE MY HEART, LORD, FOR I CANNOT GIVE IT THEE; KEEP IT, FOR I CANNOT KEEP IT FOR THEE. —*Augustine.*



"WASH ME, AND I SHALL BE WHITER THAN SNOW."

Whiter than Winter's snow or Winter's
first-born flower,
Lord, let my spirit be.
Keep Thou my soul, when in tempta-
tion's hour,
From stain of passion free.

Grant me Thy help ever to tread life's
miry ways
In garments undefiled
Of truth and purity, of holy love and
praise,
Such as befit Thy child.

And when I die, to Thee, Oh Lord, may
I be brought
Clad in that fairest dress,
Which Thou, because Thy love to us is
great, hast wrought
Of Thy Son's righteousness.

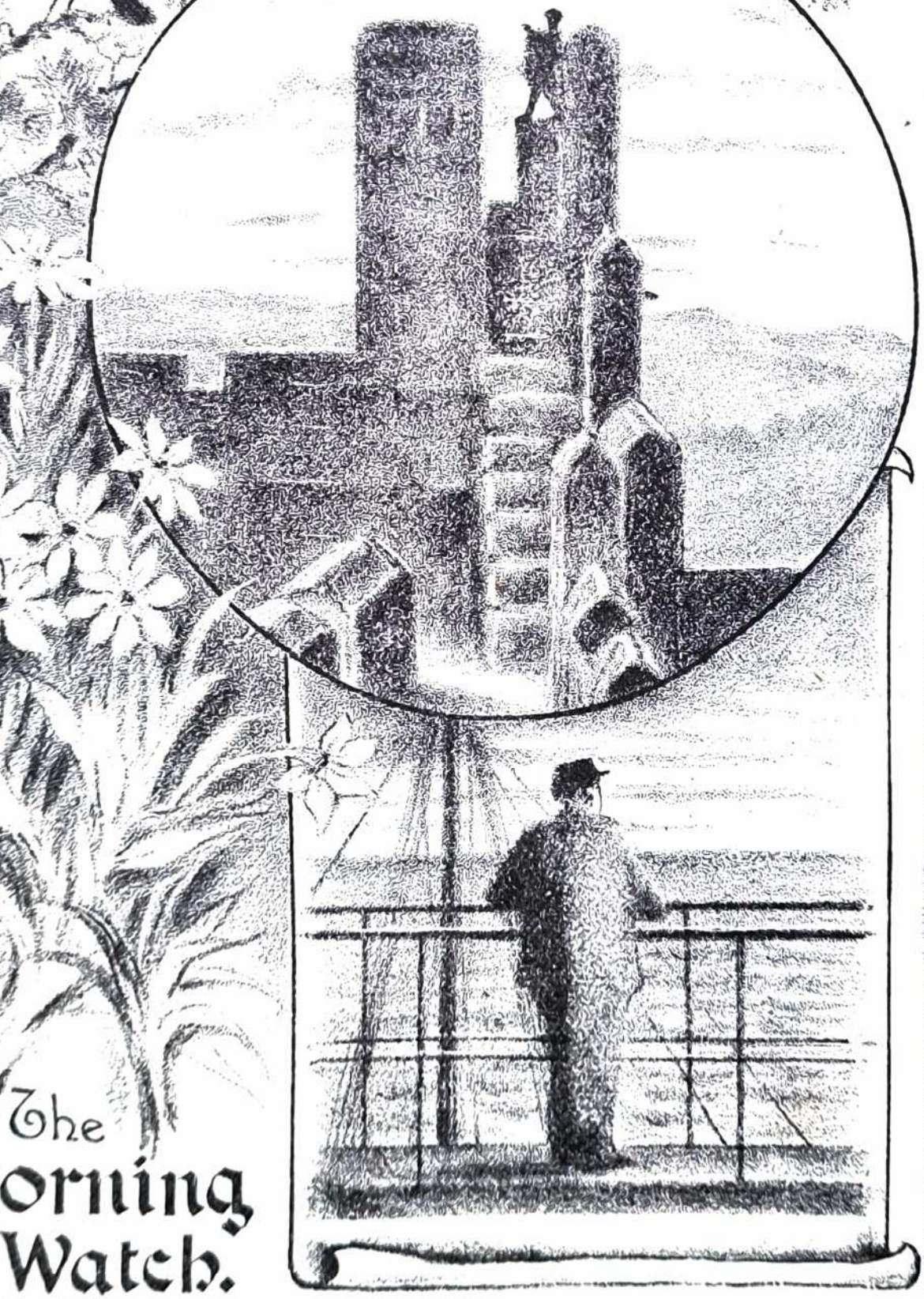
—*Anonymous.*

THE MOON.		THE SUN	RISES	SETS.
New Moon, . .	1st January.	Sabbath, 6th January, at	8.45;	3.53.
First Quarter, . .	9th "	" 13th "	8.40;	4.4.
Full Moon, . .	17th "	" 20th "	8.31;	4.18.
Last Quarter, . .	24th "	" 27th "	8.20;	4.33.
New Moon, . .	31st "			

1	Tu	Behold, I stand at the door, and knock: if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come into him, and will sup with him, and he with Me. —*Rev. iii. 20.*
2	W	I am the Alpha and the Omega, saith the Lord God, Which is and Which was and Which is to come, the Almighty.—*Rev. i. 8 (R. V.).*
3	Th	Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in.—*Ps. xxiv. 7.*
4	F	The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay His head.
5	S	Abide with us.—*Luke xxiv. 29.*
6	S	Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.—*Matt. xxv. 6.*
7	M	This God is our God for ever and ever;
8	Tu	He will be our guide even unto death.—*Ps. xlviii. 14.*
9	W	O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto Thee?—*Ps. lxxxix. 8.*
10	Th	He that toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye.—*Zech. ii. 8.*
11	F	The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
12	S	My cup runneth over.—*Ps. xxiii. 1, 5.*
13	S	If it be so, our God Whom we serve is able to deliver us from the burning fiery furnace;
14	M	But if not, be it known unto thee, O King, that we will not serve thy gods.—*Dan. iii. 17-18.*
15	Tu	Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed.—*John xx. 29.*
16	W	Pilate said, What accusation bring ye against this man?—*John xviii. 29.*
17	Th	Which of you convicteth me of sin?—*John viii. 46 (R. V.).*
18	F	This Man hath done nothing amiss.—*Luke xxiii. 41.*
19	S	This is My Beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased.—*Matt. iii. 17.*
20	S	Hast thou not known? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary?
21	M	There is no searching of His understanding.
22	Tu	He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.
23	W	Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall:
24	Th	But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength;
25	F	They shall mount up with wings as eagles;
26	S	They shall run and not be weary, and they shall walk and not faint.—*Isa. xl. 28-31.*
27	S	What communications are these that ye have one with another, as ye walk? And they stood still, looking sad.—*Luke xxiv. 17 (R. V.).*
28	M	Why art thou wroth? and why is thy countenance fallen?—*Gen. iv. 6.*
29	Tu	Has thou eaten of the tree whereof I commanded thee that thou shouldest not eat?—*Gen. iii. 11.*
30	W	Why make ye this ado and weep?—*Mark v. 39.*
31	Th	Be not faithless, but believing.—*John xx. 27.*

JAMES McKELVIE & SONS, LITH. GREENOCK.

February, 1889.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK, JAMES McKELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

Postage on 4 Copies or under is ½d. by Book Post. 30 Copies may be sent by Parcel Post for 3d.

NOW READY,

Neatly Bound, Price ONE SHILLING,

(Free by post, 1s. 1d.),

The Volume of

The Morning Watch for 1888.

JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS, GREENOCK.

May be had of all Booksellers.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

JUNIORS.—1. List of persons rebuked by Paul 2. Twelve prayers from the Psalms of two or three words each.

SENIORS.—1. Instances of a man's foes being those of his own household. 2. An Old Testament "Bill of Fare" for a rich man's table; and 3. for a poor man's. 4. "The expectation of the wicked shall perish:" give instances.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the January Questions have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—John Reid, Robert R. Stevenson, James Taylor. BAILIESMILLS.—Mary J. Campbell, Samuel James Campbell. BALLYLAGGAN.—Robert A. Blair, W. P. Blair, J. Norman Lynd. GLASGOW.—Janet Barclay, James A. M'Kee, Bessie Stirling, Robert Wilson. GOVAN.—J. Irwin. GREENOCK.—Thomas W. K. Davidson, Elsie S. Kirkwood, James M'Crea, Janet M'Donald, Maggie Wardrop. HAMILTON.—Mary H. Martin. INVERKIP.—Jeanie H. Lang. LEEDS.—James Paterson, J. Pomphrey. LIVERPOOL.—Alex. Dow, Katie Dow. LOANHEAD.—Grace Allison, Jemima Crawford, Maggie S. Craig, Caroline Haddow, Susan A. Haddow. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alexander Adams. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. SHANDON.—Archie B. Finlay. STRANRAER.—James Bradford, Anna B. Bradford, Willie Duffus, Mary Hamilton, Thomas Hamilton, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert Andrew Higgins, Thomas Peter Higgins, William A. Higgins, Jane P. Romsie, James Shankland, Alice Stewart, Florence M. Stewart. WHITHORN.—Nellie Culton, James C. M'Kinnell. WISHAW.—Maggie G. Tudhope, Tom Tudhope.

Seniors.

AIRDRIE.—Jeanie N. Taylor. GLASGOW.—Agnes Stirling. HAMILTON.—Maggie K. W. Martin. LEEDS.—Jeanie L. Paterson, J. Pomphrey. LOANHEAD.—Eleanor Allison. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alex. Adams. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. STRANRAER.—Maggie Hamilton. WISHAW.—Robert Telfer.

Answered Question 2.

BALLYLAGGAN.—J. Norman Lynd.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

Feb. 3.—The Parable of the Sower.—Mark iv. 1-20. Text, Mark iv. 23. Quest. 11. Psalm ii. 4-6.

FOUR kinds of soil, three of them bad. This is not meant to suggest the proportion of *seed* that bears fruit. To questions about the apparent failure of so much Christian effort this parable gives the answer that the fault is in *the soil*, the human heart, not in the seed, the word. 1. The wayside. Here the seed could not get into the soil beaten hard by passers by. It lay *on* the ground and was soon picked up or crushed by the next to pass. Minds beaten hard by worldliness which keep an open thoroughfare for thoughts about pleasure and profit cannot *take in* the word. 2. The stony ground. Thin soil. The seed had little room to work below, and it had to work up. It was first to braird. Like shallow men who are always beginning something, changing their trade and their friends, there are some young men who receive Christ, and the next day are workers. They do not let the seed rest deep down for a time to store juices and become strong, because they have no depth of earth, and they have no need to learn. They are showing above ground too soon. 3. The thorny ground. The thorns should not have been here. They should have been plucked out of the place where the seed was being sown. They would have been all right in a hedge or a fence. Cares, riches, some pleasures, are not bad. It is when they hinder the seed, when they come between us and God, that they are evil. 4. Little is said about the good soil.

You say everything when you say a man is good and honest. You can say no more of the best than this—he is a godly man.

———o———

Feb. 10.—Satan conquered.—Mark v. 1-20. Text, Mark v. 19. Quest. 12. Psalm ii. 7-9.

1. SATAN'S cruelty. There is no limit to his hatred of this poor man. He would treat us the same way if he could. 2. Satan's weakness. He could not kill the man or keep him from meeting Christ. A legion, enough to destroy 2,000 swine, but not enough to destroy one man. They are legion in number, but not in discipline. Their fury against one another is as great as their fury against God. 3. Satan's hatred of God. Devils are not forced to sin. Here they had an opportunity of speaking to Christ; they are not yet finally shut up in the "abyss." They believe in God and tremble, but they will not ask forgiveness. 4. Satan's degradation. Once they were Angels in glory, now they say, Send us into the swine—anywhere away from Christ. 5. Men's wickedness. God spared not His Own Son, and these men grudged their swine.

Never despair of any one. There are more Angels than devils, and they excel in strength, and there is an Almighty God besides.

———o———

Feb. 17.—The Timid Woman's Touch.—Mark v. 25-34. Text, Mark v. 36. Quest. 13. Psalm ii. 10.12.

THE ruler had been waiting for the return of Christ as eagerly as a sick man up in the hills waits for the doctor who has to come far. Christ is coming with him and the case looks so urgent that no time could be more unlikely for approaching Jesus. But this woman was in terrible trouble, and she was at her wits' end. 1. She had tried everyone else. Christ was her last resource. That is when many people come to Him, when everything else has failed. 2. There never is an unsuitable time to come to Christ—if it is *now*. No work could be so urgent as to let Him pass on when He knew the touch of faith. 3. How Christ is touched by need. The multitude thronged Him, but one touched Him. The multitude go to church and sing and pray and often get no good, but the cry of need, the song from the depths, is never passed by. 4. All have to get through a crowd to touch Christ, of proud thoughts, cares, temptations. 5. This woman's faith was soiled by superstition. She did not know fully, but she trusted fully. And she was blessed. 6. She came behind and touched Him, but He made her acknowledge herself before Him. Secret faith is dangerous. With the mouth confession is to be made unto salvation.

———o———

Feb. 24.—The Great Teacher and His Twelve Disciples.—Mark vi. 1-13. Text, Mark vi. 12. Quest. 14. Ps. iii. 1-6.

THE foolish questions of the men of Nazareth are constantly repeated to this day. They thought that when they could prove that they knew Christ and His friends they had disposed of His claims to be a prophet. When they could shew that He was in any way connected with themselves He could not be sent of God. That was a terrible judgment of themselves. But it is the same thing when men feel that those whom they know and meet privately or in business, and are in some respects like themselves, have no right to warn them or preach strong things to them. It is as foolish when people get rid of the sharp arrows of the Word by pointing to some prominent man in the church, a faulty elder or minister, not asking, "Is this word of God?" but saying, "Look at him!"

Christ expected fruit of His ministry. He sent His disciples where He had been to follow up His work. We preach and teach and pray, believing, indeed, but not always definitely expecting. He expected there would be one house in every village where the people had been enough impressed to make them welcome. They were to prepare nothing but to trust that. They preached repentance. The Kingdom is for men who know they have sinned, who take a new thought and seek a new life.

———o———

Mar. 3.—Jesus the Messiah.—Mark viii. 27—ix. 1. Text, Mark viii. 34. Quest. 15. Psalm iv. 6-8.

The Eagle.

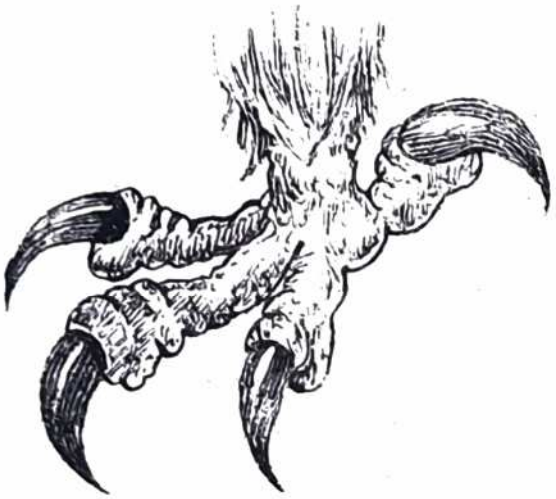
BEFORE I begin I wish you to read a few verses in the Bible: Job xxxix. 27-30; Deuteronomy xxxii. 12; Ezekiel xvii. 3; Obadiah 4, and see who will find out Obadiah first; and, lastly, Isaiah xl. 31.

This is a Golden Eagle that lives in the North of Scotland. She has had an early breakfast, and after stirring up her nest to force her young ones to get up and let her

make the bed, she has given them a ride on her back and a lesson in flying. They have lain down again, and she has said to them, "Mother is going to see your cousins in Wales, but she will be back before dinner time, and you are to be very good, and sleep with all your might, and not go near the edge of your nest or you will fall away down, down ever so far, and what would poor mother do? Good-bye, good-bye." And away she goes, turning round when she is ten miles off to see if they are lying still. Now she is passing over Argyllshire, and up into the sky she soars for she sees men with guns. One of them is the man who just missed her with a bullet six years ago, and he is crouching behind a rock, but he may fire away, she is a mile and more above his head! On, on, on, and by ten o'clock she is in her sister's house, bringing with her a grouse and a young pheasant for her three little ones. "Oh, how nice your house is, mine is so small, only five feet square, but I think heather makes a far better lining than reeds and rushes. And what lovely little children! My ones have not nearly so much white in their tails, but they are big, heavy boys." But then she looks sad and says, "Their father went away the morning of the last New Moon, and we have never seen him since." And the other says, "Our papa went over to Ireland this morning and I am anxious about him too. He is far from strong. I made him weigh himself on the bough of a tree the other night and he was only 12 lbs., and last year he was 12½. He is getting up in years, though. He had stopped growing when he went to the Crimea, and that must be 400 moons now. He says if there was another war he would get back to his old weight, and he thinks there will be one soon, and we must all go to it together, mustn't we? And you are going off already! but you must take some mutton before you go. And I'll go part of the road with you." "Please do, but you must not come more than 100 miles." So they dress their dark-brown wings. And the Welsh one asks her sister how it is the plumage on her neck is such a lovely golden red. "Oh, I do wish I could get mine dyed that shade, but that would not be right, would it? And I am quite happy, having such a pretty sister!" Then they both laugh and kiss one another, and saying, "Good bye, Taffies," away they go. But soon the sisters part, and presently the Scotch one is nearing home. Within the last few miles she picks up such a dear wee lamb, one she had set her heart on in the morning. Her little ones are just stretching themselves and yawning. They have been sound asleep all the time she was away!

Would you like to know about their father? Their mother never told them the story of his death, she was too much ashamed and grieved; she had loved him for forty years and wished them to love him too.

He was the handsomest eagle of his time. His claws were as sharp as needles and as strong as steel



EAGLE'S FOOT.

What weights he carried! He stood almost two feet high, his wings were eight feet from tip to tip, and he had such a brilliant eye! But he was a glutton. Many a warning he got, but no warning would he heed. Then he grew careless about his family; not that he ever struck his wife—no eagle ever did that—but he left her all alone for days, and she had everything to do. But his end had come at last. That morning he went out he promised—as usual—to be a good eagle and come back soon, and bring something home with him, but he broke his word. He found a dead sheep in a glen, and ate and ate and ate, till he was so full he couldn't rise. Just then Eric MacKay, the shepherd's boy, twelve years old, came by, and seeing the eagle quite helpless rushed at him and killed him with his stick —him whom no sportsman could have slain in open war, whom no sun could dazzle, and no hurricane could turn.

He was only 52. His father had lived to be 80, and his grandfather 103. "But there are a great many sudden deaths now," as another eagle said, "far more than there used to be. I wonder what can be the reason!"

The Story of a White Flower.

ONE very dark afternoon in November, as Aleck Ross was going home from school through the fog and the narrow streets of one of the poorest localities in the City, a lady who seemed somewhat bewildered by her surroundings, asked him to tell her the way. Aleck was very proud to lead her along several streets, and still prouder when, after he had brought her to the region of lighted shops in a leading thoroughfare, she thanked him and gave him a threepenny piece. He had not thought of any such reward, and it seemed a great sum of money to him. It was so difficult to realise that it was really his, that he stood some time with it tightly shut up in his hand, as if he were afraid it would take the first chance of running away from him; he was such a poor, ragged, little boy, and the lady's purse, its last home, had looked so beautiful and soft!

Suddenly he thought he must tell his little sister all about it, and he ran home as fast as possible. It was a poor comfortless home, one room in the highest story of a

large tenement of old houses. For Aleck's father was dead, and his mother, who spent most of her time going out to clean other folks' houses, did little to make her own comfortable, and, what was worse—oh, a thousand times worse!—spent a good deal of the money she earned on drink. His little sister Nelly, whom he dearly loved, was a helpless cripple. Poor child! She had a great deal of pain, and almost no joy or comfort in her life. Her mother showed her no love, and she had never heard of the loving Saviour Who called little children to him and blessed them, Who pities them in their weakness and pain. No wonder her little thin face had seldom a happy look, or her voice a contented tone. Even to Aleck, who was so kind to her, she was sometimes cross!

On reaching home Aleck found Nelly alone. A neighbour had come in and attended to the fire, and put on the kettle for tea; so in the firelight he sat down beside his pale little sister, and told her how he had got the threepenny piece. He hoped his mother would allow him to keep it, for only a few days before his teacher in school had told the class that, in order to encourage the culture of flowers amongst them, pots and roots and the necessary mould would be shortly sold to them at a low price. Aleck at different times had seen the flowers growing in the City parks, and twice he had gone with the school children an excursion into the country. He had there seen the hedges white with hawthorn, and had lain in the fresh grass almost buried in daisies and buttercups, listening with feelings of intense happiness to the song of a lark away in the blue sky. He had tried to tell Nelly all about it—for Nelly had never been beyond the narrow street in which she lived—but he felt words could not express it all, and it had since been his greatest wish, as she could not go to the country, to bring a little bit of the country to her, a singing bird or a blossoming plant! But how was it to be got?

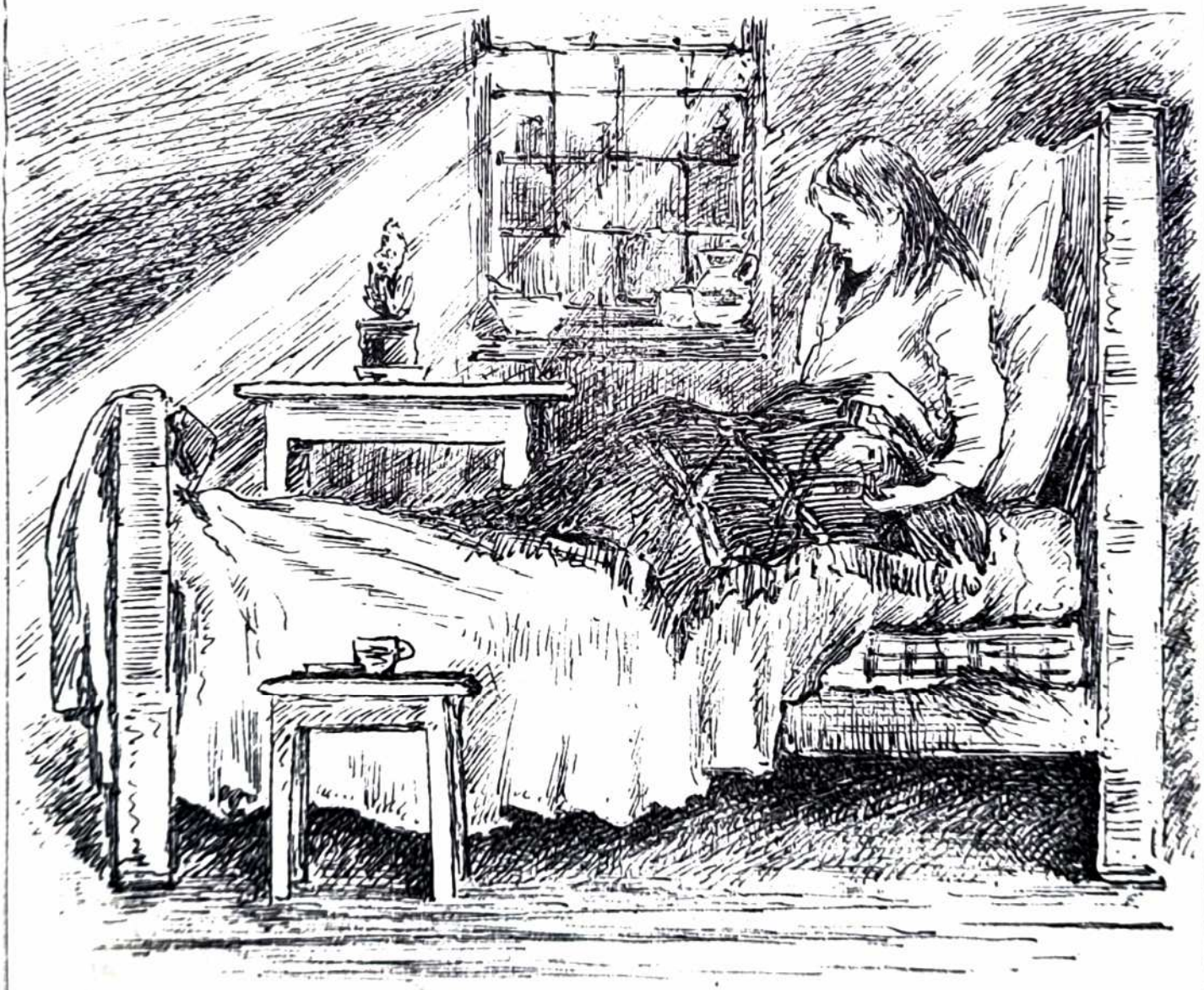
It seemed now as if he were going to have his wish, and when he told his mother of his plan, he pled so earnestly that she could not refuse him, although she did think it folly to spend money on what was neither meat nor drink.

On the appointed day the plants were sold to the children, and Aleck bore home in triumph a clean red pot, a bag of earth, and a hyacinth bulb, for each of which he paid a penny.

As he and Nelly were laying their heads together and wondering how far down in the pot the precious bulb should be put, it happened that a lady called at their door, and seeing the children so deeply interested, she asked if she might come in, and soon she had heard not only the history of the flower-pot, but that of poor little Nelly too. She gave them a few instructions as to the planting of the bulb, remembering her own childhood's garden and each individual clump of snowdrops and crocuses there, and left the children saying she would like

to come back and see how the hyacinth prospered. Her heart was filled with pity for the little cripple in her lonely hours of pain, and she prayed that God would help her to bring some joy into the child's joyless life.

As the winter passed on, her visits became more and more frequent. The mother was seldom at home,



and taking an apple or a cake to tempt the child's appetite the visitor sat beside Nelly, telling her of the love of God, of the gift of His dear Son to die for sinners, of the home He is preparing for those who love Him. At first the child's mind had difficulty in understanding it all, she had been so little loved in life, had had so little to love. Taking the white hyacinth, which was beginning to burst from its green leaves, the visitor tried to teach from it much of the love and power of God. If He so cared for the flowers, did He not much more care for His children? And as the pure flower sprang from the root which would soon decay in the earth, so, though our bodies were laid in the grave, God would

raise us to new life and beauty, through Christ Who is the Resurrection and the Life.

Gradually the child believed in and loved her Saviour; she loved Him because He first loved her. Although her body was rapidly growing weaker, and her pain greater, she did not now find the lonely hours wearisome. As the spring advanced, and the sun shone more into the dingy room, she asked Aleck every morning to place the hyacinth on the little wooden table, where the sunshine fell on it, and where in its fragrant purity it looked amid its dark surroundings like a visitor from a brighter world. For hours Nelly would lie looking at it and trying to remember all the kind lady had told her of the white dress, the never-withering flowers in that home for little children, where the Saviour will gather them as lambs in His arms. She hoped to be there soon, and the thought filled her heart with happiness.

When Aleck bought the flower-root, it was his first wish that Nelly should see how beautiful a thing a flower was, and have one of her very own. But it was also his ambition that it should be carried by him on the day of exhibition to the hall, and carried home again by him to Nelly with the pink ticket, "*First Prize*" attached to it.

But the white hyacinth was not taken to the Flower Show. Before the day appointed for that had come, Aleck, with many tears, and feeling his earthly home very empty but the heavenly one very near, laid it between the folded fingers of Nelly's little thin hands as she lay dead.

Christ had called her to that land where there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.

The following passage is taken from a letter sent a short time ago by the Chief Khame to the Assistant-Commissioner of the Bechuanaland Protectorate, South Africa :—

"I fear Lo Bengula less than I fear brandy. I fought with Lo Bengula when he had his father's great warriors from Natal, and drove him back, and he never came again, and God who helped me then would help me again.

"Lo Bengula never gives me a sleepless night. But to fight against drink is to fight against demons, and not against men. I dread the white man's drink more than all the assegais (long spears) of the Matabele which kill men's bodies, and it is quickly over, but drink puts devils into men, and destroys both their souls and their bodies for ever. Its wounds never heal."

———o———

In every human face there is a history and a prophecy.—*Dr. R. C. Trench.*

I once saw an African buried. According to the custom of his tribe, his entire earthly possessions—and he was an average commoner—were buried with him. Into the grave, after the body, was lowered the

dead man's pipe, then a rough knife, then a mud bowl, and last his bow and arrows—the bowstring cut through the middle, a touching symbol that its work was done. This was all: Four items, as an auctioneer would say, were the whole belongings for half-a-century of this human being. No man knows what a man is till he has seen what a man can be without, and be withal a man. That is to say, no man knows how great man is till he has seen how small he has been once.—*Drummond's Tropical Africa.*

The Dogs.

WHEN Robert Moffat, beginning his mission work in Africa, was going up country in search of a station, he stayed one night at the house of a Dutch farmer, a Boer. The old farmer made the missionary very welcome, and asked him to give them a service in the evening. Moffat had seen a great many Hottentots working about the farm, but when "the books" were brought no one came in except the farmer and his sons and daughters.

"But where are the servants?" asked Moffat.

"Servants! what do you mean?"

"I mean the Hottentots of whom I see so many on your farm."

"Hottentots! do you mean that, then! Let me go to the mountain and call the baboons, if you want a congregation of that sort. Or stop, I have it; my sons, call the dogs that lie in front of the door—they will do."

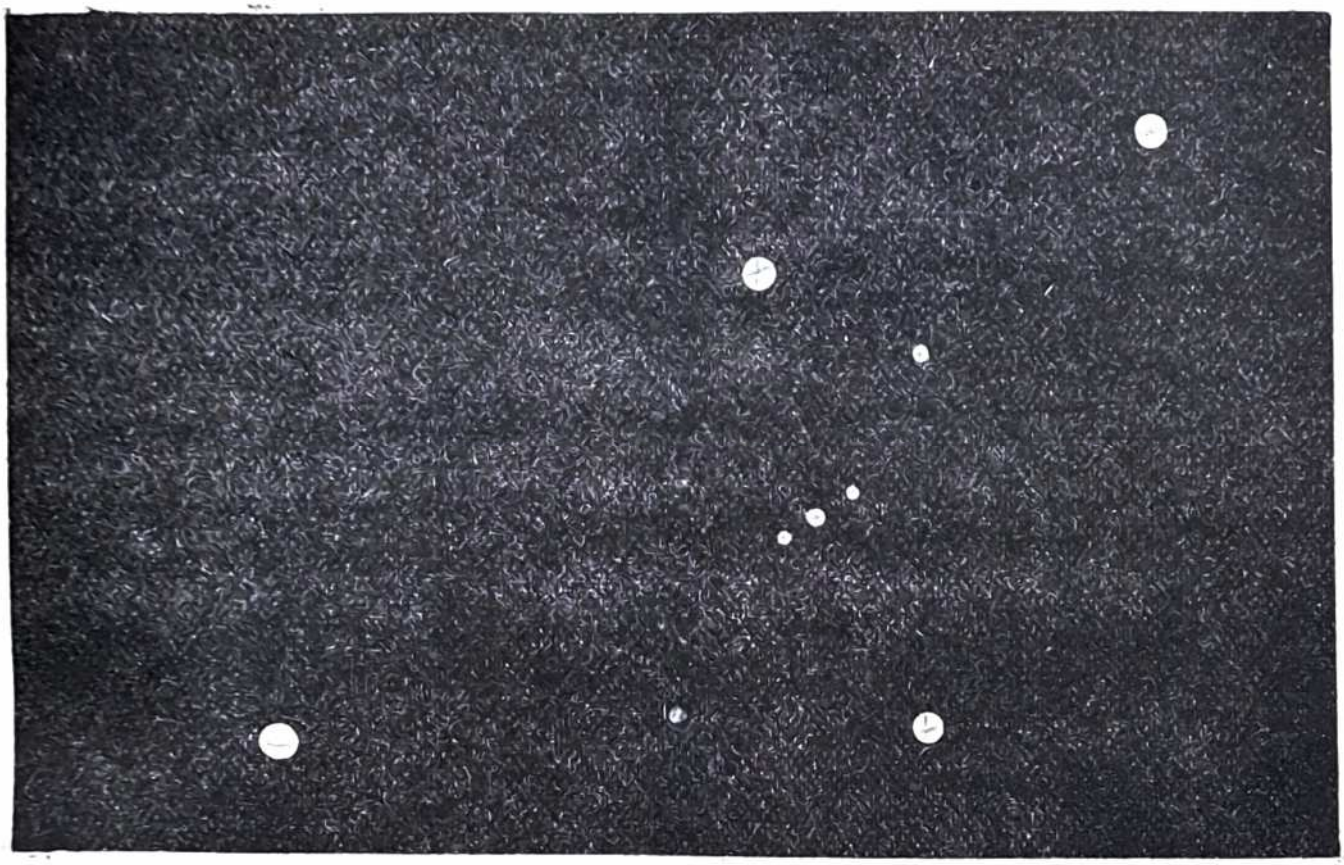
Moffat said no more, but after prayer and the singing of a psalm he opened the book and read on till he came to the words, "Truth, Lord, but even the dogs eat of the crumbs that fall from the Master's table." Then the old farmer rose and said—

"Will Mynheer (my master) sit down and wait a little? he shall have the Hottentots!"

Seek Him that maketh Orion.

Amos v. 8.

ORION is the brightest constellation in the sky during the winter months. You may see it any night just now if you look towards the south pretty high up. Look for the three stars all in a row; if you can't find them, look a little longer. These three are sometimes called "The Lady's Ellwand," but they are best known as "Orion's belt" or girdle. In the Bible they are called "the bands." "Canst thou loose the bands of Orion?" God said to Job. That is, "Canst thou separate these stars? Canst thou change their position?" We know of course that they are always moving, but they are so far away they don't seem to move. If a man who lived 5,000 years ago were to come back to this world, however great a stranger he might feel himself to be during the day time, the moment night came he would feel himself at home, just as one who is coming out of a fever and sees strange faces round him can't make



SIRIUS, OR THE DOG STAR. THE CONSTELLATION ORION. ALDEBARAN.

out where he is till he sees the familiar pictures and patterns on the wall.

There is a little row of stars hanging from the belt called Orion's sword, but they are not in the map. The one above the belt on the left is Betelgueze, which is just three Arabic words, Ibt el Jauza—the Giant's shoulder. The Arabs, or Moors, or Saracens, as they were called in European history, were great astronomers a thousand years ago, and that is why so many of the stars have Arabic names. The other shoulder is Bellatrix. The right foot is Rigel; it is a double star—that is, there are two stars always going round each other, and so close that "they make one light together." Never mind the left foot, but look at Rigel and then the belt and then the shoulders; do they not look like a horn or bugle for blowing through?

Aldebaran, a very bright and ruddy star, belongs to another group, but you ought to know it; it is of great use to sailors.

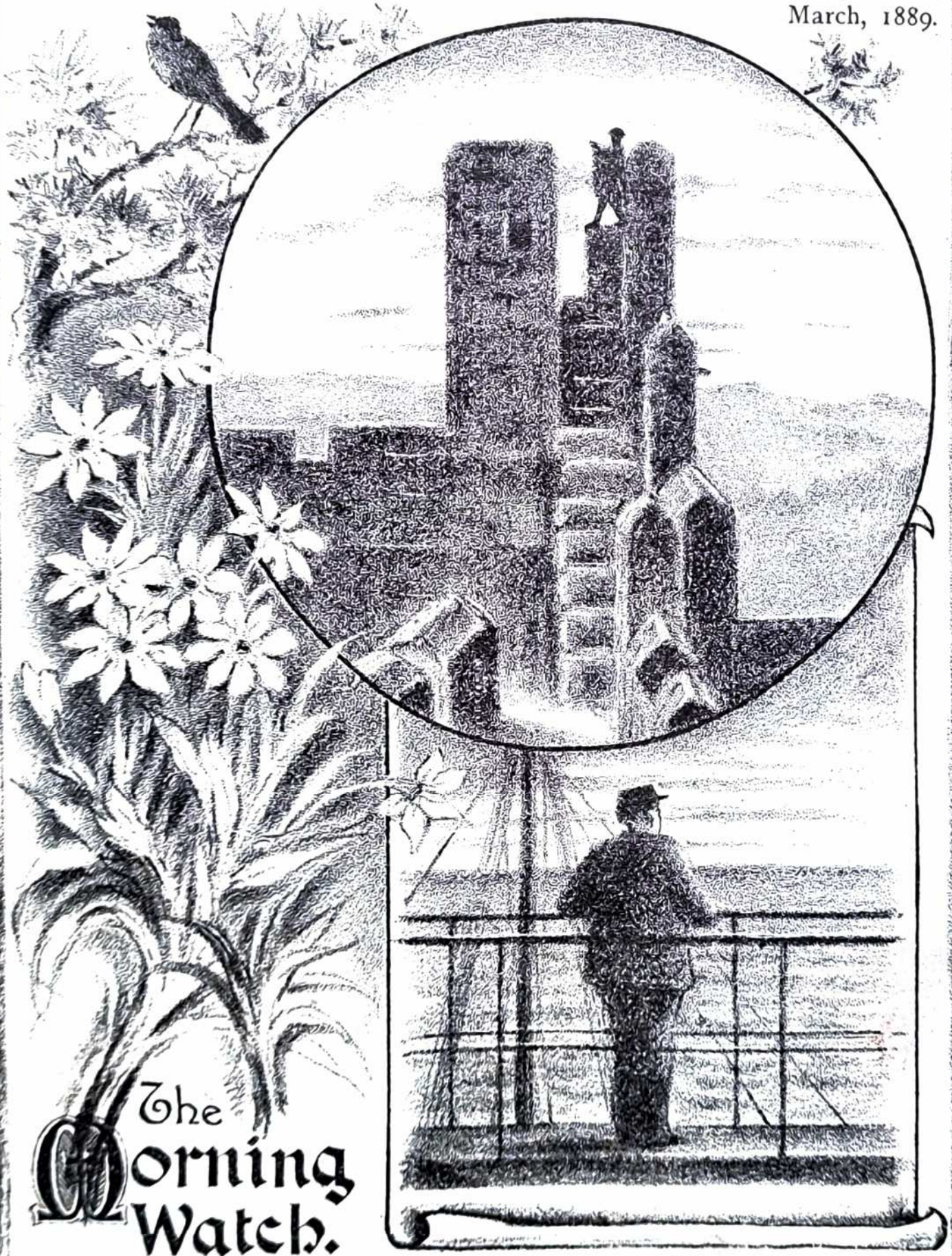
Sirius is the brightest fixed star in heaven. (Venus is a planet; the planets get their light from the sun, but the fixed stars are suns themselves.) Here are some fine figures for you to think about. The sun is 92,700,000 miles away, but Sirius is a million times as far; the sun's light is 600,000 times as great as the light from the full moon, and the light of the moon is 33,000 times as great as that of Sirius. Sirius moves at a rate of 1,000 miles a minute.

Is there any god like unto our God?

THE MOON.		THE SUN	RISES	SETS.
First Quarter, . .	7th February.	Sabbath, 3rd February, at	8.6;	4.48.
Full Moon, . .	15th "	" 10th "	7.53;	5.3.
Last Quarter, . .	22nd "	" 17th "	7.36;	5.18.
		" 24th "	7.20;	5.33.

1	F	Blessed be the name of God for ever and ever: for wisdom and might are His: and He changeth the times and seasons.—*Dan. ii. 20.*
2	S	My days are swifter than a weaver's shuttle.—*Job vii. 6.*
3	S	I am not worthy of the least of all the mercies, and of all the truth which Thou hast showed unto Thy servant.—*Gen. xxxii. 10.*
4	M	We do not present our supplications before Thee for our righteousnesses, but for Thy great mercies.
5	Tu	O Lord, hear; O Lord, forgive; O Lord, hearken and do; defer not.—*Dan. ix. 18, 19.*
6	W	From the first day that thou didst set thine heart to understand, and to chasten thyself before thy God, thy words were heard.—*Dan. x. 11.*
7	Th	Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask Him.—*Matt. vi. 8.*
8	F	He knoweth our frame.—*Ps. ciii. 14.*
9	S	Remember how short my time is.—*Ps. lxxxix. 47.*
10	S	Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty: they shall behold a far stretching land.—*Isa. xxxiii. 17 (R. V.).*
11	M	The Comforter, the Holy Ghost, shall teach you all things.—*John xiv. 26.*
12	Tu	I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness.—*Ps. xvii. 15.*
13	W	We shall see Him as He is.—*1 John iii. 2.*
14	Th	There shall be no night there.—*Rev. xxi. 25.*
15	F	Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.—*1 Tim. vi. 12.*
16	S	Who is like unto thee, O people saved by the Lord.—*Deut. xxxiii. 29.*
17	S	These which are arrayed in the white robes, who are they, and whence came they?
18	M	These are they which come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.
19	Tu	Therefore are they before the throne of God; and they serve Him day and night in His temple:
20	W	And He that sitteth on the throne shall spread His tabernacle over them.
21	Th	They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun strike upon them, nor any heat:
22	F	For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall be their Shepherd, and shall guide them unto fountains of waters of life:
23	S	And God shall wipe away every tear from their eyes.—*Rev. vii. 13-17 (R. V.).*
24	S	Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not;
25	M	Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly,
26	Tu	Seeketh not its own, is not provoked, (*A. V.*, "is not easily provoked"), taketh not account of evil;
27	W	Rejoiceth not in unrighteousness, but rejoiceth with the truth;
28	Th	Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.—*1st Cor. xiii. 4-7. (R. V.).*

March, 1889.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK, JAMES McKELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

Postage on 4 Copies or under is ½d. by Book Post. 30 Copies may be sent by Parcel Post for 3d.

NOW READY,

Neatly Bound, Price ONE SHILLING,

(Free by post, 1s. 1d.),

The Volume of

The Morning Watch for 1888.

JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS, GREENOCK.

May be had of all Booksellers.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. Find out the first six people who saw angels. 2. What was the first town in the world that angels came to? 3. Six, or more, good men whose names begin with A.

SENIORS.—1. A list of the Apostle Peter's blunders. 2. Proofs of Peter's love to Christ. 3. Point out the differences between the two draughts of fishes, Luke v. 4-6 and John xxi. 3-6.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the February Questions have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—John Reid, Robert R. Stevenson. BALLYMONEY.—Jane Dick, Maggie Dick. BALLYLAGGAN.—Robert A. Blair, William P. Blair. BELFAST.—Alfred Chancellor, Thos. G. Courtney. GARVAGH.—William J. Dallas. GLASGOW.—Janet Barclay, James A. M'Kee. GOVAN.—J. Irwin. GREENOCK.—Thos. W. R. Davidson, John Kirkwood, James M'Crea, Mary G. M'Neil, Kate Ralston. HAMILTON.—Mary H. Martin. INVERKIP.—Annie H. Lang. LEEDS.—James Paterson, J. Pomphrey. LIVERPOOL.—Alexander Dow, Katie Dow. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alexander Adams. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. SHANDON.—Archie B. Finlay. STRANRAER.—Anna B. Bradford, William Duffus, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert Andrew Higgins, Thomas Peter Higgins, William Alexander Higgins. WHITHORN.—Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton. WISHAW.—M. G. Tudhope, Thos. Tudhope.

Seniors.

AIRDRIE.—Lizzie S. Stevenson, Jeanie N. Taylor. BALLYLAGGAN.—Robert A. Blair. BELFAST.—C. H. Chancellor. HAMILTON.—Maggie K. W. Martin. LEEDS.—Jeanie L. Paterson. LOANHEAD.—Eleanor Allison. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. WISHAW.—Robert Allan Tudhope.

Answered 1 and 2.
Robert Telfer, Wishaw.

Answered 1, 2, and 3.
Maggie Hamilton, Stranraer.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

Mar. 3.—Jesus the Messiah.—Mark viii. 27-ix. 1. Text, Mark viii. 34. Quest. 15. Psalm iv. 6-8.

THERE were two truths hard to grip. 1. That that man Jesus, the carpenter, should be God, that God should be manifest in flesh. Yet this truth is the foundation-stone of our religion, and it was a glad day for Christ and God when man comprehended, understood, the secret which the Godhead had been longing to reveal from all eternity. The man who was the first to see it was the rock on which the other disciples would rest; a tower of strength to them, as we would say. But even he could not understand as yet the second truth that the God-Man should die. Christ therefore has to show them that the Glory of God is Love, and the essence of Love is that "she seeketh not her own," but gives up everything. God gave up His Son, made our salvation the centre of *all* His thoughts and purposes; and His Son gave up Himself and gave up even His Father's Love, endured His wrath, for us. And if we would sit with Him on His throne, we must share the fellowship of His sufferings, we must taste the bitterness of sin.—The Kingdom of God coming with power; the redemption of this poor world through the death and rising again of Christ brings an infinitely greater glory to God than the creation of a million worlds of unfallen creatures could have done. The man who sees and loves the Crucified One has seen the true Kingdom of God.

Mar. 10.—The Child-like Spirit.—Mark ix. 33-45. Text, Mark x. 15. Quest. 16. Psalm v. 1-3.

AVOID the conversation you would be ashamed to repeat to Christ. The man who "stands on his dignity" has forgotten the Cross. The man who is "touchy," who is quick to notice and imagine slights and insults, is a poor creature, and will never do much good for God. The modest, bashful child that

Feels equal still toward insect, beast, and bird,

Is a type of Christ. The parent, the teacher, the companion, who puts sin into a child's head, whether deliberately or thoughtlessly—it were better for him if he were dead!

There's anyhow a child
Of seventeen years, whether a flower or weed,
Ruined: who did it shall account to Christ.
* * * Go practice if you please
With men and women: leave a child alone
For Christ's particular love's sake.

John's conscience is touched by Christ's words; he had spoken unkindly to one who used Christ's name. Christ bids him henceforth judge gently.

———o———

Mar. 17.—Christ's Love to the Young.—Mark x. 13-22. Text, Mark x. 14. Quest. 17. Psalm viii. 1-2.

CHILDREN cannot be brought to church too young. The disciples, the people in church, may make remarks and be annoyed. "The child can't learn anything. It will get disgusted with religion. It will distract people's attention." No fear of that. Christ will bless it; He will satisfy its unconscious wants; if it has wise parents it will soon learn to behave. By and bye it will put questions, and pick up things surprisingly, and best of all it will have learned the habit of coming to the House of God. *Psalm viii. 2.* Children were drawn to Christ whilst He was on earth, and He is still the same. And He is drawn to them. Old people come to Him as a last resource; the child that comes to Him takes Him at His first word.

———o———

Mar. 24.—Blind Bartimaeus.—Mark x. 46-52. Text, Mark x. 48. Quest. 18. Psalm viii. 3-5.

THE son of Timaeus, so little valued he had not even a name of his own. 2. God supplies our needs; little Zaccheus found an easy tree to climb; so here, the blind man could not go looking for Christ, Christ came looking for him. He could not see, but he could hear and speak, and speak well too. 3. He was told to keep quiet. We all meet with discouragements in prayer, but 4. Not from Christ. As long as He does not forbid you, cry on. 5. He stood still, the Sun of Righteousness, the Eternal God, waiting for a blind beggar—a greater miracle by far than the sun and moon standing still for Joshua and his army. 6. Christ is as truly waiting for us; the Master is come and calleth for *thee.* 7. Bartimaeus asked the one thing that seemed impossible—not money, but sight. Don't ask God for temporary help. 8. Our Faith, His Love, His Power, work together. 9. God gives the blind in our day something better than sight—courage, energy, perseverance, and human sympathy. A blind man was lately the British Postmaster-General; a blind man entrusted with the *letters* of the greatest kingdom in the world.

———o———

Mar. 31.—Review of the Lessons.—Text, Acts x. 30. Psalm viii. 6-9.

———o———

April 7.—The Triumphal Entry.—Mark xi. 1-11. Text, Zech. ix. 9. Quest. 19. Psalm ix. 7-9.

The Best Ornament.

"MOTHER, may I have a new hat? There's a hole in this one, and the ribbon is so shabby. *Do*, mother," said Katy, coaxingly.

"Katy, dear, I can't. The first money I can spare must go to buy boots for Robin, and there's the doctor's bill to pay, and Baby doesn't seem to grow much better."

Katy pouted. "It is very hard, mother," she said; "other girls have far nicer clothes than I have, and more of them. I have to wear the same old things day after day," and she stuck her finger through the hole where the straw had separated, and by no means improved it.

Mrs. Thornton looked careworn and tired, but she tried to say cheerfully, "Don't make the hole worse, Katy. It surely can be mended. Bring your hat to me this evening, and we'll see if turning the ribbons will improve it."

Katy said "Thank you, mother," but she said it very ungraciously. It was a new hat she wanted; so, instead of putting her arms round her mother's neck and kissing her, as she should have done, she looked very cross and went out, shutting the door with a bang. So cross did she feel, she would not even take any interest in the improvements her mother made that evening, nor did she offer to help in the usual Saturday darning and mending. She read, or pretended to read, a story-book, but in reality her thoughts were mostly with a school companion who had been telling her that week of a new hat she was going to wear on the coming Sabbath. Jenny Hay, in Katy's eyes, was the happy possessor of what seemed an endless variety of hats and dresses, gloves and ribbons.

But was Jenny so much to be envied after all?

It was Sabbath morning, and, as usual, things were pretty late in the Hays' home. Mrs. Hay never took the trouble of looking over and laying out her children's clothes on Saturday evening in order to have them ready for Sabbath morning. She considered they were so well provided with everything that that was unnecessary. Yet the same scramble occurred nearly every morning, to have the children sent off in time to be at the Sabbath School at ten o'clock. On this particular morning Jenny came back to the breakfast table, saying, "Mother, where *have* you put my new hat? I can't find it anywhere; and Dick hasn't got a clean collar. *Do* come, mother, we'll be very late." Mrs. Hay rose somewhat

leisurely, but a search through two closets and a number of boxes only brought to light some articles previously lost, and not the missing hat. "You must have put it somewhere, mother," said Jenny. "You remember you told me to put it in the old blue bonnet box, and you sent back the new one." "The *old* bonnet box," said Mrs. Hay, reflectively. "Then it must have been sent upstairs. I made Jane take a lot of things out of these closets just yesterday." "And can't you get it?" said Jenny. "I'd have to look for the key, and get Jane and send her up, and I don't think there's time; just put on your brown hat this morning, dear." "Oh, mother," cried Jenny, who was beginning to feel frantic, "Dick made a great hole in the crown of it yesterday. It was lying on the floor, and he said it looked so like a football that he couldn't resist giving it a kick; you have no idea what it is like." "It was very naughty of Dick, and you could hardly wear your crimson one with that dress. But here is one," said Mrs. Hay, taking a sailor hat down from a peg. "It has no elastic, and it won't stay on," said Jenny, who was now crying. "I'll get a piece," said Mrs. Hay; and while Jenny was putting on her boots her mother pinned on a piece of elastic which she tore off one of the other hats, and then with some difficulty found two gloves that seemed to be a pair out of a number that were tossing about in a drawer. The children rushed off to school, arriving ten minutes late, Dick with a half-soiled collar, Mrs. Hay not having been able to lay her hands on those that had been sent home from being washed, and Jenny, to Katy Thornton's great surprise, with her last summer's hat on. What could be the meaning of it!

Jenny confided all her grief to her on the way home from school, and Katy was too shrewd not to see that one hat, with a little good management, was better than half-a-dozen with shiftlessness. That night, when her mother came to bid her good-night in bed, as was her wont —and sometimes, too, when she could spare time, she would have a little talk with her—Katy put her arms round her neck, and said, "I was wrong to be so cross yesterday, mother dear, and I'm sorry." "Cross about your hat, Katy?" "Yes, mother," and Katy told her Jenny's experience. "I didn't envy Jenny to-day; her eyes were quite red with crying, and the teacher spoke quite seriously to her about being so often late." "I would like," said Mrs. Thornton, "that my little girl should take pains always to be clean and tidy, and to make herself look as nice as she can, without thinking too much of dress. Some girls are very much tempted to spend time and money on finery, but you must remember what the Apostle Peter says about women—and he knew the greatest women that ever lived—'Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel, but let it be the hidden man of the heart in that which is not corruptible, even the ornament

of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price.' Will you try always to have that ornament, Katy? In God's sight *it* is of great price." "Yes, mother dear, I will try." And Katy fell asleep, a much happier child than on the previous evening, repeating to herself the words—"the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit."

ONE thing, beautiful in its pathos, I must record of that dear old lady, my grandmother. Her son Walter had gone forth from her in prosecution of his calling, had corresponded with her from various counties in England, and then had suddenly disappeared; and no sign came to her whether he was dead or alive. The mother-heart in her clung to the hope of his return; every night she prayed for that happy event, and before closing the door, threw it wide open, and peered into the darkness with a cry, "Come hame, my boy Walter, your mither wearies sair;" and every morning at early break of day, for a period of more than twenty years, she toddled up from her cottage door, at Johnsfield, Lockerbie, to a little round hill called the "Corbie Dykes," and, gazing with tear-filled eyes towards the South for the form of her returning boy, prayed the Lord God to keep him safe and restore him to her again. Always, as I think upon that scene, my heart finds consolation in reflecting that, if not here, then, for certain, *there*, such deathless, longing love will be rewarded, and, rushing into long-delayed embrace, will exclaim, "was lost and is found."—*John G. Paton. An Autobiography.*

Robin Redbreast.

FOR many reasons the robin is one of our favourite birds. It does much good and little harm in the garden; indeed, without its help the gardener's work would be almost entirely useless. Its song, though somewhat lost in summer among the louder choruses of other birds, is of an exquisite sweetness, and is all the more to be prized because it continues throughout the whole year. It is especially grateful in winter, when, as one has said, "he will mount joyously from his frozen haunts and pour out his artless notes so happily that the listener cannot help wondering at the contentment of the red-breasted philosopher."

"Whate'er his fears
Or sorrows be, his spirit bears him up;
Cares ne'er o'ermaster him, for 'tis his wont
To stifle them with music. Out of sight
He buries them in the depth of his sweet song,
And gives them a melodious sepulture."

The robin truly teaches us to be cheerful and contented. It appeals to our hearts also by being so confiding, coming boldly into our dwellings, expecting to be fed by us when the food nature provides for it has been frozen up by winter's icy breath. God has provided it with a bold, brave little heart and a warm-coloured coat to make a bright contrast to the white snow and grey skies of winter.

And Master Rob is a bit of a

fighter, too, perhaps on account of his red coat. He has been seen to wage deadly conflict with another robin and lay him dead in five minutes, only because he took a worm which did not belong to him.

No other bird builds its nest in such funny places—an old hat or teapot, for example—not, it would seem to us, very wisely chosen, but then it trusts to us to protect it. It makes its nest of grass and hair and moss. It lays from five to seven eggs of a reddish white colour, with little brown spots.

Surely the cat can be the robin's only enemy, and even then no cat but one that has neither sense nor feeling.

———o———

It Came to Pass.

Passing! all things come to pass,
As we often thoughtless say.
Generations are like grass,
And our fathers! where are they?
Crossed the stage and passed away.
Marriages have come to pass,
Funerals have not come to stay,
Nothing ever comes to stay,
All things only "come to pass."

. . . . . .

For amidst this whirl and flow,
In which all things come and go,
What remaineth? Lord! 'tis Thou!
In Thine Everlasting Now!
Though the days are passing ever,
Yet "to-day" departeth never;
And though withereth the grass,
Grass anew the fields are giving;
And though men—*men* come to pass,
Yet *The Man* is always living;
Liveth the creating Word
Of the I AM—of the Lord—
Who amidst all change is true,
Evermore makes all things new!

—*Dr. Robertson of Irvine.*

When I was leaving Chatham to go abroad, Dr. Smith gave me these two advices—"Never get into debt," and "Do your duty, whatever it is, with all your might, *and as if there were no limit to it.*"—*Surgeon-Gen. Munro, C.B.*

———o———

"The Lord's Arrowroot."

THE Rev. J. G. Paton, in his Autobiography, tells a beautiful story about the people of Aneityum, one of the New Hebrides Islands in the South Pacific Ocean, many hundreds of miles north of New Zealand. They had heard from the missionaries about the Word of God and the wonderful art of printing, and had set their hearts on having books in their language too, and the Bible was to be the first. The work could only be done in Britain, and would cost a great deal of money, and where was the money to come from? For they were very poor. But it so happened that the plant from which Arrowroot is made grew in their island; perhaps they could grow and prepare enough of it to pay the printing. So the missionaries toiled with brain and hand translating the Bible, and the natives toiled with hands and feet planting and preparing arrowroot—"The Lord's Arrowroot," as they called it, for it was too sacred to be used for their own daily food. Then the missionaries sent it to Australia and Scotland, where it was sold by private friends, and the whole proceeds devoted to this holy purpose. When the work was finished by the British and Foreign Bible Society, it was found that the natives had

earned enough to pay every penny of the outlay—£1,200; and their first Bibles went out to them, purchased with the consecrated toils of fifteen years.

I did not stay, nor linger long,
As those that slothful are;
But hastily Thy laws to keep
Myself I did prepare.
—*Ps. cxix. 60.*

DURING one of the wars between England and France, when the American States still belonged to this country, M. Iberville, the French Admiral, appeared before Charlestown with his fleet, and sent an officer to summon Sir Harry Johnson to surrender. The officer added that Sir Harry would be allowed one hour to consider the matter. "An hour?" said he; "an hour is much too long; *I don't want half-a-minute to make up my mind to do my duty.*"

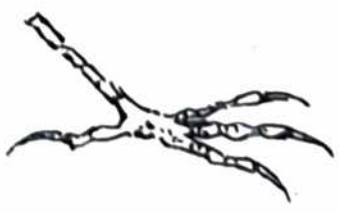
A battle was fought, and the French were driven off with heavy loss.

THAT low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it:
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundreds soon hit:
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
—ROBERT BROWNING.

There are actually districts in Africa where *three* natives cannot be sent a message in case two should combine and sell the third before they return.—*Drummond's Tropical Africa.*

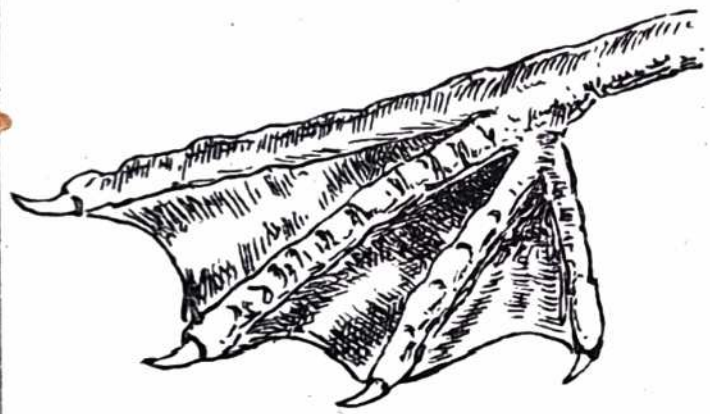
Birds' Feet.

"OH, I am so glad he is stuffed; these claws are dreadful! Are you sure he can't touch us?" It was a Wren who said this to a Thrush. They lived in a Museum. The Keeper was cleaning the cases and examining his specimens to see if they needed repairs. The little birds had all been put in a corner on the floor, and were looking about them with great curiosity. It was only on one or two days in the year that they had the chance of speaking to one another. They were gazing full of fear at the claws of a Golden Eagle, who had been accidentally overturned and was lying on his side with his head under a duster. "We are quite safe," said the Lark, "but I don't like cleaning time. I heard the Keeper say I was very dilapid—I don't know the word, but it was a very big one, and he laughed at me, and said I should have to be put on a dark shelf, and I used to soar ever so high in the lovely summer mornings." "Oh look, look!" said the Wren, trying in vain to beat her wings with joy. A glass case, all dusty, was facing them, and a ray of light falling on it had made it a looking glass. "Look at my feet."



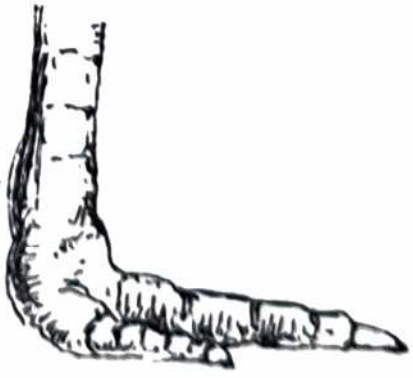
The birds were greatly excited, and began talking all at once. Each one was saying, "Look at mine," and paying no attention to the

others. But after a while one of them began to speak a little unkindly of the feet of bigger birds, and then they all listened. "Oh," said she, "If you just saw the great big ugly flat feet of a horrid bird that lives in the big case opposite me. I don't know her name, and I don't wish to, but she has feet like this, and bending forward with her bill on the dusty glass she drew a Pelican's foot.



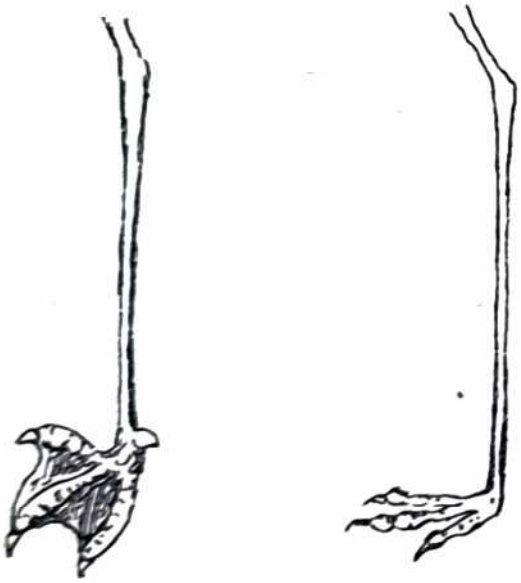
"Oh," said the Lark, "I am sorry for her, for I once stepped into some sticky stuff, and the leaves stuck to my feet, and I got quite nervous. I was to sing at a ploughing match that day, and mother took me down to the burn"—— But here the birds began tittering. "Did you *ever* in all your life"—— "Ever what?" said the new comer very kindly, though he certainly had a strange looking bill.

"We were talking," said the Wren, "about *feet*, and we can't make out why some birds have big feet and others have little feet." "I can tell you that," said the stranger, "I have such funny legs myself I have had to study the question. But we must play at keeping a school, and I am the teacher. Eyes front! silence, you two! The lesson to-day is about Birds' Feet. What is it about?" "Birds' Feet." "That's right. Birds have different kinds of feet because they lead different lives. God has given us each the kind of feet we need. Wings up! all those who have seen human boys wading in the sea with their trousers rolled up as high as they can go. Well, then, birds like the Stork and the Lapwing and me that get our food in rivers and marshes have long thin legs, because we are Waders. Birds that hop from twig to twig like you need little feet, and are called Perchers. What are you called?" "Perchers." "Yes. Birds like the Ostrich are called Runners, because they don't fly; and as they have to defend themselves with their feet against wild beasts, they have a foot like this—



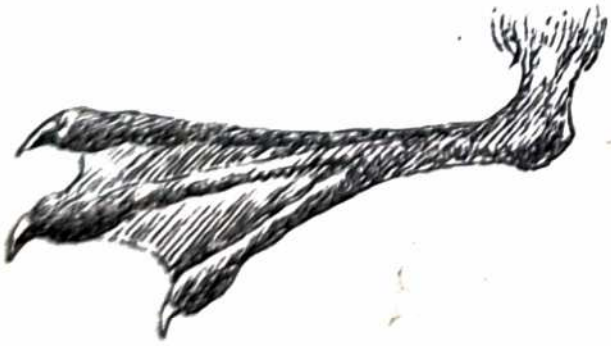
And birds that live amongst trees, like Parrots and Cuckoos and Woodpeckers, have two toes in front and two behind to grasp the branches, and are called Climbers. Those that have to swim, like Petrels and Pelicans and Gulls and Ducks, have their toes joined, and are called Swimmers.

"Now we have just time to revise. What do you call birds with legs like this?"—



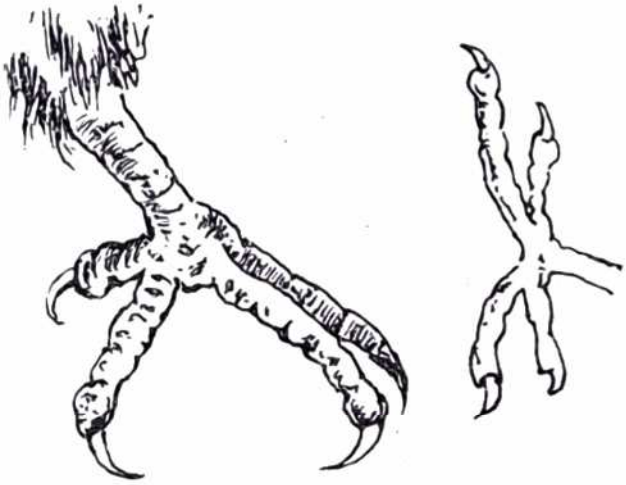
"Waders."

"And those that have feet like this are?"—



"Swimmers."

And these?"—



"Climbers."

"Very good, indeed. Now Jenny Wren you were laughing at my bill when I came in. Weren't you? Well, God made our bills in His Loving Wisdom just as He made our Feet. I have to stand in running water and dig for food in the clay, and that is why I have long legs and a long turned-up bill. It is really very surprising how much men know about us—even scientific men know a little—but here is what one man* says:—'A bird's beak is not only its mouth but its hand, or rather its two hands. The beak, therefore, is at once its sword, its carpenter's tool-box, and its dressing case; partly also its musical instrument; all this besides its function of seizing and preparing its food, in which functions alone it has to be a trap, carving-knife, and teeth all in one.'"

"I wonder who that is," said the Thrush a little after, "he is a nice teacher."

"I think," said the Lark, "they call him the Avocet. I am sorry he is gone away."

* John Ruskin, "Love's Meinie."

THE MOON.		THE SUN	RISES	SETS.
New Moon, . .	1st March.	Sabbath, 3rd March, at	7.2;	5.48.
First Quarter, . .	9th "	" 10th "	6.44;	6.3.
Full Moon, . .	17th "	" 17th "	6.26;	6.17.
Last Quarter, . .	24th "	" 24th "	6.7;	6.32.
New Moon, . .	31st "	" 31st "	5.49;	6.46.

1	F	My soul looketh for the Lord, more than watchmen look for the morning; yea, more than watchmen for the morning.—*Ps. cxxx. 6 (R.V.).*
2	S	And let us know, let us follow on to know the Lord; His going forth is sure as the morning.—*Hosea vi. 3 (R.V.).*
3	S	And He came to Nazareth, where He had been brought up: and, as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day.—*Luke iv. 16.*
4	M	Then took Simeon Him up in his arms, and blessed God.—*Luke ii. 28.*
5	Tu	And the Child grew, and waxed strong, filled with wisdom.
6	W	And the grace of God was upon Him.—*Luke ii. 40.*
7	Th	He was subject unto His parents.—*Luke ii. 51.*
8	F	And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature,
9	S	And in favour with God and man.—*Luke ii. 52.*
10	S	How amiable are Thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!
11	M	My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord;
12	Tu	My heart and my flesh cry out unto the living God.
13	W	Yea, the sparrow hath found her an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my
	Th	King, and my God.
14		Blessed are they that dwell in Thy house: they will be still praising Thee.
15	F	Blessed is the man whose strength is in Thee; in whose heart are the high ways to Zion.
16	S	Passing through the valley of Weeping they make it a place of springs; yea, the early rain covereth it with blessings.
17	S	They go from strength to strength, every one of them appeareth before God in Zion.
18	M	O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob.
19	Tu	Behold, O God our shield, and look upon the face of Thine Anointed.
20	W	For a day in Thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather stand at the threshold *(margin)* of the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
21	Th	For the Lord God is a sun and a shield: the Lord will give grace and glory.
22	F	No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly.
23	S	O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in Thee.—*Ps. lxxxiv. (R.V.)*
24	S	I have no good beyond Thee.—*Ps. xvi. 2 (R.V.).*
25	M	The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places; yea, I have a goodly heritage. —*Ps. xvi. 6.*
26	Tu	Surely I know that it shall be well with them that fear God.—*Eccles. viii. 12.*
27	W	Who can make that straight which God hath made crooked.—*Eccles. vii. 13.*
28	Th	The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice.
29	F	Clouds and darkness are round about Him.
30	S	Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of His throne.—*Ps. xcvii. 1-2.*
31	S	Enter into His gates with thanksgiving, and into His courts with praise.—*Ps. c. 4.*

April, 1889.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK, JAMES McKELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

Postage on 4 Copies or under is ½d. by Book Post. 30 Copies may be sent by Parcel Post for 3d.

NOW READY,

Neatly Bound, Price ONE SHILLING,

(Free by post, 1s. 1d.),

The Volume of

The Morning Watch for 1888.

JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS, GREENOCK.

May be had of all Booksellers.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. How many Lepers are referred to in Luke's Gospel? 2. How many Priests? and 3. How many Soldiers?

SENIORS.—1. Find out the longest speech made by anyone to our Saviour, and 2. The shortest. 3. A list of names and descriptions of Paul given by himself.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the March Questions have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—John Reid. BELFAST.—Robert James Rainey. BELFAST *(Brownlow Street S.S.)*—Sarah Hamilton, Minnie Preston, Lizzie J. Ross, Joseph Alexander Thompson, Rosanna Warwick. BELFAST *(College Street, South, S.S.)*—Alfred Alexander, Maggie Alexander, Annie Allen, Jonathan Black, Mina Black, Alfred Chancellor, Thomas G. Courtney, Ellen R. Cully, Thomas C. Gibson, John Graham, Sarah Graham, Lizzie Harrison, Minnie Harrison, Fred Harvey, James Harvey, John W. Lillie, Agnes Thomson Martin, Anna Bella Martin, Maggie M'Kee, Sarah M'Kee, Fanny B. O'Neill, D. Rodgers, Minnie Scott, Lizzie Stewart, Maggie Walker, Annie Wilkinson. GLASGOW.—Janet Barclay, Thomas Young Fulton, Bessie Stirling, John Stirling, Robert Wilson. GOVAN.—J. Irwin. GREENOCK.—Jane T. Campbell, "Glenholm," Maggie Kirkwood, W. Kirkwood, James M'Crea, Adam K. M'Kelvie, Matilda M'Kinnon, Mary G. M'Neil, Jack Ralston, Kate Ralston. HAMILTON.—Mary H. Martin. INVERKIP.—Jeanie H. Lang. LEEDS.—James Paterson, J. Pomphrey. LIVERPOOL.—Alexander Dow, Katie Dow. LOANHEAD.—Grace Allison, Jemima Crawford, Caroline Haddow, Susan A. Haddow, Minnie Knox, Janet M'Millan, Lizzie Ross. NEMPHLAR.—Wm. Shirlaw. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alex. Adams. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. SHANDON.—Archie B. Finlay. STRANORLAR.—Robert Gregg. STRANRAER.—William Duffus. WHITHORN.—Alexander Culton, Nellie Culton. WISHAW.—Maggie Tudhope, Thomas Tudhope.

Answered 2 and 3.

Joseph Alexander.

Answered 1, 2, and 3.

No Name or Address.

Seniors.

AIRDRIE.—Lizzie S. Stevenson, Jeanie N. Taylor. BALLYMONEY.—Maggie Dick. BELFAST.—C. H. Chancellor, Robert A. O'Neill. BELFAST *(Brownlow Street S.S.)*—Rosanna Warwick. BELFAST *(College Street, South, S.S.)*—John Allen, Samuel J. Brown, David Kennedy, Edward Orr, George Orr. GREENOCK.—James Kirkwood, Matthew Kirkwood, Jessie M'Kellar, Dnncan M'Neil. HAMILTON.—Maggie K. W. Martin. INVERKIP.—Annie H. Lang. LEEDS.—Jeanie L. Paterson. LOANHEAD.—Eleanor Allison. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alex. Adams. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. WISHAW.—Robert Telfer, Robert Allan Tudhope.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

April 7.—The Triumphal Entry.—Mark xi. 1-11. Text, Zech. ix. 9. Quest. 19. Psalm ix. 7-9.

JERUSALEM at Passover time was to the Jews what "the camp" once was to the Israelites. The crowds could not find room in the city, but for that purpose the district of Bethphage was considered to be annexed to it, and so any one living within the district was "within the camp." Bethany was within it. Hence the statement in verse 1.

It does not seem as if the owner of the colt knew anything of the demand that was to be made on him. The disciples may expect to be questioned about it. There is a statement (1) of His glory—it is *the Lord* of all Who claims this; (2) of His humiliation. The Lord *hath need.* Which of us would refuse anything if we knew the Lord asked it? Yet He has need of us, He has right to us, and we give Him—what?

Christ comes into every temple and every heart, every day, and "looks round about upon all things." He came to Jerusalem claiming His kingly rights. There could be two ways no longer. Jerusalem must accept Him as its king, or reject Him to its ruin.

The colt's mother seems to have run

alongside as He rode. In the hour of His triumph, with death at hand, He considered the feelings of the meanest of His creatures.

—o—

April 14.—The Rejected Son.—Mark xii. 1-12. Text, John i. 11. Quest 20. Psalm ix. 10, 11.

HERE we have "the history of centuries told in twenty lines." It would be terrible for any of us to have all our past life exposed, but how much more awful to be told we were bent on worse, and to have the future and its end told us. Under the thinnest veil Christ told these Jews of the crime that was in their hearts against "the Heir." Common in Old Testament to call Israel "a vine." God had "hedged" His people and done everything for fruit.

How could those who had stoned the prophets when they came demanding the fruits of righteousness be mad enough to think that to kill "the Heir" would give them peace? If they looked into things they would see the Proprietor was still to be reckoned with. The parable looks unnatural because men's acts are so. A man sees things wrong in his heart—he kills his anxieties in pleasure, drowns care, dulls conscience, goes into company to get away from himself. There is the same unnaturalness in the "parable of excuses;" men do not act like that when invited to a feast, but they do act like that when called by God. "Let us kill Him, and the inheritance shall be ours." What folly, as well as cruelty! For the Heir was not coming to take anything from them, but to tell them of a still greater inheritance of which He wished them to be "joint-heirs" with Himself.

See how Christ ranks Himself; the prophets are all servants, He is the One Son, the well-beloved. He tells them of their doom and of His triumph in verse 10. They reject Him, they kill Him, and cast Him out of the vineyard, yet all the same He becomes "the head stone of the corner."

—o—

April 21.—Two Great Commandments.—Mark xii. 28-37. Text, Rom. xiii. 10. Quest. 21. Psalm xiii. 1, 2.

THE Rabbis counted 613 ordinances, 365 prohibitions, and 248 commandments in the law, and were fond of discussing which of these was the most important. Our Saviour tells the Scribe that the one rule of life is *love*, love to God and man. Our relation to God should be one of the heartiest, intensest affection. Every moment brings its work, and all our work brings us into direct contact with God. The most solemn duty at any time is just the duty that comes in our way, whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do. Most of us could answer as discreetly as this Scribe, and therefore like him we are not far from the Kingdom of God. We are near it; let that cheer us; but being near it means being still outside it; let that warn us to make haste to enter it. Verse 35. When the people would put no more questions to Christ, He puts questions to them, not to entrap them, but He wished to tell them about Himself, how He was bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh, and yet the Mighty God.

—o—

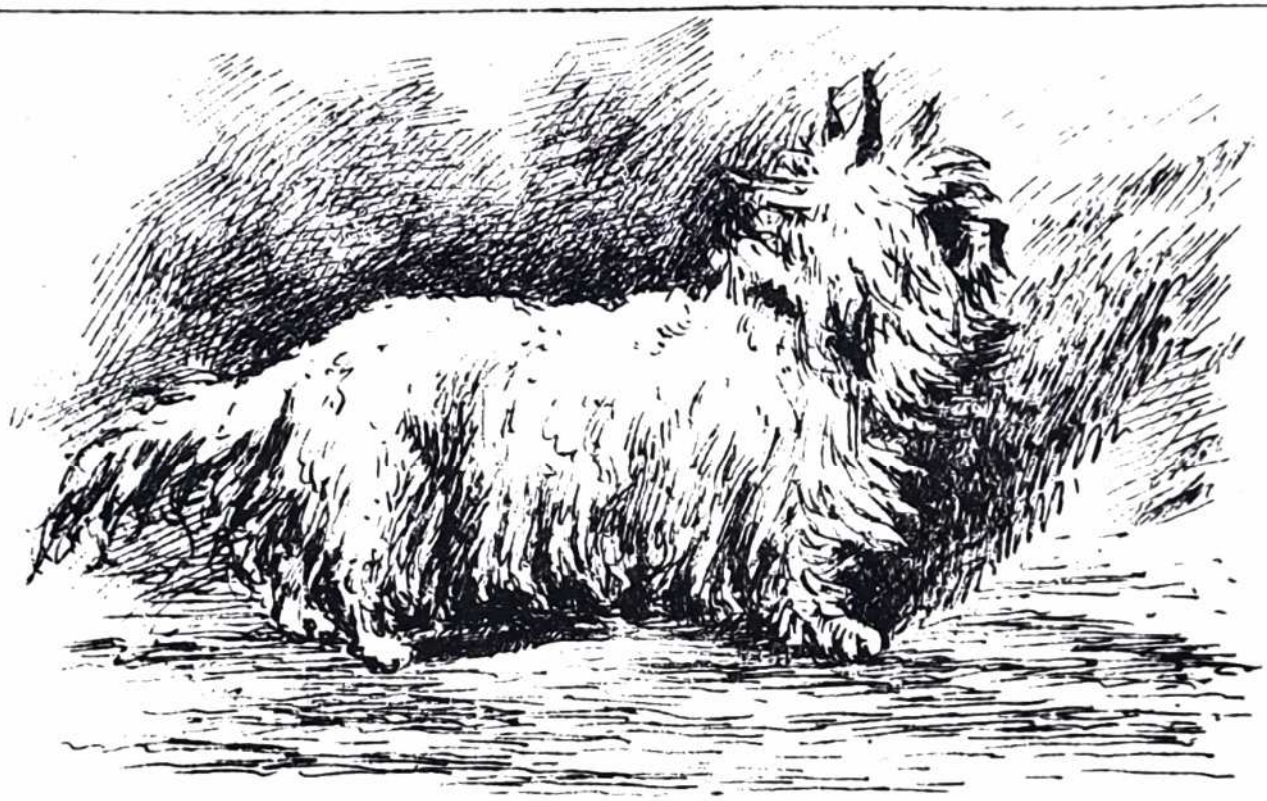
April 28.—The Destruction of the Temple foretold.—Mark xiii. 1-13. Text, Matt. xii. 6. Quest. 22. Psalm xiii. 3, 4.

SOLOMON'S Temple was built 1004 B.C., and was laid in ruins by the Babylonians after 416 years. Zerubbabel rebuilt it, 520 B.C. But the Temple Christ spoke of was Herod's—the Herod who slew the children of Bethlehem. He took down the existing one piece by piece, and built a new one in its place to pacify the Jews whom his cruelty had estranged. "It consisted of a square lower court 200 yards each way, standing on magnificent terraces; then an inner court raised on a platform in the centre of this; and out of this group and crowning the whole stood the Temple itself. It must have formed one of the most splendid architectural combinations of the ancient world." It was destroyed at the siege of Jerusalem A.D. 70, a Roman soldier having set fire to one of its windows without orders. Titus did all he could to get the flames put out, but the greed of plunder made his soldiers disobey him.

Was not God slow to wrath in sparing the Jews for forty years after they had crucified His Son?

—o—

May 5.—The Command to Watch.—Mark xiii. 24-37. Text, verse 33. Quest. 23. Psalm xiii. 5, 6.



DID you ever hear of a dog getting a man a situation? I don't suppose so, yet that is what this little terrier did last November to a friend of mine in Chicago, the son of a good woman well known to me. I have his letter before me now. He went to America from Scotland to push his fortune, but, do what he might—and he was willing to work—things seemed to go against him, and no place could he get. But at last as he was walking along the street one day very down-hearted, his little dog, that had been his one friend through all his wanderings, running beside him, an old gentleman stopped him. "Would you sell me that dog? It is a countryman of mine." "It is a countryman of my own, sir," said the lad. "Indeed! and what part of Scotland do you come from?" So he told him the name of his native town, a village in the south of Scotland, and it turned out that the old gentleman had come from a neighbouring village four miles off forty years ago! The result was they continued talking, and the old gentleman hearing the lad's tale and liking his look told him to call at his office the next day, and gave him a situation.

Now I think that story as wonderful in its way as that of the ravens who fed Elijah. I am sorry I do not know the little doggie's name for he deserves to be remembered. And yet he doesn't know the good he did. If he could only read——! But I am sure his master will be kinder to him than ever.

Put on the whole armour of God.—Eph. vi. 11.

THAT means not only the armour God has given us, but armour He Himself has worn.

Napoleon, like all tyrants, was for a long time in fear of assassination.

He ordered a smith to make him a chain shirt. When the man brought it Napoleon told him to put it on, and then said, "Now stand off five paces." Taking up a pistol he shot at the man's breast. "Now turn your back to me," and then he shot at his back. "Right side to me," "Left side to me," shooting at him each time. "You have done an honest piece of work," said Napoleon when he saw the armour had stopped every one of the bullets and the man was unhurt.

So God Who gives us the armour has Himself tried it. For when Christ lived amongst us as a Man, He was tempted in all points like as we are. He had trials, too, that no other man ever had or could have. And He overcame them, not because He was the Almighty God, but because being a man—a real man like us—He trusted in God. He had nothing else to fall back on than God's Word, God's commands, God's promises.

Many a boy finds it very hard to get work after he has left school. He tries day after day, week after week, and can't get anything to do. He begins to lose heart, he is ashamed to go about idle, he thinks nobody was ever so tried before. Then, some day he gets a fine chance, a splendid chance—I am now telling you a thing that happened to a boy whom I knew many years ago—a nice place, twelve shillings a week! but—but—he will have to work two hours every second sabbath. What is he to do? God says, Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy: the devil says, You have done your best, and if you don't take this place you will maybe never get another, and then what is to become of you?

Christ was tried the same way. What did He do? For forty days and forty nights He had got no food and was like to die of hunger. The devil told Him to work a miracle and make stones into bread. But that would have been a wrong way out of the difficulty. Christ knew that God had led Him into the wilderness that He might be tried like any other man. It was God Who had led Him there, and kept Him there, and had bidden Him wait on Him. So He just said: The Bible says, Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God; that is to say, God will keep Me alive though I don't know how He will do it; if obeying God brings Me into a difficulty, God Himself will bring Me out of it. And that is what the boy I spoke of did. He refused the place, and went home crying, trusting in God, and within two weeks he got a still better place! The business into which he would not go came to an end two years after; the business God called him to has continued and prospered to this day, that is for more than six and twenty years.

It is a striking thing, is it not? that the longest chapter in God's Word, the 119th Psalm, is, from the first verse to the last, a song with only one idea in it—the happiness of those who know and love that Word.

GEORGE BARNES was glad all his life that he took his little sister to ride with him on his sledge that bright winter day.

You may say—"All his life! it seems a very small thing to be glad about;" but let me tell you why.

Georgy and Daisy Barnes lived in

Canada, and on this particular day Daisy was sitting at the sunny south window in her nursery, stringing beads. Daisy's mother was dead, but she had a dear, kind nurse, of whom she was very fond. Nurse had got bad news that morning from her mother, who was very ill, so she had been obliged to leave Daisy for most of the day. Before leaving, she had given her a box of beads to amuse herself with, and went off, saying she would expect to find rings and bracelets without number on her return. Stringing beads is rather a favourite pastime of little girls, but Daisy felt rather heartless about it to-day. Her eyes were always wandering out of doors, where the sun was shining so brightly, and the snow lay so white and crisp on the ground. She knew, however, she could not go out alone; so she went on making a necklace, a blue and a white bead time about. It was nearly finished when she was surprised to see her brother Georgy passing the window with his sledge. He shouted to her he had got a half-holiday, and he was going off to get Harry Alston to sledge with him.

"Oh, Georgy, take me," she cried. "I've been alone all day." But Georgy laughed, and shook his head. He thought it was far more fun sledging with a boy than a girl.

"Please, do," she called louder, with outstretched hands and a very pleading face. But Georgy was gone.

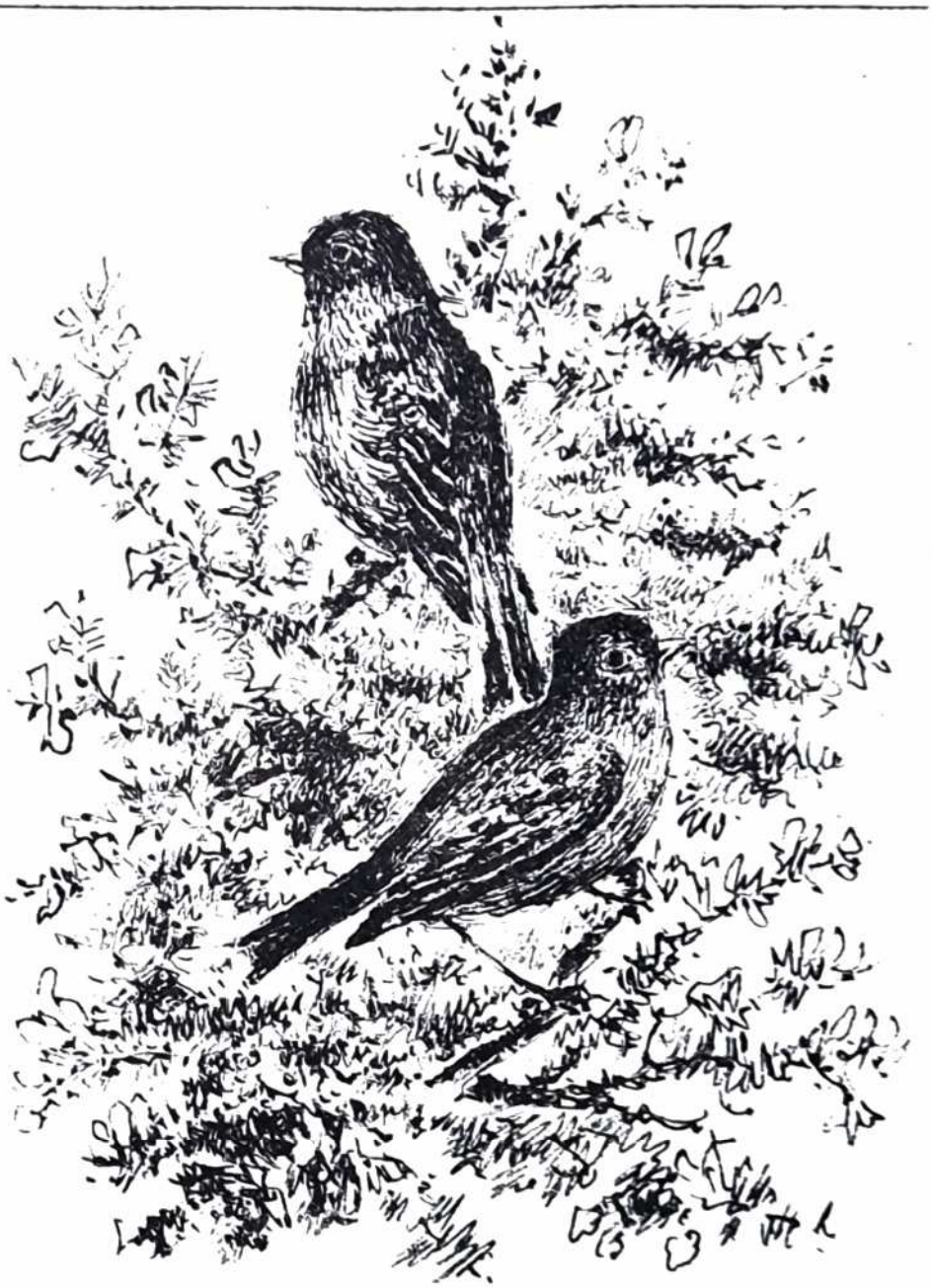
Daisy put her head down on the table, and a few tears fell among the glass beads. In two minutes, however, Georgy came back. He had had a struggle in his mind before his love for his little sister prevailed on him to do so, but he said nothing about that. He only said, "Come, I'll go with Harry another day. Where's your jacket?" And in a wonderfully short time she was dressed in her coat and hat trimmed with fur, her gloves, and snow-boots, and was sitting in front of the sledge like a little queen, while Georgy cleverly steered it down the steep snow slope. Nor did they mind the trouble of dragging the sledge up hill time after time, so great was the pleasure in flying down, until the short afternoon was over, and the little feet began to grow weary.

"Georgy," said Daisy that evening, pressing her soft cheek to his, "it *was* good of you to take me this afternoon; I love you; I'll always love you for it."

It was her last kiss. She was suddenly seized by illness, and Georgy's removal to a friend's house was necessary. E'er that winter's snow had melted, she was laid in her mother's grave, leaving behind her the fragrant memory of a sweet and happy childhood. To Georgy it was a joy in his time of sorrow to think that one little act of self-denial had left him such a sweet remembrance—"I *do* love you; I'll always love you for it." Even after long years it remained with him, and was a golden cord of love binding him to heaven.

Let us speak a kind word, let us do a kind deed while we may; the opportunity may pass never to return.

The Story of Two Linnets.



IT was the sweet spring time, and the hillside was ablaze with the yellow blossoms of the furze. While the sun was shining o'er garden and field, and every bud was expanding in its warm rays, two linnets were discussing the all-important question of nest-building.

Mr. Linnet was rather quick tempered, and his wife, who was only a last summer's bird, was very inexperienced, and somewhat foolish. "I think, my dear," said Mr. Linnet, "we had better go up to the hill-side; it is nice and quiet there. We'll find plenty of wool and moss, and any amount of convenient corners among the furze to make our nest. Besides, the smell of the blossoms is so pleasant and the air so fresh." "No, indeed!" replied his wife. "Quiet! I should think so. I have no idea of burying myself alive up there, where I should never see a creature or hear a scrap of news. We'll build our nest here in the hedge, just between the garden and the public road, where I'll see all the passers-by. I'll not weary, for the children are always in the garden—" "And the cat too, you may add, you stupid! Perhaps you don't know that boys steal birds' eggs, and the cat will just wait until you have worn yourself out feeding the little ones, and then, when they are getting nice and plump, she'll *eat* them!"

Mrs. Linnet felt a little shudder pass through her, but she only said, "Nonsense! We can surely choose a place where neither the children nor the cat can reach us. It is all very fine for you who can fly about all the time, but you don't consider

me in the very least. I *wont* go up to the hillside."

"Then I'm very much disappointed in you," said her mate, "and I *wont* build a nest in the hedge."

"You are very disagreeable and unkind," screamed Mrs. Linnet, hysterically, "and I wish I had never—"

But she did not get her wish expressed, for her mate gave her such a severe peck on the side of her head that she flew off quite stupefied, and not seeing exactly where she was going, she knocked herself violently against the branch of an apple tree and fell down under the boxwood border in the garden in a very sad state of mind and body. There she lay the whole day, while her husband flew off and amused himself chasing butterflies, eating groundsel seed, and telling all his friends what a bad temper his new wife had.

Whether they made friends again or not I never heard; but in the same way have I seen children spoil the joy of a long summer day by not yielding a little to the wishes of one another.

Mary and Lottie get biscuits and sugar and rice from mother to play at keeping house, but because Lottie thinks this is the best place for the kitchen and that for the parlour and Mary thinks differently, they come to angry words and sometimes blows, and the play is at an end.

Children, will you try in your play to give up your own wishes and yield to the wishes of others? Then you will find that play will be so pleasant, and you will be so happy, and others will love you. "For even Christ pleased not Himself."

IN the month of December three years ago the American ship Cleopatra, Captain Pendleton, was descried by Captain Hughes of the Liverpool steamer Lord Gough near the St. George's shoal with her colours half-mast high, and evidently sinking. It was blowing a full gale at the time, and the sea was so terrible that it seemed almost madness to attempt to help her. But volunteers at once came forward, and a boat was manned—when, suddenly, the Cleopatra's colours were hauled down, as if to say she could do quite well without help. Captain Hughes, however, and his men persevered, launched their boat, and after a fearful struggle with the waves succeeded in saving the whole of the Cleopatra's crew, and just in time. They were handsomely rewarded a few months after by the United States Government.

But brave as Captain Hughes and his men were, Captain Pendleton and his men had done a still braver thing. "Why did you haul your colours down?" he was asked. "Because we thought it wrong to let your men risk their lives in what seemed a hopeless attempt to save ours." The Cleopatra's boats had all been stove in or washed away, she herself was waterlogged and drifting to destruction, and yet her heroic crew were willing to face certain death rather than tempt others who were strangers to them into danger!

DURING the war between Britain and the United States in 1815, the British attacked New Orleans, but were defeated with heavy loss. Our troops were ordered to retire out of reach of the enemy's guns, and a Council of war was held to decide what further was to be done. This Council met in a cottage little better than a hut, and on a table in a corner of the room lay the body of an officer of the staff covered with a sheet. There was no other place in which to meet, and the members of the Council had to stand around the body. It was determined that the troops should retreat to the ships in the river, a decision, however, which was opposed by one officer, but by one only, named Burgoyne—the late Sir John Burgoyne, who fought in the Crimea. He strongly advised a renewal of the attack, but as he was appointed by the General in command to bring off one of the detachments, it was generally believed that it was he who had advised retreat, and he was much blamed on his return home. His comrades never said one word in his behalf, and he bravely bore the reproach in silence. If they were too cowardly to clear him, he was too honourable to put the blame on them.

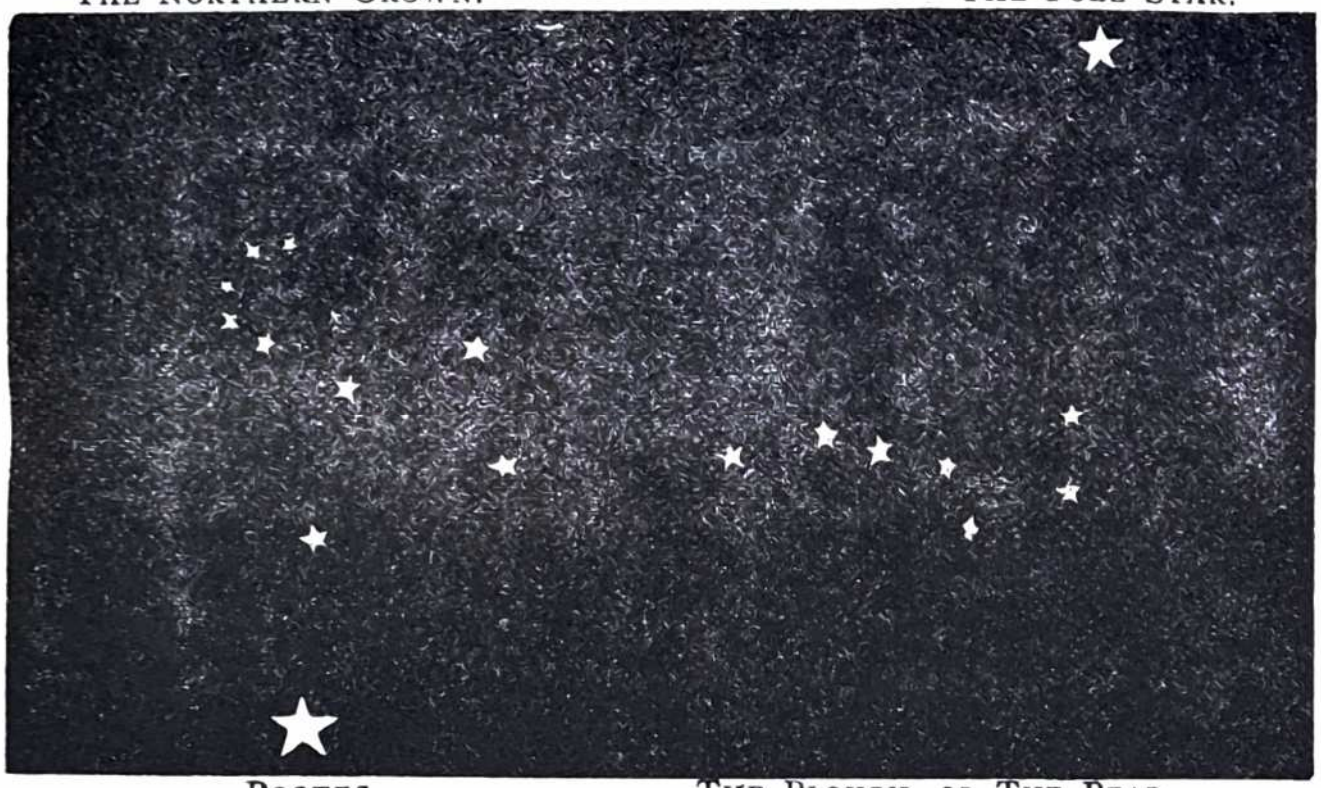
His vindication has come at last. It is Major-General Porter, R.E., who tells the story. The body in the room, where the Council was held, was that of Major, afterwards Sir Frederick, Stovin, hastily given over for dead, but not dead. While the Council were in debate, he recovered consciousness and heard all that passed. Burgoyne himself never told any one (he died in 1871) but when all the members of that Council were dead, Stovin spoke to friends in confidence. And now the story is published by authority in the Records of the Royal Engineers, and after seventy-four years brave Burgoyne's character is cleared.

"For there is nothing covered, that shall not be revealed; neither hid that shall not be known."

———o———

ON a clear night one can see about three thousand stars with the naked eye, but a powerful telescope will reveal millions. Of these three thousand, five—Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn—are called planets, because they go round the sun like our earth. All the others are suns themselves. The stars all move, too, but they are so far away that their position in the heavens seems unchanged year after year, and age after age. Our earth in its journey round the sun flies eighteen miles every moment, but many of the stars move much more quickly. Arcturus is the quickest of them all—not the Arcturus spoken of in the Book of Job, ix. 9 and xxxviii. 32; it is the Plough or Bear that is there referred to—but Arcturus, the brightest of the five stars in the map which represent the constellation Bootes (three syllables, Bo-o-tes). It moves at the rate of *four hundred miles* a moment, and yet so far away are the depths of space in which it moves that if the full moon were nailed to the sky and Arcturus

THE NORTHERN CROWN. THE POLE STAR.



BOOTES. THE PLOUGH, OR THE BEAR.

to go in behind it on the one side, two hundred and fifty years would pass before it would appear on the other side. What God is like our God? Even these vast depths are but the hem of His garment, the fringes of His glory. The heaven of heavens cannot contain Him, and yet He dwells in the heart of a contrite and humble little child.

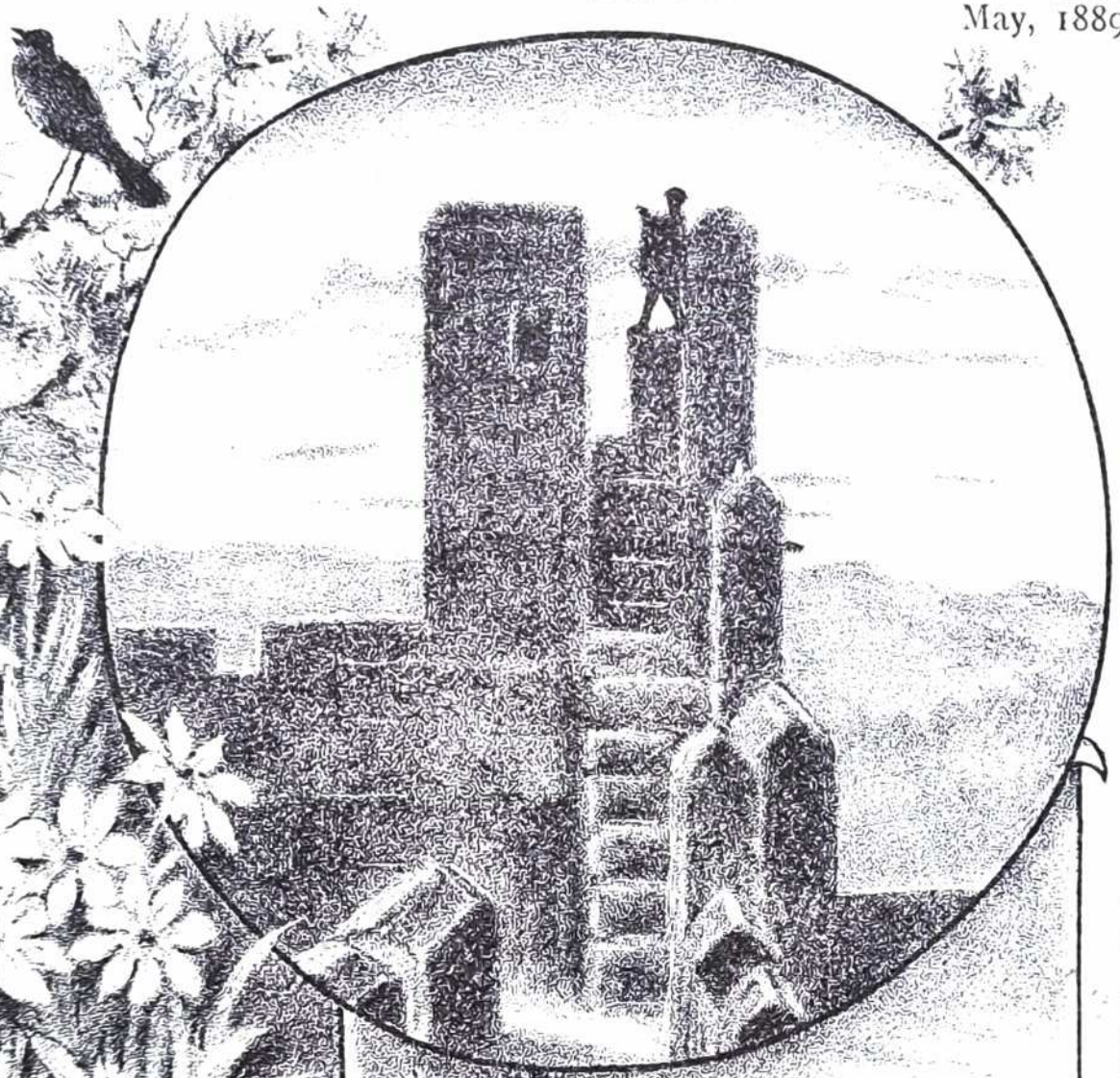
The star nearest the earth is one called Alpha Centauri. It cannot be seen from Britain; perhaps some boy who reads this will see it some night in the years to come as he rounds the Cape of Good Hope or the Point de Galle. It is 25½ billions of miles away (25,500,000,000,000!). Light travels 190,000 miles in a moment; the light of the sun comes to us in little more than eight minutes. but the light of Alpha Centauri takes four and a half years. The light of Sirius takes nine years to reach us; if it were quenched to-night its light would continue for nine years yet; we should not know its candle had been put out till the spring-time of 1898. But doubtless Sirius is at our very door compared with others of the stars. There may be some, indeed, made, like the rest, "in the beginning," whose light, though on the way, has never reached us yet. For the depths of space are infinite, and there may be stars that shall have shone for but one hour when the Resurrection Morning comes.

Even so there are familiar blessings that come to us daily, hourly, every moment; but there are also new ones coming every morning out of His riches in glory; and there are some preparing from all eternity that God reserves for the one dark night when He will call us to walk through the valley of the shadow of death.

THE MOON.		THE SUN RISES	SETS.
First Quarter, . .	8th April.	Sabbath, 7th April, at	5.34; 7.6.
Full Moon, . .	15th "	" 14th "	5.16; 7.20.
Last Quarter, . .	22nd "	" 21st "	4.59; 7.34.
New Moon, . .	30th "	" 28th "	4.41; 7.47.

1	M	Folly is joy to him that is destitute of wisdom.—*Prov. xv. 21.*
2	Tu	It is as sport to a fool to do mischief.—*Prov. x. 23.*
3	W	A whip for the horse, a bridle for the ass, and a rod for the fool's back.—*Prov. xxvi. 3.*
4	Th	I would have you wise unto that which is good.—*Rom. xvi. 19.*
5	F	He that walketh with wise men shall be wise.—*Prov. xiii. 20.*
6	S	They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament.—*Dan. xii. 3.*
7	S	According unto the multitude of Thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.—*Psalm li. 1.*
8	M	My sin is ever before me.—*Psalm li. 3.*
9	Tu	Let us fall now into the hand of the Lord, for His mercies are great, and let me not fall into the hand of man.—*2 Samuel xxiv. 14.*
10	W	Son, be of good cheer; thy sins are forgiven.—*Matthew ix. 2 (R.V.)*
11	Th	He will speak peace unto His people; but let them not turn again to folly.—*Psalm lxxxv. 8.*
12	F	What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits toward me?
13	S	I will take the cup of salvation. I will pay my vows unto the Lord.—*Psalm cxvi. 12-14.*
14	S	The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary.—*Isaiah l. 4.*
15	M	Thou shalt not go up and down as a tale-bearer among thy people.—*Lev. xix. 16.*
16	Tu	They have taught their tongue to speak lies.—*Jer. ix. 5.*
17	W	Deliver my soul, O Lord, from lying lips and from a deceitful tongue.—*Psalm cxx. 2.*
18	Th	The Lord shall cut off all flattering lips.—*Psalm xii. 2.*
19	F	Death and life are in the power of the tongue.—*Prov. xviii. 21.*
20	S	Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth: keep the door of my lips.—*Ps. cxli. 3.*
21	S	My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God.—*Psalm xlii. 2.*
22	M	Thou shalt make them drink of the river of Thy pleasures.—*Psalm xxxvi. 8.*
23	Tu	Be not drunken with wine, wherein is riot, but be filled with the Spirit.—*Ephesians v. 18 (R.V.)*
24	W	Who hath woe? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine.—*Proverbs xxiii. 29.*
25	Th	Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.—*Revelation xix. 9.*
26	F	Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.—*Matthew xxv. 6.*
27	S	Drunkards shall not inherit the Kingdom of God.—*1 Cor. vi. 10.*
28	S	And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.
29	M	And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come:
30	Tu	And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—*Rev. xxii. 17.*

May, 1889.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK, JAMES McKELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

Postage on 4 Copies or under is ½d. by Book Post. 30 Copies may be sent by Parcel Post for 3d.

NOW READY,

Neatly Bound, Price ONE SHILLING,

(Free by post, 1s. 1d.),

The Volume of

The Morning Watch for 1888.

JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS, GREENOCK.

May be had of all Booksellers.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. How many good men, and how many bad men are mentioned in Jude? 2. A list of persons in John's Gospel who put questions to Christ. 3. A list of those to whom He put questions.

SENIORS.—1. Wise sayings in the Bible uttered by bad men. 2. Descriptions of heaven in the Psalms.

———o———

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

———o———

Good answers to the **April** Questions have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—John Reid, Robert R. Stevenson. BALLYMONEY.—Janie Dick. BELFAST *(Brownlow Street S.S.)*—Lizzie Hamilton, Sarah Hamilton, Minnie Preston, Robert J. Rainey, Lizzie J. Ross, Joseph Alex. Thompson. BELFAST *(College Street, South, S.S.)*—Alfred Alexander, Joseph Alexander, Samuel Alexander, Maggie Alexander, Annie Allen, John Armour, Martha Armour, Jonathan J. Black, Mina Black, Alfred Chancellor, Thomas G. Courtney, Eleanor R. Craig, Ellen R. Cully, Helen Edgar, Mary M'D. Edgar, Jeanie Edgar, T. C. Gibson, John Graham, Sarah Graham, William Graham, Fred Harvey, James Harvey, Lizzie Harrison, Minnie Harrison, Agnes T. Martin, Anna B. Martin, Maggie M'Kee, Sarah M'Kee, Fanny B. O'Neill, Rachel Pennington, David Rodgers, Minnie Scott, Lizzie Stewart, Annie Wilkinson, Agnes Wright. GLASGOW.—Janet Barclay, Sarah Irvine, Robert Wilson. GREENOCK.—Edward Grieve, Florence A. Grieve, Eliza Howie, Maggie Kirkwood, Betty M'Donald, No Name. HAMILTON.—Mary Martin. INVERKIP.—Jeanie H. Lang. KNOCKBRACKEN.—Maria M'Clelland. LEEDS.—James Paterson. LIVERPOOL.—Lizzie M'Clure. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alexander Adams. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. SHANDON.—Archie B. Finlay. STRANORLAR.—Robert W. Gregg. STRANRAER.—Anna B. Bradford, Willie Duffus, Mary Hamilton, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert A. Higgins, Thomas P. Higgins, William A. Higgins, Alice Stewart, Florence M. Stewart. WHITHORN.—Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton, James C. M'Kinnell. WISHAW.—M. G. Tudhope, Thos. Tudhope.

Seniors.

AIRDRIE.—Lizzie S. Stevenson, Jeanie N. Taylor. BELFAST *(College Street, South.)*—John Allen, C. H. Chancellor, Edward Orr, R. A. O'Neill. GOVAN.—Robert Allan Tudhope. GREENOCK.—Matthew Kirkwood, Kate D. Ralston. HAMILTON.—Maggie K. W. Martin. INVERKIP.—Annie H. Lang. LEEDS.—Jeanie L. Paterson. LOANHEAD.—Eleanor Allison. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. STRANRAER.—Maggie Hamilton. WISHAW.—Robert Telfer.

Answered 1 and 2.
Maggie Dick, Ballymoney.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

May 5.—The Command to Watch.—Mark xiii. 24-37. Text, Mark xiii. 33. Quest. 23. Psalm xiii. 5.6.

THE signs are vague and impressive; impressive to make men keep ready, and vague to keep them from fixing dates. The signs in the parable in verse 28 are the general signs of summer, sure to come, but not just on a certain day. In one of the New England Parliaments such a darkness came on one afternoon that the members thought that it was the Judgment Day and proposed to suspend their work and begin to pray. "Rather," said an old member, "bring in candles and go on with business, for I want when my Lord comes that He should find me at my duty." The man had prayed who could watch like that.

To every man his work. There is division of labour in the church. It is not preaching only, or tract distribution, that is "Christian work," but all honesty and faithfulness and help done for Christ's sake.

———o———

May 12.—The Anointing in Bethany.—Mark xiv. 1-9. Text, Mark xiv. 8. Quest. 24. Psalm xv. 1,2.

THE contrasts here. The priests' craft and the disciples' folly. How often unseemly discussions can take place anywhere if men are led just to begin them. Judas was doing that here.

Judas as the champion of the poor. Grudging to give for Christ means grudging to give to the poor.

Christ's defence of the woman. He was under the shadow of the Cross Himself, but He could defend her. It was a good, a beautiful work. He will not let us ask about everything, "What is *the use?*" There are things whose use is their beauty. Some of the noblest things ever done have been "of no use," but they have enriched the world. This was a good work because it had a heart in it.

Judas, who stood up against this waste, is called by Christ "the son of perdition," literally, "the son of waste." The one thing in the world that is wasted and worse is a godless man.

———o———

May 19.—The Lord's Supper.—Mark xiv. 12-26. Text, Luke xxii. 19. Quest. 25. Psalm xvi. 5,6.

THE command, "Drink ye *all* of it," was given to men who, the Lord knew, would be offended in Him that same night. Some true believers dread this Sacrament because they are afraid they may not be able to stand. The Supper should never be a terror to believers. It is a strength, a means of grace.

The Lord's Supper is the sign at once of the worst that sin can do and of the most that God can do, of how He looks at sin—Christ was crucified for it; of how He looks at us—Christ was crucified for us.

It is a sign of victory. It is "till He come."

———o———

May 26.—Jesus Betrayed.—Mark xiv. 43-54. Text, Luke xxii. 48. Quest. 26. Psalm xvi. 7.8.

THERE was no need of swords and staves. Jesus was holy, harmless, the Lamb of God; and the priests knew that. But by bringing swords they would make believe they had a desperate character to deal with. Judas' *kiss* was a sign of (1) Christ's loving way with His disciples, (2) Judas' own baseness. No man was ever treated more tenderly than he. God made him an Apostle, not that he might betray Christ, but that he might learn of Christ, and turn to God and live. He was repeatedly, solemnly, distinctly warned against his sin. At the last meal Christ had, Judas got the sop, the tastiest morsel, just as a loving wife heaps kindness upon her drunken husband to win his love. Judas knew he was wrong; the kiss shows he was consciously dishonest. He sought to betray Christ *conveniently*, he wished neither Christ nor his brother apostles to know that he had brought the soldiers. Peter with his sword is a type of the man who, when he sees wrong-doing, foams and blusters and rages, and makes as though he would do big things, and then—flees. The young man with the linen cloth is an illustration of the way great opportunities come to people who are not ready for them. The Son of God had been forsaken by all His disciples, and this young man, awakened out of sleep by the clamour, had rushed out, just as he was, to see what was ado. What a chance he missed! He might have been Christ's friend in that awful hour. If there is a work to do, and no one but you to do it, never mind inconveniences, do it with all your might. It is generally thought Mark himself was the lad; if so, we see the power of forgiving grace. He threw away this chance, threw away another later on (Acts xv. 38), yet afterwards was found "profitable for the ministry," and actually wrote one of the four Gospels.

———o———

June 2.—Jesus before the Council.—Mark xiv. 55,72. Text, John xv. 25. Quest. 27. Psalm xvii. 4,5.

———o———

The Cuckoo.

THE song of the Cuckoo coming with the Spring sunshine and the flowers is always hailed with delight. We stop to listen, and say, "There's the Cuckoo!" and it makes us glad to think that the winter is past and the summer

is coming. The Cuckoo's stay with us is short; it comes in April or May and is gone in August. It has a strange note, closely resembling the human voice, which it utters generally when on the wing or just after it has settled. No other bird's cry can be heard at such a distance. The Heron's power of voice comes nearest to it, but "he has the advantage of elevation; the Cuckoo never rises above the tops of the elms." Wordsworth's lines are very beautiful :—

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off and near!

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery.

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listened to; that cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green,
And thou wert still a hope, a love,
Still long'd for, never seen!

The Cuckoo will not sing in a cage, but is very restless and unhappy.

It has a greater peculiarity than its song. It builds no nest, it takes no thought or care of its offspring. No one has ever found out any reason for this, but it is a well-known fact that it deposits its egg in another bird's nest, generally laying it first on the ground and then lifting it in its bill and dropping it in. It evidently considers that that is all that is required of it. No one can admire so careless a mother, one so wholly remiss in parental duties. Yet it is not altogether wanting is discretion, for it is not every bird's nest it will lay its egg in. It is a soft-billed bird, and knows that the little Cuckoo must be fed by birds that like itself feed on insects and hairy caterpillars. So the Cuckoo's egg has always been found in the robin's, the pipit's, or yellow-bunting's nest, and never in the nest of the wood pigeon or any bird that has a hard bill and feeds on grain, for such food would kill the little Cuckoo.

Although the Cuckoo is a much larger bird than those first mentioned, its egg, which is out of all proportion to its size, is not much bigger than a skylark's, and the little foster-mother takes quite kindly to it. When the eggs are hatched the little Cuckoo grows so enormously that there is no room in the nest for any but itself, and so devoted is the mother to this young giant, which it foolishly imagines to be her own offspring, that she will, perfectly unconcerned, watch it hoist her own little ones on its broad shoulders and heave them one after another over the nest, and see them die on the ground, while she labours with all her might to satisfy its appetite. Even after it is flying about she follows it and feeds it. It is then that Scotch people call it the "Gowk," because, I suppose, it looks so silly being stuffed by a little bird not half its own size.

Yet, even with such a bad character, perhaps indeed just on account of its eccentricities, for a little oddness sometimes makes people popular, the Cuckoo is a favourite.

JOHN CALVIN.

But we must not take it as an example in the way of shirking duties, even although we may imagine these duties may be better done by others. Wise boys or girls will always do their own parsing or their own arithmetic themselves! But we will gladly welcome Cuckoo as the sure herald of summer and for the sake of its cheerful song, as a poet, John Logan, has done:—

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove,
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome ring.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pluck the primrose gay,
Starts the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates the lay.

What time the pea puts on its bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! Thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year.

Oh! could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

ON the voyage there were on board our ship four black men, Kaffirs, deck passengers, bound for Delagoa Bay. They had been to Cape Town for work, and were now returning to their forest homes. They could speak a little English. In conversing with me they learned that I thought of preaching the gospel in Africa, and of proceeding for this purpose to the north of the Zambesi. A light flashed in their eyes as they looked at one another, and jabbered away in a most excited manner. Then one of them burst out in broken English, "Come to Delagoa Bay;" and the other three joined in, "Come, come to Delagoa Bay." "No teacher," continued the first speaker, "at Delagoa Bay. We build you house and chapel, and give you food and drink. *Come to Delagoa Bay!*" No answer of mine would satisfy them. "Ah!" said their leader, "white man bring brandy to Delagoa Bay, and guns and powder; but white man no bring chapel to Delagoa Bay."—*Garenganze, Mission Work in Central Africa, by Fred. S. Arnot.*

John Calvin.

YOU all know the name of Calvin, but I am not sure that you have seen a picture of him before. You are far more likely to have seen one of Luther. Calvin was a very different man, and a great many people do not like him as well. They do not like him often because they do not like what is called "Calvinism." But Calvin would have been very sorry to hear his doctrines going by his name. He did not think them Calvinism, but Christianity. He found them in the Bible.

He was a Frenchman, and the ablest Frenchman who has ever lived. He was born in 1509, and so was just a little boy when Luther kindled the fire that ended in the

Reformation. What Calvin had to do then was not to begin to protest against Popery, but to prove to the world that the religion of the Protestants was the religion of the Bible. Ignorant priests were telling the ignorant people that the New Testament was a wicked book that Luther had discovered, and with the new ideas that the Reformation was bringing into men's minds there was a danger that they would be loosed from the superstition of the old church without being won to the faith of the new. Calvin was brought by what he himself calls "a sudden conversion" to the knowledge of Christ. Driven from Paris by persecution he came to Geneva, where, though he little thought it, his life work was to be done. Here he wrote, when he was only twenty-six, his great book, "The Institutes of the Christian Religion," perhaps the most powerful statement of the faith that has ever been given to the world.

Geneva was in a very corrupt state under Popery, and Calvin tried to reform it. He was so eager about the purity of the Church, kept godless people so strictly from the Lord's Table, that he was driven from the city. But things there went from bad to worse. They could not get on without him, and so after three years they sent for him and brought him back in triumph. He became practically the ruler of the city for more than twenty years after this, till his death.

Luther pulled down the old fabric of Popery, but it was Calvin who built up and strengthened the new church. He was the master-mind, the statesman of the Reformation. Though he was the ruling influence in Geneva he could not do everything as he wished it, and he has been held responsible for a great many things he could not hinder.

He studied and worked so hard that he hardly ever had a day's health. He had many sorrows, he lost all his children young, and he had on him almost, like Paul, "the care of all the churches." But, often sad, and always ill, he wrote one of the greatest commentaries on the Bible, and was the guide and adviser of nearly all the Protestant leaders of the time. His great work, *The Institutes*, is divided into four parts, and yet the "heads" of it all are God and His Church. He gathers everything round God and the love of Christ.

Calvin lies buried in Geneva, but we cannot be certain of his grave, for he ordered that no monument should mark it. This was like the man. The motto of his books, and of his life, might very fitly be, "To Thy Name be all the glory."

———o———

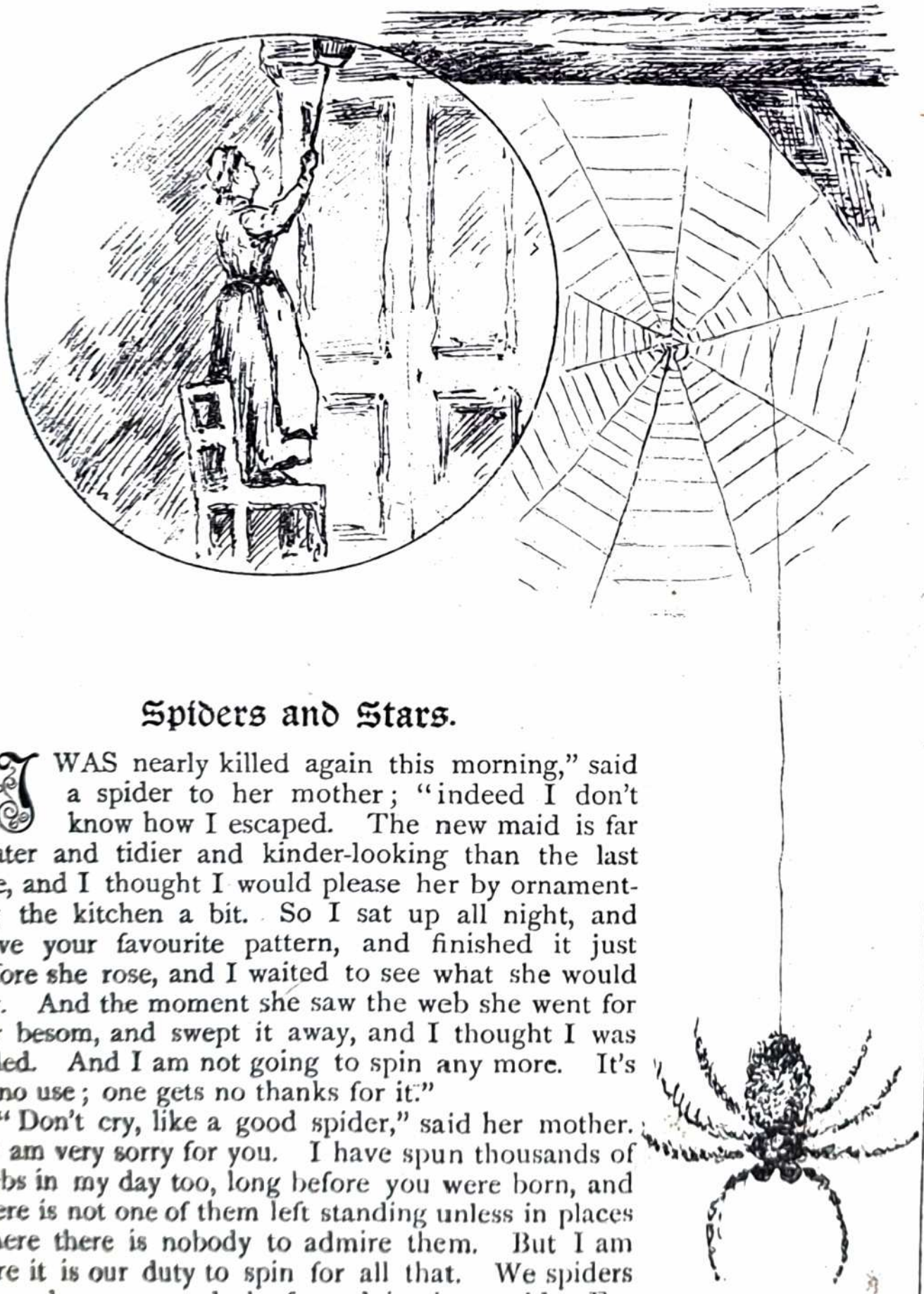
Who read a chapter when they rise
Shall ne'er be troubled with ill eyes.

Who goes to bed and doth not pray,
Maketh two nights to every day.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

———o———

It is not isolated great deeds which do most to form a character, but small, continuous acts, touching and blending into one another. The greenness of a field comes not from trees, but from blades of grass.
—*Dr. John Ker.*



Spiders and Stars.

"I WAS nearly killed again this morning," said a spider to her mother; "indeed I don't know how I escaped. The new maid is far neater and tidier and kinder-looking than the last one, and I thought I would please her by ornamenting the kitchen a bit. So I sat up all night, and wove your favourite pattern, and finished it just before she rose, and I waited to see what she would say. And the moment she saw the web she went for her besom, and swept it away, and I thought I was killed. And I am not going to spin any more. It's of no use; one gets no thanks for it."

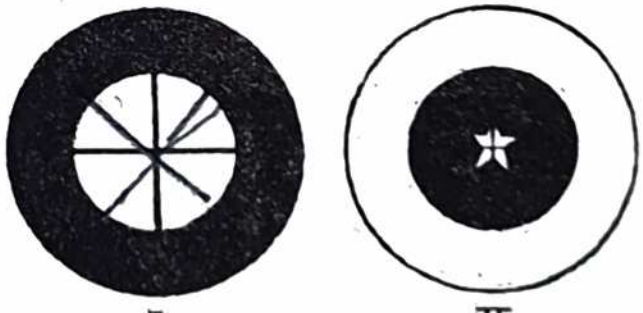
"Don't cry, like a good spider," said her mother. "I am very sorry for you. I have spun thousands of webs in my day too, long before you were born, and there is not one of them left standing unless in places where there is nobody to admire them. But I am sure it is our duty to spin for all that. We spiders have done a great deal of good in the world. For example——" "O, I know, mother, please don't

tell me again about King Robert the Bruce." "Don't be naughty, child, I wasn't going to speak about him, though it was a great story with my mother. But I was going to tell you what I found out the other day. The wisest men in a country are Astronomers, for they can tell what will happen thousands of years after this, and they can measure and weigh stars that other men can't see, and yet they can't get on without our webs! There was a very great one called Herschel who said he was greatly hindered in his work because he could not get wires as thin as he would like. But now Astronomers use our webs, and if they find a spider who can spin very beautiful threads, they take her with them and hold her in great honour, and send her webs to other Astronomers in all parts of the world." "Really, mother?" "Yes, my dear; spinning is all that we can do, and we must just spin our very best. I am too old now, though I think I could knit and weave a great deal better than many of the young spiders I see, though they talk about their education. But I have taught you well, and if you do your best, maybe an Astronomer will get his eye on you some day, and you may become a great and famous spider when your poor mother is lying in her grave."

I confess I was much struck when I overheard this conversation, and I wondered if the old spider was really speaking the truth. I have since read several books, and have found, to my delight, every word true she said.

When an Astronomer looks at the heavens through his telescope, he sees a great many objects at once, just as we do when we look through a window.

But as he wishes to watch one object particularly, he has to try some plan whereby that object may be specially marked out. A circular case is put inside the telescope, and two wires are fixed on it at right angles to one another (Figure I.), and then he tries to get the star in behind the point where the lines cross (Fig. II.).



I. II.

But the stars being so far away are so small that the wires hide them. The very thinnest silver wires that could be drawn, the finest hairs or silk threads, are all much too thick, and Astronomers were in great difficulty till Professor Fontana,

of Florence, suggested the use of the threads of spiders' webs in 1755, and these have been used ever since, having been found every way superior to every other thread that has been tried, superior in thinness, in elasticity, and in perfection of shape.

A Good Woman.

EVER since her marriage Helen had altered considerably in the right direction. Life had grown to her so gracious, so happy, so serious, that now she would not unfrequently say a thing worth saying. * * * Her step was lighter, her voice more flexible, her laugh much merrier and more frequent, for now her heart was gay. Her husband praised God when he heard her laugh. She would pull up her ponies in the middle of the street, and at a word or sign the carriage would be full of children. Whoever could might scramble in till it was full. At the least rudeness the offender would be ordered to the pavement, and would always obey, generally weeping. She would drive two or three times up and down the street with her load, then turn it out, and take another, and another, until as many as she judged fit had had a taste of the pleasure. This she had learned from seeing a costermonger fill his cart with children and push behind, while the donkey in front pulled them along the street, to the praise and glory of God.—*George MacDonald.*

The man who would take an unfair advantage of an enemy cannot be trusted as a friend.—*Dr. John Ker.*

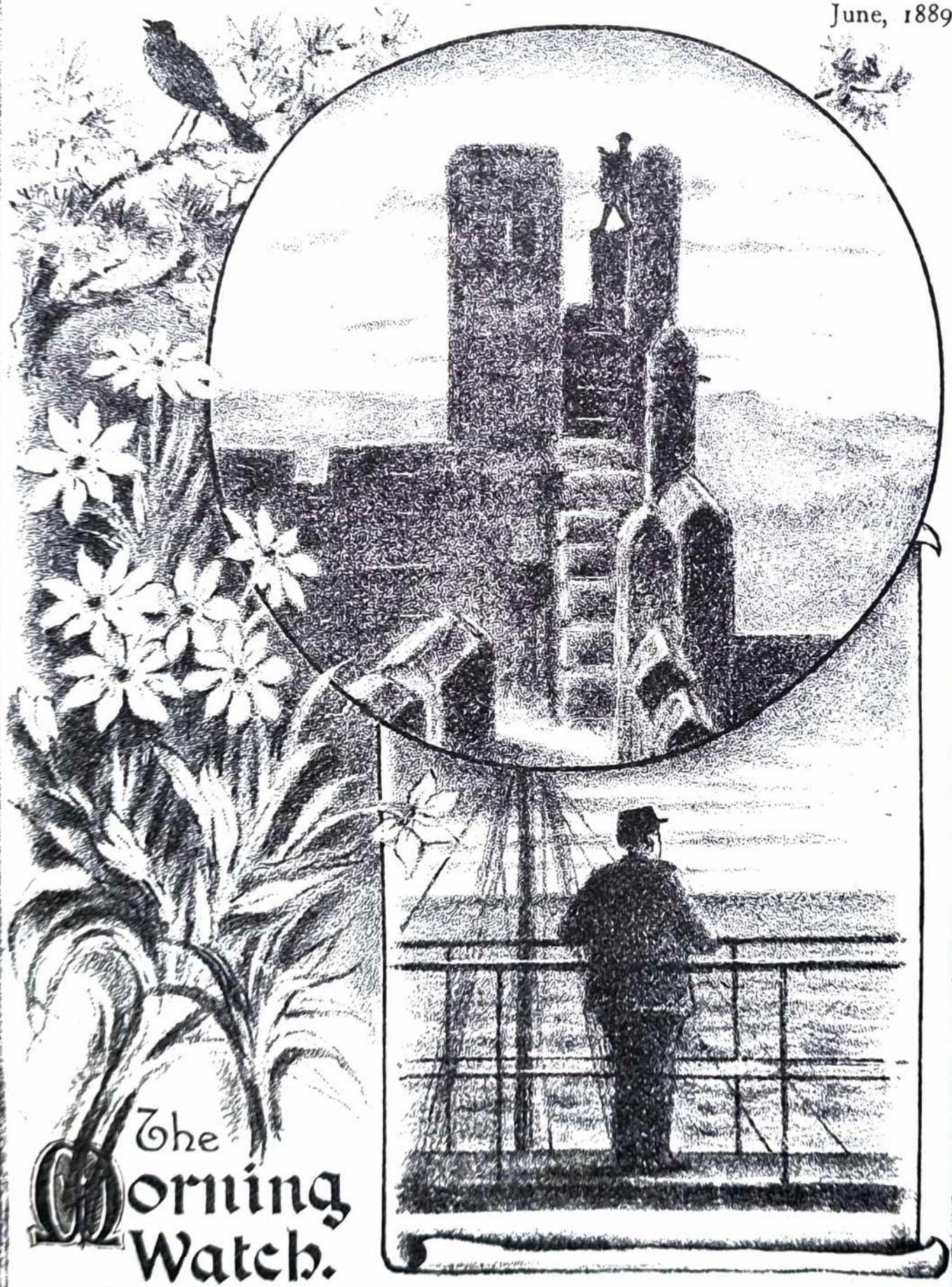
BACKBITING is the curse of village life. It does more to keep people poor than the lowness of wages. For they become so saturated with littleness that they cannot attempt anything, and have no enterprise.—*Richard Jefferies.*

MR. JOHN BLAIR was an elder of our church many years ago, much esteemed and beloved for his blameless life, for he feared God above many. He was very quiet and gentle, yet always cheery, with now and again little touches of humour. But on his death-bed he was like to be overwhelmed with doubts. Promise after promise was read to him, but his fears increased, and a terrible darkness lay on him for many days. "These promises were not meant for me," he said. He seemed to be almost in despair; his friends dreaded speaking to him, for they saw that his grief was very great. But on the morning of the day on which he died one of them, chancing to look in on him, found that the old happy look had come back to his face, and the darkness was fled away. "You have found a promise to rest on at last!" "Oh no!" he said, "I haven't got hold of a promise yet, *but I know there's one somewhere though I can't find it.*" And so he went joyfully into the thick darkness where God was, seeing Him who is invisible.

THE MOON.		THE SUN RISES	SETS.
First Quarter, . .	8th May.	Sabbath, 5th May, at	4.26; 8.1.
Full Moon, . .	15th "	" 12th "	4.11; 8.14.
Last Quarter, . .	21st "	" 19th "	3.59; 8.27.
New Moon, . .	29th "	" 26th "	3.48; 8.39.

1	W	Thou hast made summer.—*Psalm lxxiv. 17.*
2	Th	Then shall the trees of the wood sing out at the presence of the Lord, because He cometh to judge the earth.
3	F	O give thanks unto the Lord; for He is good: for His mercy endureth for ever.
4	S	And say ye, Save us, O God of our salvation.—*1 Chron. xvi. 33-35.*
5	☽	And Jesus said, Somebody hath touched Me.—*Luke viii. 46.*
6	M	The disciples marvelled that He was speaking with a woman.—*John iv. 27* (*Revised Version.*)
7	Tu	He told me all that ever I did.—*John iv. 39.*
8	W	He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted;
9	Th	Neither hath He hid His face from him; but when he cried unto Him, He heard.—*Psalm xxii. 24.*
10	F	Whither shall I flee from Thy presence?—*Psalm cxxxix. 7.*
11	S	A man was there which had been thirty and eight years in his infirmity. Jesus knew that he had been now a long time in that case.—*John v. 5, 6.*
12	☽	Patient in tribulation, continuing stedfastly in prayer;
13	M	Distributing to the necessity of Saints.
14	Tu	Rejoice with them that rejoice; weep with them that weep.—*Romans xii. 12, 13, 15.*
15	W	Owe no man anything.—*Romans xiii. 8.*
16	Th	If thou shalt hearken unto the voice of the Lord thy God blessed shall be thy basket and thy kneading trough.
17	F	The Lord shall command the blessing upon thee in all that thou puttest thine hand unto.
18	S	And thou shalt lend unto many nations, and thou shalt not borrow.—*Deut. xxviii. 5, 8, 12* (*Revised Version.*)
19	☽	God said unto Balaam, Thou shalt not curse the people: for they are blessed.—*Numbers xxii. 12.*
20	M	Tarry this night that I may know what the Lord will say unto me more.—*Verse 19.*
21	Tu	God said, Go with them, and God's anger was kindled because he went.—*Verses 20, 22.*
22	W	Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!—*Chap. xxiii. 10.*
23	Th	He hath not beheld iniquity in Jacob, neither hath He seen perverseness in Israel.—*Chap. xxiii. 21.*
24	F	I shall see Him, but not now; I shall behold Him, but not nigh.—*Chap. xxiv. 17.*
25	S	Balaam also, the son of Beor, they slew with the sword.—*Chap. xxxi. 8.*
26	☽	These died in faith, not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and were persuaded of them, and embraced them,
27	M	And confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth.—*Heb. xi. 13.*
28	Tu	Thou knowest my downsitting and mine uprising.—*Psalm cxxxix. 2.*
29	W	They constrained Him, saying, Abide with us.—*Luke xxiv. 29.*
30	Th	For I know that Thou wilt bring me to death, and to the house appointed for all living.—*Job xxx. 23.*
31	F	We have an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.—*2 Cor. v. 1.*

June, 1889.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK, JAMES McKELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. A list of ten women who are named in the Acts of the Apostles. 2. Which of the Epistles is written to a lady? 3. How many persons' names occur in the Epistle of James?

SENIORS.—1. Names and Titles of Christ in Colossians. 2. Names and Epithets given by Christ to His friends after His resurrection. 3. A list of the things that a godly old man can do.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—Robert R. Stevenson, BELFAST *(Brownlow Street S.S.)*—Minnie Preston, Lizzie J. Ross, Joseph A. Thompson. *(College Street, South, S.S.)*—Annie Allen, James Armour, John Armour, Martha Armour, J. J. Black, Mina Black, Alfred Chancellor, T. G. Courtney, Ellen R. Cully, T. C. Gibson, John Graham, Sarah Graham, Wm. Graham, L. Harrison, Minnie Harrison, Fred Harvey, Agnes T. Martin, Fanny B. O'Neill, Minnie Scott, Lizzie Stewart, Nannie Wright. CASTLE DOUGLAS.—Nellie Culton. GREENOCK.—Eliza Howie, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston. INVERKIP.—Amelia H. Lang. KNOCKBRACKEN.—Maria M'Clelland. LEEDS.—James Paterson, John Pomphrey. NEMPHLAR.—William Shirlaw. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alex. Adams. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. STRANORLAR.—Robert W. Gregg. STRANRAER.—Willie Duffus, Mary Hamilton. WHITHORN.—Alex. Culton.

Answered Question 1.

Lizzie Pomphrey, Leeds.
Wm. Geo. Pomphrey, Leeds.

Seniors.

BELFAST *(College Street, South, S.S.)*—John Allen, C. H. Chancellor. GOVAN.—Robert Allan Tudhope. GREENOCK.—Kate D. Ralston. INVERKIP.—Annie H. Lang. LEEDS.—Jeanie L. Paterson. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. WISHAW.—Robert Telfer.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

June 2.—Jesus before the Council.—Mark xiv. 55-72. Text, John xv. 25. Quest. 27. Psalm xvii. 4, 5.

CHRIST was taken first before Annas, the real High Priest; then before Caiaphas, his son-in-law, whom the Romans had put in his place; and lastly, before the Council.

The priests and the elders were not good mistaken men who thought they were doing right in condemning Christ. They were bad men, who knew they were doing wrong. Would men of ordinary honesty have sought and bribed false witnesses? Would they have bargained with a traitor to seize his Master in the place where He was wont to pray? Would they have sent an armed band at midnight for Him as though He were a murderer? Would they have shut their eyes to all the good He had done? Would they have spit upon His face? Would they have refused to give one word of direction to the poor sinful Judas when he came confessing he had done wrong? Would they have told lies to Pilate, and pretended they loved Cæsar—a tyrant, a murderer, a debauchee? Would they, if they had been true priests of the Most High God, have mocked a dying Man, no matter what He was, in presence of heathen soldiers, when He cried out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

They had heard His words, and seen His deeds, and watched His everyday life; had heard the prophecy which God had revealed to Caiaphas himself, unworthy High Priest though He was, that "One Man must die for the people" (John xi. 50-52); and even that saying of Christ's about destroying the temple, which does seem at first a little misleading, they knew all along (Matt. xxvii. 63)—probably from the way He said it—to refer to His rising from the grave on the third day. They hated Him, just as all men do who hate Him, because He was holy and bade them give up their sins.

June 9.—Jesus before Pilate.—Mark xv. 1-20. Text, John xix. 6. Quest. 28. Psalm xvii. 6, 7.

WE have here—1. As grand an opportunity as ever fell to the lot of any man. 2. An opportunity almost grasped. 3. An opportunity wilfully thrown away.

However little he understood the character and claims of Christ at first, it quickly

became evident to Pilate that his prisoner was not a common man. The fury—the inexplicable fury—of the Jews, the strange charges they brought against Him, the solemn message his wife sent to him as he sat on the judgment seat, the face, the look, the majesty, the words, the very silence of our Saviour, most fearfully impressed him. If he had only been true to his oath of office, true to his own convictions, true to his own deliberate determination (Acts iii. 13), what honour would have been his for ever! The Saviour would still have suffered, and Pilate might have suffered with Him, but he had been with Christ in Paradise before the day was done.

And what did he gain by crucifying Him? He had to be more determined at the end than would have been necessary at the beginning ("What I have written, I have written"); he provoked the Jews by calling Christ their King; he began to suffer remorse that very day ("He marvelled if He were already dead"); despising himself, despised by others, he lost his governorship, and died a few years afterwards, in exile, by his own hand.

How do *we* stand towards Christ? Do we condemn Him or do we love Him?

June 16.—Jesus Crucified.—Mark xv. 21-39. Text, Phil. ii. 8. Quest. 29. Psalm xviii. 1, 2.

1. SIMON the Cyrenian had come up for the passover. Coming into the city he had seen Jesus in the hands of the soldiers being cruelly used, and it is likely he had protested or said something to shew his sympathy. This was why he was forced to carry the cross. He meant kindness to Christ, and it seems as the result that "he himself was saved and his whole house" (Acts xiii. 1, Romans xvi. 13).

2. Christ refused to receive anything that would dull His consciousness of the suffering He had taken on Him as the propitiation for our sins. Shews the sin of men who drown thought, regret, or conscience in pleasure or in whatever dulls the mind. Does not apply to what God has provided for the ease of suffering, *e.g.*, chloroform.

3. The Evangelists will not let a word or even a look of Jesus pass unnoticed. *That* has value for them, but they will let the soldiers keep and part His garments. Men did not care for relics who had salvation to tell of.

4. Christ's trust did not depend on feelings or on sight, for in the most terrible darkness, with His feelings at the saddest, it is still all the same, "My God."

5. The veil of the temple was rent "from the top" to declare that God now made a way for all through Christ into His presence. There was an end at once of priests and sacrifices and human mediation, for "He ever liveth to make intercession for us."

June 23.—Jesus Risen.—Mark xvi. 1-13. Text, 1 Cor. xv. 20. Quest. 30. Psalm xviii. 30-32.

NICODEMUS had already (John xix. 40) anointed Jesus, and his offering was meant perhaps to shew his sorrow for not having more bravely acknowledged Him. Either the women did not know of this or else they thought they would do it with more loving hands. Their hope had gone out, and yet in their grief they were thinking mainly about the stone at the sepulchre. When a man is so dazed with grief that he cannot hear what you say he will notice that a picture on the wall is not hung even, that an ornament in the room is cracked. The women's offering was meant for a dead Christ. It was like our faith and worship often. The Bible is an old book. Christ once lived, but everything is far off. "He is risen," is what every Sabbath, like an angel, tells us.

The disciples had the evidence of their senses that He was dead—they had seen Him die, and only the evidence of their senses would convince them that He was alive. So they would not go to Galilee at once, and Christ had to shew Himself to them in Jerusalem.

Not only was there a special message for Peter but there was a special meeting with Him alone (Luke xxiv. 34, 1 Cor. xv. 5). His sin and shame were so great that the Saviour met him by himself, not to break the bruised reed.

"There shall ye see Him, as He said unto you." Whatever the look of things, or the hardness of our life, the promises

stand. "Hath He spoken and shall he not make it good?" *As He said unto you.* Christ never speaks in the Gospels of His death without at the same time speaking of His resurrection. They forgot that at the sight of His death. They were crushed so that they had not heart enough left to leave Jerusalem and go home. But in their certainty of His resurrection they became other men, and were ready to go into all the world to preach the Gospel.

June 30.—Review of the Lessons.—Text, Rom. iv. 25. Psalm xviii. 33-35.

Hugh Latimer, burnt at Oxford, 16th October, 1555.

THE Reformation in England was never completed. The King was head of the Church and so reformation could not easily go further than he was inclined to let it. There was no man in England of the mettle of Calvin and Knox who saw all that was needed to be done, or who had the strength of mind or will to try to do it. Reformation was at one time led forward by the wishes of the people, and at another time driven back by the will of the sovereign. That it why the Church of England has as this day "a Roman Catholic Prayer Book, a Calvinistic Creed, and an Arminian Clergy."

Get your father to tell you what that means, and you will understand a great many curious things about the present position of the English Church.

Though there was no English Reformer of the first rank there were many noble men who saw what Popery was, and worked and suffered to make things better. Of these one of the most able and honest was Hugh Latimer. He was

born in Leicestershire in 1490, and was sent to the University of Cambridge when he was only fourteen. He was a cheery lad and a man full of bright humour to the end. He was fond of throwing bits of his own history into his sermons, and in preaching before Edward VI. he told the King, and he tells us this about his home:—"My father was a yeoman and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of three or four pounds at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half-a-dozen men. He had walk for a hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. . . He brought up his family in godliness and the fear of the Lord. . . He kept me to school else I had not been able to preach before the King's majesty now."

While he was at Cambridge, Reformation doctrines were spreading, but Latimer says:—"I was as obstinate a Papist as any was in England." But Bilney, who became himself a martyr, was greatly taken with Latimer's honesty as well as with his gifts and resolved to try to bring him to the light, and succeeded. He soon became a very practical Christian, visiting prisoners and the sick. He had no very strong grip of doctrine, but he strove to bring men to the Bible. He preached with great point and power against abuses in the Church, especially against the worldly bishops and clergy. Before a church full of them once he said, "I would ask a strange question—Who is the most diligent bishop and prelate in all England that passeth all the rest in doing of his office? I can tell—for I know him—who it is; I know him well. But now I think I see you listening and hearkening that I should name him. And will ye know who it is? I will tell you. It is the devil. Among all the pack of them that have cure (have charges) the devil shall go for my money, for he applieth his business. Ye unpreaching prelates learn of the devil to be diligent in your office. If ye will not learn of God, for shame learn of the devil."

He was as fearless in speaking to bad landlords and to the king as he was in speaking to the clergy. Henry VIII. had appointed him his chaplain, and the king's favour was a constant help to him against his persecutors. That he did not gain Henry's favour by flattery is clear from such words as these which he sent in a letter to the king: "Wherefore, gracious king, remember yourself; have pity upon your soul, and think that the day is even at hand when you shall give account for your office, and of the blood that hath been shed by your sword."

It is a good sign of Henry that he liked Latimer all the more for his outspoken words, and when the king fairly broke with the Pope Latimer was made bishop of Worcester. He was not an "unpreaching prelate," and he was as zealous a Reformer as ever. Indeed he went too far to please the Court, and was imprisoned and forced to resign.

He continued, in prison or at liberty, to be the most popular and most powerful of the Protestant leaders. His lively humour and his

homely directness made men like him and believe in him. But on the accession of Mary — Bloody Mary—who was determined to bring back England to Popery, Latimer was one of the very first to be marked for death. He was only sixty-five years of age, but his frame was worn out with work and imprisonment and long disease, but his spirit was as high as ever. He and his friend Ridley, bishop of London, were brought to the stake together. As the wood crackled round them, and the flames shot up, the brave old Reformer cheered on his friend to witness a good confession, "Play the man, Master Ridley," he cried, "we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out."

Bill of Charges for Burning Ridley and Latimer.

	s.	d.
For 3 loads of wood faggots to burn Ridley & Latimer,	12	0
Item, 1 load of furze faggots,	3	4
For the carriage of these 4 loads, ...	2	0
Item, a post, ...	1	4
Item, 2 chains, . . .	3	4
Item, 2 staples, . . .	0	6
Item, 4 labourers, . .	2	8
	25	2

THERE have been great rejoicings lately amongst the native Christians of Madagascar over the completion of a new translation of the Bible. The first translation was, necessarily, done very quickly by missionaries who had not had time to become perfect in the language. The recent celebration was presided over by the Prime Minister, and was held on the very rock from which the native Christians were thrown and murdered only nineteen years ago. There are now 1,500 Protestant Congregations in the island.

SPAIN has a population of about 18,000,000, and there are only 30 men from whom they can buy the Bible, and these 30 are all sent out from this country by the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Skylark.

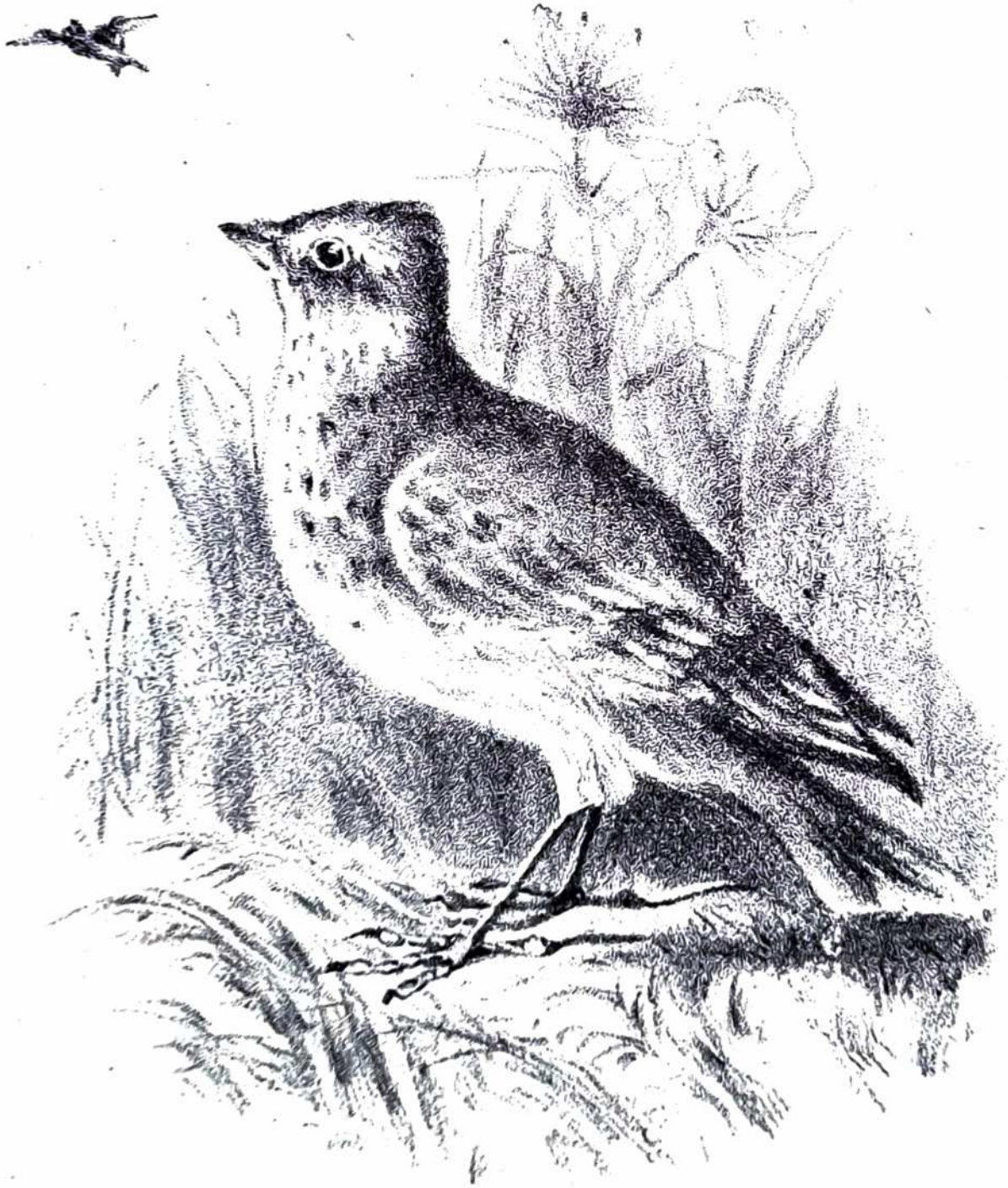
THIS lark has been singing since three this morning, for

"Merry larks are ploughmen's clocks."

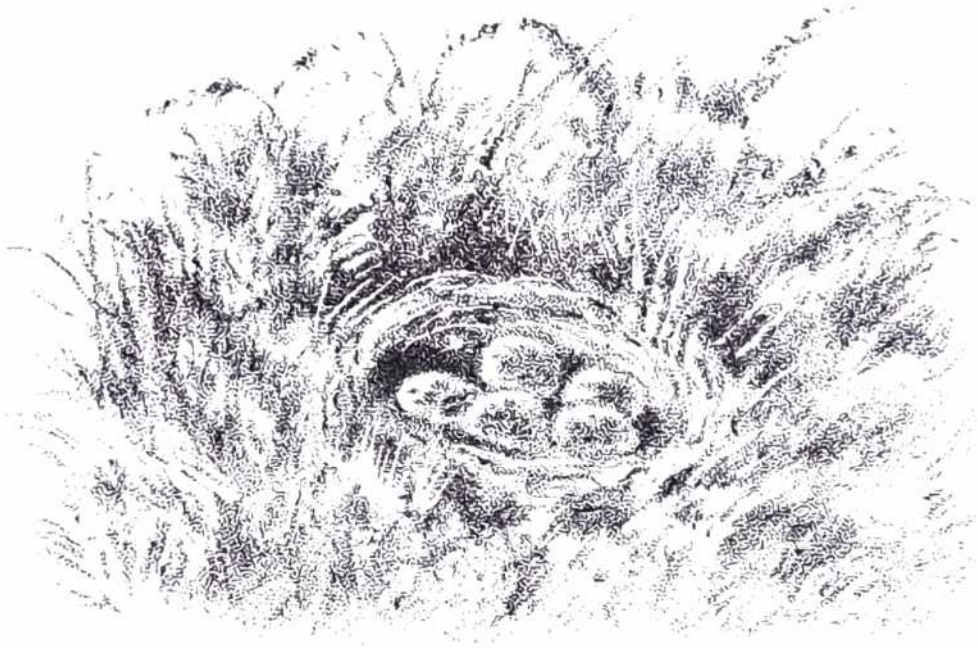
It was pretty to watch him rising. He went round and round at first as if he were climbing a winding stair, and then suddenly began leaping up and up as though he were impatient to be at heaven's gates; and all the time he was "chanting tirra-lirra." Once or twice he came down to feed and rest, but only for a moment or two, and off and up again, and we couldn't see him,

We heard him a-mounting up higher and higher,
And then he turned to the sun, and he shone like a sparkle of fire.

Now he has come down again just for you to see what like he is, and I think that is very good of him. And if you stroke his little head you must do it very gently and very lovingly.



The Skylark.



And here is his nest! One, two, three, four, five eggs, all of them full of music! But you must not touch them; just count them again, for their poor mother rose for a moment to let you have a peep at them, and her heart is beating till you go away.

There is a description of the Lark which I am sure you will like in a sermon on *The Return of Prayers*, or, *The Conditions of a Prevailing Prayer*, John ix. 31, by Jeremy Taylor, an English minister who died 222 years ago. He is speaking of a man who prays "with an angry—that is, with a troubled spirit," and compares him to one that retires into a battle to meditate. "For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings; till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over, and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air about his ministries here below: so is the prayer of a good man, when anger has raised a tempest and over-ruled him; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud, and his thoughts pulled them back again; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose the prayer, and he must recover it, when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven."

2/1/84
594-1

The Shortest Chapter in the Bible.

WHEN I was a boy I was taught to read a chapter every morning and every evening, and I am ashamed to say I very often read the 117th Psalm. It has only two verses, but it counted as a chapter all the same!

Now there is no special virtue in reading neither more nor less than a chapter. I think it a good plan to read a verse for every year you have lived. If you are six, read six; if you are twelve, read twelve. Some days you will be so interested you will read far more; and by God's blessing when you grow up you will often read a great many chapters, maybe a whole book, without stopping.

There is another curious thing about the 117th Psalm. It is the *middle* chapter in the Bible as well as the *shortest.* There are 1,189 chapters altogether, and it is the 595th; there are 594 on either side of it. The Bible was not divided into chapters till about the year 1250. It was only then that it began to be greatly read and studied, and that a division into chapters was seen to be necessary in order that people might easily find the place. It is therefore only by a kind of chance, so to speak, that this Psalm is the middle chapter. Yet surely after all it was God's doing. It deserves the place. Let us just read it—

O give ye praise unto the Lord,
All nations that be;
Likewise, ye people all, accord
His Name to magnify.
For great to usward ever are
His loving-kindnesses:
His truth endures for evermore,
The Lord O do ye bless.

You see it contains an invitation to you and me, and everybody, to love God; and it contains a description of God's love to us. Boys and girls dearly love to get to the top of a hill. They wish to see what is on the other side of it; they wish to look all around.

So this Psalm is just like the central ridge, and the highest peak, in the Bible. And when we climb up and look before and after, and all round, north, and south, and east, and west, what do we see? Nothing but the love of God. "His mercy is great toward us; and the truth of the Lord endureth for ever;" goodness and mercy from everlasting to everlasting.

I heard of a girl recently who said to her little brother, "I'm going away to leave you." Then when he began to cry, she said, "Oh yes, I'm going away; you have not been very kind to me." "Oh but," he said, "*you* have been very kind to *me.*"

And isn't that true about God? We have not been kind to Him, but He has ever been kind, kind to us.

The Leper.

WHEN JOHN LAWRENCE, afterwards Lord Lawrence, Viceroy of India, was sitting in Court one day at Kurnal, where he was magistrate, a villager came in and handed him this petition :—

"Hail, Cherisher of the Afflicted!

Be it known to your enlightened mind that your devoted servant has been a leper for many years. My limbs have fallen off piece by piece; my whole body has become a mass of corruption. I am weary of life; I wish to die. My life is a plague and disgust to the whole village, and my death is earnestly longed for. It is well known to all that for a leper to consent to die, to permit himself to be buried alive, is approved of by the gods, who will never afflict another individual of his village with the same malady. I therefore solicit your permission to be buried alive. The whole village wishes it, and I am happy and content to die. You are the ruler of the land, and without your leave it would be a crime. Hoping that I may obtain my prayer, I pray that the sun of prosperity may ever shine on you.

RAM BUKSH, Leper."

The poor man, it seemed, was lying outside the house, and Lawrence went out to see him. He was a hideous sight. "O, Sahib!" he cried, "for God's sake listen to my petition; let me be buried alive. I have lived too long; let me die!" "My poor fellow," said Lawrence, "it is a sad business, but it would be unlawful; it would be murder; it cannot be allowed;" and then, as the man began to wail and scream, he ordered him to be carried away, after charging his friends to take every care of him.

"It is all true what you said," a native answered after the Court was over, "but you will find that the village will bury him without your leave."

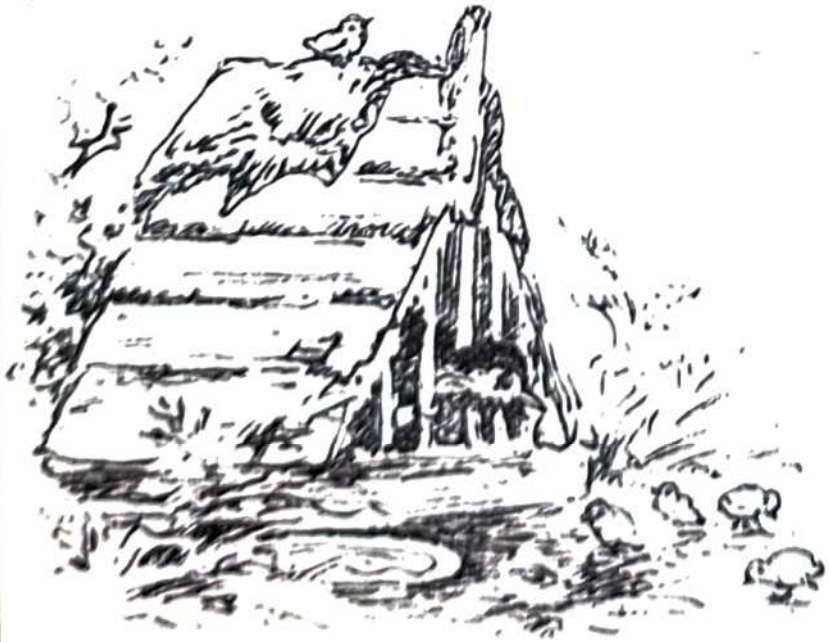
Lawrence, thinking such a thing to be out of the question, let the matter pass from his mind; but a few days afterwards he received word from an officer to the effect that, hearing that a man had been buried alive, he had visited the spot and dug up the body. The body proved to be that of the poor leper! The whole village, it appeared, after holding a consultation, had buried him, with due solemnity, in open day.

The Martyrdom of Polycarp.

POLYCARP was put to death about the year 166. He was the friend and pupil of the Apostle John. When the officers came to seize him he came down from the upper room where he had been resting, ordered meat and drink to be set before them, and then asked to be allowed to pray. This was granted him, and for more than two hours he prayed, making mention by name of every one whom he had known, both small and great. He was then taken into the town of Smyrna. On his way he met the magistrate who had ordered his arrest. "What harm is there," he said to Polycarp, "in saying 'Lord Cæsar,' and sacrificing,

and so on, and so escaping all danger?" Polycarp was silent for a little, and then said, "I will not do as you would have me." The magistrate, in anger at the old man's obstinacy, thrust him out of the carriage so rudely that he scraped his shin, the marks being visible to his friends when he afterwards stripped for the stake. When the party reached the racecourse where the multitude was assembled, there was a great uproar, but clear above the din a voice was heard, "Be strong, Polycarp, and play the man." The magistrate urged him to have pity on his grey hairs: "Revile Christ and I will let you go." Then Polycarp made the memorable answer, "Eighty and six years have I served Him, and He has never done me wrong; how then can I blaspheme my King and Saviour?" Thereupon there were loud cries of "Burn him, burn him," and a rush in search of wood was made in every direction.

He was then ordered to undress. It was noticed that it was with difficulty the old man could take off his shoes, his disciples for many years having done that for him. Next he was bound to the stake, and after he had prayed, the fire was lit. The flame, however, bellied out under the wind like the sail of a ship, and behind it could be seen the old man's body scorched, but not consumed. Then as the flames seemed to be dying out and he still lived, an executioner was ordered in, and Polycarp was slain with the sword.



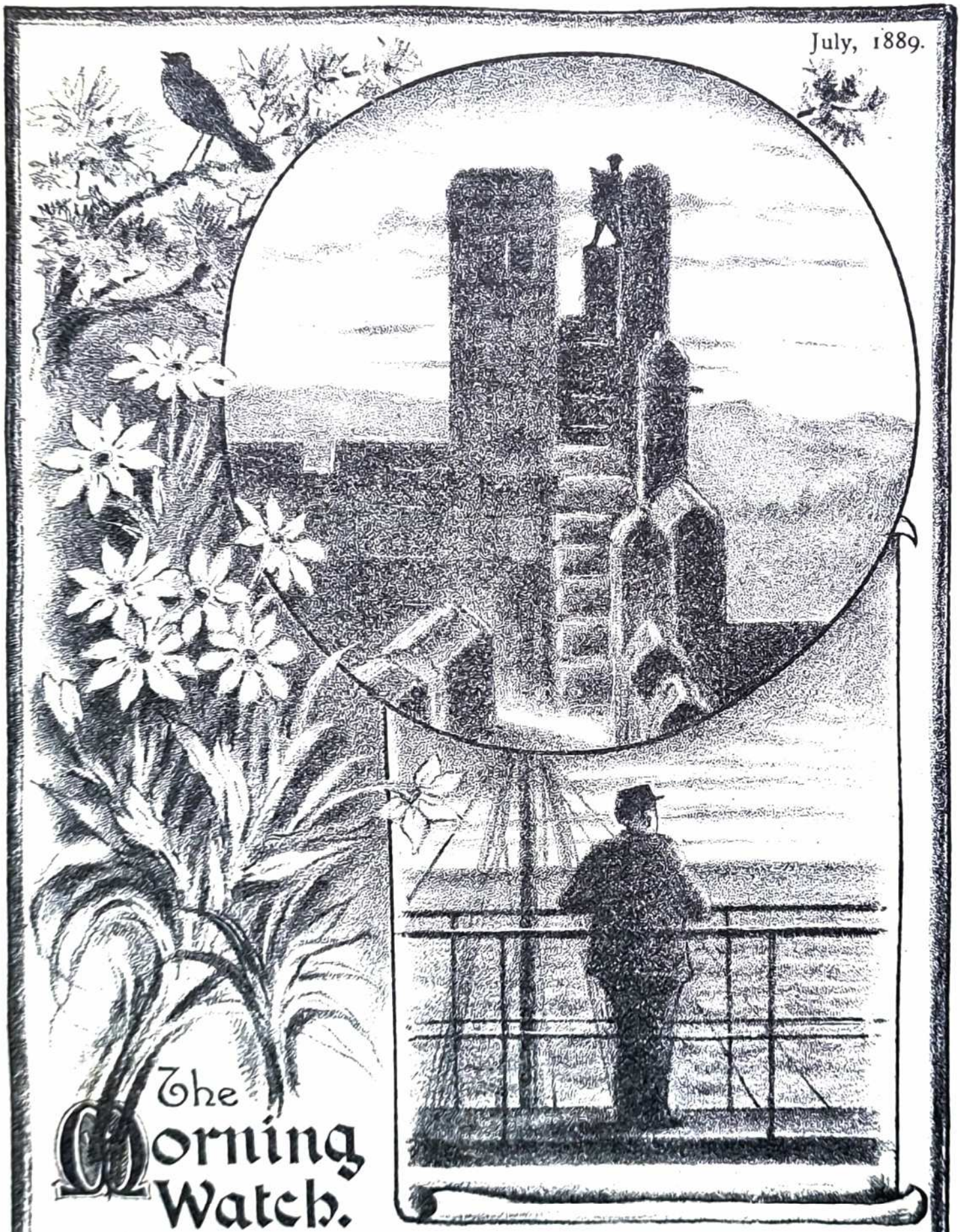
There are six and a quarter million Jews in the world; of whom there are in Asia 300,000; in Africa, 350,000; in America, 250,000; and in Europe, about 5,400,000. Of these last there are three millions in Russia, one and a-half millions in Austria, 560,000 in Germany, 100,000 in Turkey, 82,000 in the Netherlands, 63,000 in France, 40,000 in Italy, and about 70,000 in Great Britain. In Palestine itself there are only 25,000!

THEN the Interpreter had them into another room, where was a hen and chickens, and bid them observe a while. So they gave heed, and perceived that the hen did walk in a fourfold method towards her chickens. 1. She had a common call, and that she hath all day long. 2. She had a special call, and that she had but sometimes. 3. She had a brooding note. And 4. She had an outcry (Matthew xxiii. 37).—*Pilgrim's Progress.*

THE MOON.		THE SUN RISES	SETS.
First Quarter, . .	6th June.	Sabbath, 2nd June, at	3.41 ; 8.50.
Full Moon, . .	13th "	" 9th "	3.36 ; 8.57.
Last Quarter, . .	19th "	" 16th "	3.33 ; 9.2.
New Moon, . .	28th "	" 23rd "	3.34 ; 9.4.
		" 30th "	3.38 ; 9.3.

1	S	He loved me.—*Gal. ii. 20.*
2	S	He leadeth me.—*Ps. xxiii. 2.*
3	M	The Lord is thy keeper.—*Ps. cxxi. 5.*
4	Tu	The Lord said, I have prayed for thee.—*Luke xxii. 32.*
5	W	As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.—*Is. lxvi. 13.*
6	Th	As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee.—*Is. lxii. 5.*
7	F	The glory which Thou gavest Me, I have given them.—*John xvii. 22.*
8	S	I will that they be with Me where I am.—*Verse 24.*
9	S	While we were enemies we were reconciled to God, through the death of His Son.—*Rom. v. 10. (R. V.)*
10	M	Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth, lest the Lord see it, and it displease Him.—*Prov. xxiv. 17.*
11	Tu	But love your enemies,
12	W	And do them good, and lend, never despairing.—*Luke vii. 35. (R. V.)*
13	Th	If thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again.—*Ex. xxiii. 4.*
14	F	Recompense to no man evil for evil.—*Rom. xii. 17.*
15	S	We know that we have passed from death unto life because we love the brethren.—*1 John iii. 14.*
16	S	God is light, and in Him is no darkness at all.—*1 John i. 5.*
17	M	The Lord is my light.—*Ps. xxvii. 1.*
18	Tu	Now are ye light in the Lord ; walk as children of light.—*Eph. v. 8.*
19	W	The lamp of the wicked shall be put out.—*Prov. xxiv. 20 (R. V.)*
20	Th	Let them that love Him be as the sun when he goeth forth in his might.—*Judg. v. 31.*
21	F	Praise ye Him, sun and moon.—*Ps. cxlviii. 3.*
22	S	The night cometh when no man can work.—*John ix. 4.*
23	S	He is not a God of the dead, but of the living ; for all live unto Him.—*John xx. 38.*
24	M	The Lord hath not left off His kindness to the dead.—*Ruth ii. 20.*
25	Tu	The beggar died and was carried away by the angels into Abraham's bosom.—*Luke xvi. 22. (R. V.)*
26	W	Abraham said, Now here he is comforted.—*Verse 25. (R. V.)*
27	Th	A sparrow shall not fall on the ground without your Father ; fear ye not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows.—*Matt. x. 29-31.*
28	F	He remembered His holy promise, and Abraham His servant.—*Ps. cv. 42.*
29	S	Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive.—*Jer. xlix. 11.*
30	S	I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.—*Rev. xx. 12.*

July, 1889.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK, JAMES McKELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1 The names of five good men and one good woman mentioned in Micah. 2. How many persons are named or referred to in Stephen's speech? 3 What tribes are omitted in Deut. xxxiii. and Rev. vii.?

SENIORS.—1 Some of the things a holy angel may have to do in the course of a day. 2. Instances of (1) holy and (2) sinful curiosity given in the Bible.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—Robert R. Stevenson, James Taylor. BALLYLAGGAN.—Lizzie Blair, Robert A. Blair, W. P. Blair, "N," "Nil Desperandum." BALLYMONEY.—Jane Dick, Georgina Dick (Quest. 1.). BELFAST (*Brownlow Street S.S.*)—Minnie Preston, Robert J. Rainey, Lizzie J. Ross, Joseph Alexander Thompson. (*College Street, South, S.S.*)—Alfred Alexander, Joseph Alexander, Maggie Alexander, Annie Allen, James Armour, John Armour, Martha Armour, Jonathan Black, Mina Black, Alfred Chancellor, T. G. Courtney, Ellen Rebecca Cully, Jeanie Edgar, Mary M'Donald Edgar, T. C. Gibson, John Graham, Sarah Graham, William Graham, Lizzie Harrison, Minnie Harrison, Fred Harvey, Agnes Thomson Martin, Lizzie Stewart, Annie Wilkinson, Nannie Wright. CASTLE DOUGLAS.—Nellie Culton. CATRINE.—Alex. M'Carlie. DRIMBOLG.—No Name. GLASGOW.—Janet Barclay, Bessie Stirling, John Stirling. GOVAN.—J. Irwin. GREENOCK.—Daniel M'I. Black, Florence Grieve, Hilda Grieve, Edward Grieve, Elsie Kirkwood, Maggie Kirkwood, James M'Crea, Betty M'Donald, Daniel Mackay, Mary G. M'Neil, Annie C. Paterson, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston, Mollie Scott. HAMILTON.—Mary H. Martin. INVERKIP.—Jeanie H. Lang. LEEDS.—Lizzie Pomphrey, William Geo. Pomphrey, James Paterson, Willie Archie Paterson. LIMAVADY.—William John Blair. LIVERPOOL.—Lily M'Clure, Lucy Robinson (Quest. 1 and 3), W. J. Robinson (Quest. 1 and 3). NEMPHLAR.—Jane Ballantyne, Katie Frame, Maggie Frame, Mary Scott, William Shirlaw, Lizzie Struthers, Maggie Weir. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alex. Adams. SAANDON.—Archibald Barbour Finlay. STRANRAER.—Willie Duffus, Mary Hamilton, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert Andrew Higgins, Thomas Peter Higgins, William Alex. Higgins, James Shankland. WHITHORN.—Alex. Culton, James C. M'Kinnell. WISHAW.—Agnes Brown, Thomas Tudhope.

Seniors.

AIRDRIE.—Lizzie S. Stevenson. BELFAST.—John Allen, Charles H. Chancellor. GREENOCK.—Archd. M'Neil, Kate D. Ralston. HAMILTON.—Maggie K.W. Martin. INVERKIP.—Annie H. Lang. LEEDS.—Jeanie Logan Paterson, J. Pomphrey (Quest. 1.) PORT-GLASGOW.—Alex. Adams. STRANRAER.—Maggie Hamilton. WISHAW.—Robert Allen Tudhope.

The following names were omitted by mistake from last month's list:—

AIRDRIE.—John Reid. BELFAST (*Brownlow Street, S.S.*)—Sarah Hamilton, Rosanna Warwick. GLASGOW.—Bessie Stirling, John Stirling. HAMILTON—Mary H. Martin. WISHAW.—Thomas Tudhope, John Young, R. Young.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

July 7.—Samuel called of God.—1 Samuel iii. 1-14. Text, 1 Samuel iii. 10. Quest. 31. Psalm xix. 1-4.

SAMUEL, born in evil times, "there was no open vision," no one looking for the Word of the Lord, no prophet. It was an age too of little men, for Eli had to combine the offices of priest and judge in himself. An age of little faith always is an age of little men.

Eli did not doubt Samuel's call because he had been beside him since he was a child. We seldom believe divine things about one we have seen grow up from infancy. Shiloh was corrupt, but the Word of the Lord came to Samuel there. Doubtful men in your church will not keep back the blessing from you. No one too young to hear the Word of the Lord. After the vision Samuel opened the doors in the morning as usual. Communion with God should make us all the fitter for our daily work. The greatest man in the world should not be ashamed to do the humblest work connected with the House of God.

July 14.—The sorrowful death of Eli.—1 Samuel iv. 1-18. Text, 1 Samuel iii. 13. Quest. 32. Psalm xix. 5, 6.

MEN ask why God has smitten them often when they cannot expect anything else. The arrival of the Ark was like an ally to them, not for their faith in God, but their trust in it almost as a charm. The priests had come too, and though it

was known they were vile men, yet they were priests, and could give the blessing of "the Church!" Bringing the Ark in without God is like trusting in the half-yearly Sacrament or in a family worship kept up after all honest godliness is gone. Eli judged Israel forty years, and the state of Israel at the end of it was in a sense a judgment on his work. A good, easy man made unhappy by want of firmness, heart-broken by it at last.

July 21.—Samuel the Reformer.—1 Samuel vii. 1-17. Text, Isaiah i. 16, 17. Quest. 33. Psalm xix. 7, 8.

TWENTY years' work with no sign of success. Samuel was known to be a prophet, but not heeded. Yet at last his word and his life told, and all Israel lamented after the Lord.

Samuel still in his father's house going out and in among them. A genial man not always prophesying. Did that hinder them from believing it was the Word of the Lord he spoke, for they knew him and his father? Modern and ancient prophet, if always stern, avoided; if sometimes pleasant, disbelieved.

Samuel ignored for years now becomes *the* necessity for Israel. Good sign of Israel that it was being attacked. It was life and vigour returning to it that roused the Philistines. A very Broad or Moderate Church is never hated like a living one.

July 28.—Israel asking for a King.—1 Samuel viii. 4-20. Text, 1 Samuel viii. 19. Quest. 34. Psalm xix. 9-11.

THE thanklessness of men for long and true service. Bluntly tell Samuel he is past his best, his sons are bad, and they want a king. Conduct of Samuel's sons just a pretext. Desire to be like other nations, a sign of decayed faith. God pierces through all excuses and pretexts, saying, "They have rejected Me." God's kingship brought Him too near them, made them uncomfortable. So when young man says, "I am not to be kept in like this—I want liberty," he often dislikes things because they remind him of God.

To be like other nations—to be like other people. That explains standing armies and absurd fashions and many a sin. How poor an ambition, to be like others. Ours—to be a peculiar people, to be like Christ.

August 4.—Saul chosen of the Lord.—1 Samuel ix. 15-27. Text, Prov. viii. 15. Quest. 35. Psalm xix. 12-14.

Gaspard de Coligny.

GASPARD DE COLIGNY was born in the little town of Chatillon-sur-Loing, about a hundred miles south-east of Paris, probably in the year 1519. His father was one of the Marshals of France; but he died fighting the Spaniards when Gaspard was only five years old. So the training of the boy, and of his brothers Odet and Andelot, was left in the hands of their widowed mother. They could not have had a better teacher. Louise de Montmorenci was as noble in character as she was in rank. Her heart was sweet and pure, though she lived at a court that was very dazzling and very wicked. She taught Gaspard to take his religion from none but God, and to welcome the truth from whatever quarter it might come. Was it not a good and pleasant home for the boy—the brave Castle of Chatillon?

But he pushed out soon into the strife of the world. He became a soldier—a soldier, like Bayard, without fear and without reproach. He won fame on many battlefields, in Italy and Flanders and Northern France; and honours crowded upon him thick and fast. He was made Captain-General of the French Infantry, and by-and-by Admiral of France. I might tell you of his great achievement in those days

—the reform of the manners and morals of his men. He changed Arabs and robbers into noble soldiers, as an old historian said. He might have written about his troops what Oliver Cromwell wrote about the Ironsides a hundred years later, "I have a lovely company; you would respect them did you know them." But one day he suffered a defeat which was grander than any victory—grander and more fruitful. It was the summer of 1557; and the Spaniards had invaded France from the North. They were marching on the town of St. Quentin. If they captured it, the road to Paris would be open, and all France would lie prostrate at their feet. But Coligny threw himself into the beleaguered town. He knew that before very long he would have to surrender, for he had only 800 men and the enemy had 60,000. But he knew, also, that if he could only keep the Spanish soldiers for a few weeks before the walls, France would muster her troops and the capital would be saved. And he did it. For a month he sustained a siege that has been famous ever since. Then he had to yield. But a great army of defence had been gathered meanwhile, and Paris was free from every risk. Was it not a glorious defeat? And his imprisonment afterwards, for a year and a half, in Lille and in Ghent, was a happy time for him. He had leisure to consider his position. He found freedom when he was caged within stone walls and iron bars. He came out a Huguenot—a Protestant.

It was not easy for one in high rank to be a Protestant then. The Huguenots were a feeble folk though they had their dwelling in the rocks—"butchers, bricklayers, cobblers, and other venerable doctors of that sort," as a satirist of the day described them. But, once he had made up his mind, Coligny never flinched. In 1560 there was a great Assembly of Notables at Fontainebleau. They had met to discuss the religious difficulties of the kingdom. Catherine was there, the cold and cruel Queen; and the young king, with his beautiful bride, whom we know so well as Mary, Queen of Scots; and the Guises, the Duke and the Cardinal. It was a glittering crowd, and scarcely one in it loved the Protestants. But Coligny was their champion. He presented a petition from the Huguenots of Normandy begging for churches of their own. "The petition is not signed," the Duke of Guise said. "No," the Admiral replied, "but I will get 50,000 signatures to-morrow." Everybody knew then on which side he was.

Dark days followed for France. The Civil Wars broke out between Catholics and Protestants. Coligny was very slow to draw the sword; he suffered long before he would do it; he only did it at last because there was no other way of gaining for his friends freedom to worship God. Sorrow after sorrow fell on him in the wars. At Orleans, first his eldest son and then his wife died, having caught the plague from the wounded whom they were nursing. Then his

brother Andelot, who had been in Christ before him, and who was twined about his very heart, died either of fever or of poison. And at Jarnac and Montcontour the Huguenots were defeated. And news came that his splendid castle of Chatillon had been pillaged, and that all it contained—books, statues, pictures, everything—had been destroyed. But in the night God's song was with him, and his prayer was to the God of his life. "We must not count upon what is called property," he wrote to his boys; "we must place our hope elsewhere than on the earth." So, when he walked through the Valley of the Shadow of Death, he feared no evil; for God was with him.

You know how his own end came. It was between two and three o'clock

in the morning, a quiet Sabbath morning, the 24th of August, 1572. The wars were over; but Coligny had come to Paris, anxious to treat with the young King Charles for his beloved Huguenots. Then Catherine, the queen-mother, planned a hateful thing—the massacre of St Bartholomew's day. It was difficult to persuade her son to give his consent. The poor weak Prince had learned to love Coligny; he was the one unselfish man he ever knew. But the calm, determined, pitiless mother called him a coward, and then he was maddened. He sprang from his chair and fired the fatal pistol—the sign for which the Catholic soldiers had been waiting. And the armed men came out from their hiding-places over the city; the massacre had begun. Coligny was the first illustrious victim to fall. "I have long been prepared to die," he said to his servants when he heard the tramp of the soldiers. "Save your own lives if you can. I commit my soul to the mercy of God." He was only 53 when he was assassinated.

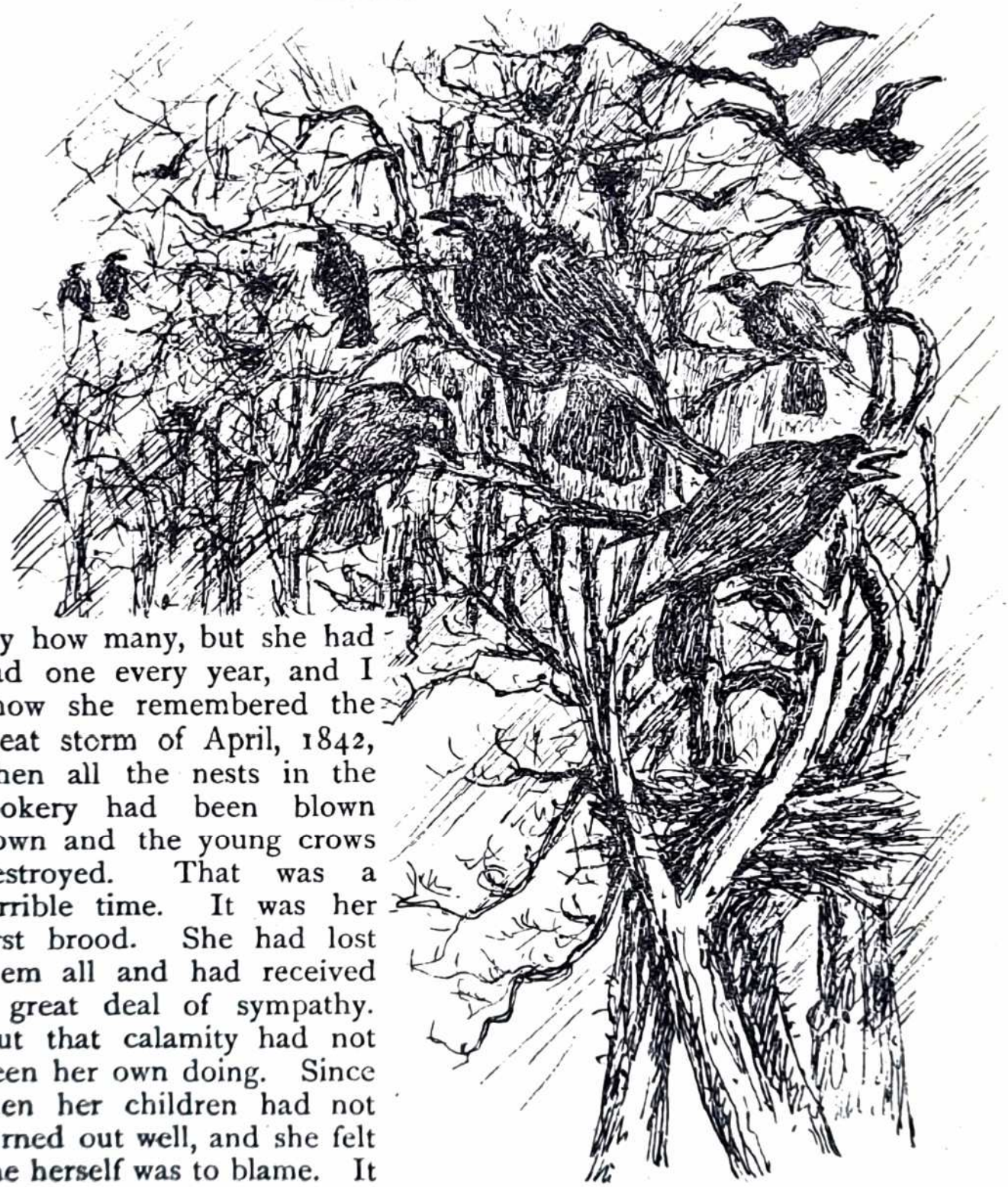
You remember, some of you, Mrs Ewing's dear young hero Jackanapes: how, when Tony Johnson begged him to leave him in the battle and to make good his own escape, he turned with an odd look in his eyes, and laughed at him, and said, "Leave you! To save my skin? No, Tony, not to save my soul": how he got his death-wound because he refused to forsake his friend. That was what Gaspard de Coligny did. He got his death-wound because he would not forsake those who were in need and who trusted in him. A year or two before the Black Bartholomew, he might have set sail in one of his own ships, and have found a home in England. A few weeks, a few days, before his death, he might have escaped from Paris. But he thought that, by staying, he could help the Huguenots; and so he stayed to die.

Mother Crow's Experience.

THERE was a rookery in the Gartfern woods, and from the topmost branches of the tall trees the rooks had a fine view. They could see the quaint little town lying near them with its square church tower. Beyond that a line of green bent and yellow sands, with reefs of jagged rocks here and there, and then the sea. Looking inland, woods and fields stretched away to one green hill, with villages sheltering under the shadow of the woods, and in the fields in the happy harvest time wonderful crops of barley and wheat, enough to delight the heart of any crow. The crows did not roost in the rookery in the winter time. I fancy that would have been too breezy; but when March came they always returned to it, and took possession of the old nests. How excited they were! how angry! Strange that birds living in a community as rooks do should be so very quarrelsome! They were continually fighting and scolding, and stealing sticks from one another's nests. Yet if a pair, who seemed to desire a little more quietness, went off and

built their nest apart from the hubbub, it was destroyed again and again by the others, until they were obliged to return to the rookery.

There was plenty of food to be had in the rich fields round about, grubs and worms and corn; the summer, too, had been a fine one, but old Mother Crow did not seem happy as she sat disconsolately on the topmost bar of the gate leading into Farmer Blair's ten-acre field. Indeed, she felt very sad. She had had a great many broods. I cannot



say how many, but she had had one every year, and I know she remembered the great storm of April, 1842, when all the nests in the rookery had been blown down and the young crows destroyed. That was a terrible time. It was her first brood. She had lost them all and had received a great deal of sympathy. But that calamity had not been her own doing. Since then her children had not turned out well, and she felt she herself was to blame. It was this that made her sad. Summer after summer they had been self-willed and disobedient, and she had not restrained them. It would take too long to tell all her sad experience; the past summer's will be enough.

She had four fine little rooks, Jacky, and Bill, and Blackie, and Screamchen, and, as usual, she devoted herself to the work of feeding them. While she was off searching for food the first two became very fond of balancing themselves on the edge of the nest. They were too young to try such gymnastic feats with safety; so each time the mother on her return

found them doing so she always said, "You are not to do that. I shall have to peck you if I find you do it again." She, however, did not peck them, although she repeatedly found them doing it, and one day they fell over and broke their necks. Oh the horror she felt when, on returning with a fat worm, only two little voices greeted her, "Jacky and Bill fell over! Give us the worm." There on the ground, fifty feet below, lay her darlings with gaping mouths and glazed eyes, the victims of their own disobedience and her indulgence. As the summer came on and the remaining two were fledged, Blackie stayed out late at nights. "You'll be eaten up, I warn you," said his mother, but he thought she said so just to frighten him; he wasn't afraid, oh, no! not till he saw a cat's eyes glaring at him, and felt the clutch of her sharp claws. How he wished then he was safe in the old nest. "I should have punished him," sighed his mother as she watched in the gloaming for his return. But, alas! he never came. So Screamchen was left alone in the nest, but instead of being kind to her mother, and comforting her for the loss of her three brothers, she went gadding about all day with some of her young neighbours who were really leading her into very dangerous ground. "Poor thing," said her mother, excusing her, "it is so lonely at home now for her, you can't wonder at her liking to go with her young friends." "But don't you know," croaked an old neighbour, "that they go every day to Farmer Blair's corn, and they say he is having delicious crow pies with the young crows he shoots?" "I have forbidden her to go there," said the mother.

When Screamchen came home her mother said, "Screamchen, dear, you must not go to Farmer Blair's corn. I told you so before. I hear he is shooting the crows there and making pies." "Oh, mother," said Screamchen, "you are getting such a nervous old creature. Why, its only an old scarecrow that's in the field. We've had such fun with it! We flew all about it, and Carrie Crow lighted on its hat." "Still, Screamchen dear, I wish you wouldn't go, and if I hear of you being there again I must speak to your father."

Screamchen did not care in the least for her mother's threat, and in the afternoon, as she and some others were having a fine time in the young corn, Bang! Bang! went the farmer's gun, and Screamchen lay dead in the field.

No wonder the old mother was sad as she sat on the gate and viewed the scene. "I blame myself only," she said. "I hope no other mother will ever suffer as I now do, and if I thought the story of my experience would be a warning to parents who do not punish their children when they are disobedient, I would go home and write it, though my heart is like to break, and send it to *The Crow's Chronicle*, and may be the Editor would print it."

Demosthenes.

DEMOSTHENES was the greatest orator of ancient times. He lived fifty years after the prophet Malachi, and 350 years before Christ. He was an orphan boy and his guardians robbed him. But his poverty was the very occasion of his greatness. He was a very bad speaker too, as a child, but he was full of pluck, determined to excel. He used to try his voice against the waves on the sea-shore, his mouth full of pebbles, they say, though I never could find out what good the pebbles did. (We must try that plan some day, but be very careful!) Often too he would run up a hill speaking loudly as he went. And then how hard he worked to improve his style! Do you know what style is? Read a few sentences in any beautifully written book, say Pilgrim's Progress, the bit about The Slough of Despond, or Christian's fight with Apollyon, and then a day or two after when you have forgotten the order of the words, and only remember the ideas, try to write it down, and then compare your sentences with Bunyan's, and you will see how wonderful is the difference between his way and your way of putting the same thing.

That was the way Demosthenes did. There was a Greek historian called Thucydides who wrote in a very beautiful and striking way. His history is much larger than Pilgrim's Progress, but Demosthenes wrote it out eight times from beginning to end. And in order to keep himself from company and from giving up his task, he shaved one side of his head and lived in a cell! Is it any wonder he became a famous man?

Some of you will be getting prizes at school just now, and some of you will be getting none. The prize-takers will be tempted to think themselves clever, and so become proud and lazy. To them I say, Remember that the race of life is only *begun* when you are twelve or thirteen. You have made a good start, but there is a long road before you. And a ten-mile race is not won in the first 100 yards.

To you who don't get prizes, I say, Don't be envious or jealous, and don't accuse your master of having favourites! Cheer the girl or boy who has beat you with all your might, and go up to him and look kindly at his medal or his book.

Remember, all of you, that, next to the love of Jesus Christ, the power of working steadily, perseveringly, never giving in, doing one's very best, is the greatest, most valuable gift that God can give man or woman, boy or girl. And He will give it to you if you ask Him.

The slowest runner in our school was Robert L——, and I was one of the quickest. One day I had provoked him, and when he began

to chase me I laughed! "O," I heard him saying—I think I hear him yet—"you think I can't catch you, but I will, though I should chase you till night." And he did catch me, and long before night too! I don't remember ever speaking to him since, and that's a long time ago, but I often hear of him and his prosperity, and sometimes I see him in the street, and I turn and look after him, and I find myself saying, That chase at mid-day, six and twenty years ago, was a warning to me, if I had but taken it, of what my whole life was to be. I was with the first in the race then, but I'm the last now.

IT WAS in the house the Sabbath day that Jamie refused to go to church. He went out in the forenoon to meet the Tilliedrum lads, who were to take him off for a holiday in a cart, and did not return till dusk, defiant and miserable. His mother had been so terrified that she forgave him everything for sight of his face; his father prayed for him at family worship; but Leeby, his sister, cried as if her tender heart would break. For a long time Jamie refused to look at her, but at last he broke down.

"If ye go on like that," he said, "I'll gang awa oot an' droon mysel', or be a sojer."

This was no uncommon threat of his, and sometimes, when he went off banging the door violently, she ran after him and brought him back. This time she only wept the more, and so both went to bed in misery. It was after midnight that Jamie rose and crept to Leeby's bedside. Leeby was shaking the bed in her agony. Their mother heard what they said.

"Leeby," said Jamie, "dinna greet, an' I'll never do't again."

He put his arms round her, and she kissed him passionately.

"Oh, Jamie," she said, "hae ye prayed to God to forgie ye?"

Jamie did not speak.

"If ye was to die this nicht," cried Leeby, "an' you no made it up wi' God ye wouldna gang to heaven, Jamie. I canna sleep till ye've made it up wi' God."

But Jamie still hung back. Leeby slipped from her bed, and went down on her knees.

"O God, O dear God," she cried, "mak' Jamie to pray to you!"

Then Jamie went down on his knees too, and they made it up with God together.

This is a little thing for me to remember all these years, and yet how fresh and sweet it keeps Leeby in my memory.—*A Window in Thrums. By J. M. Barrie.*

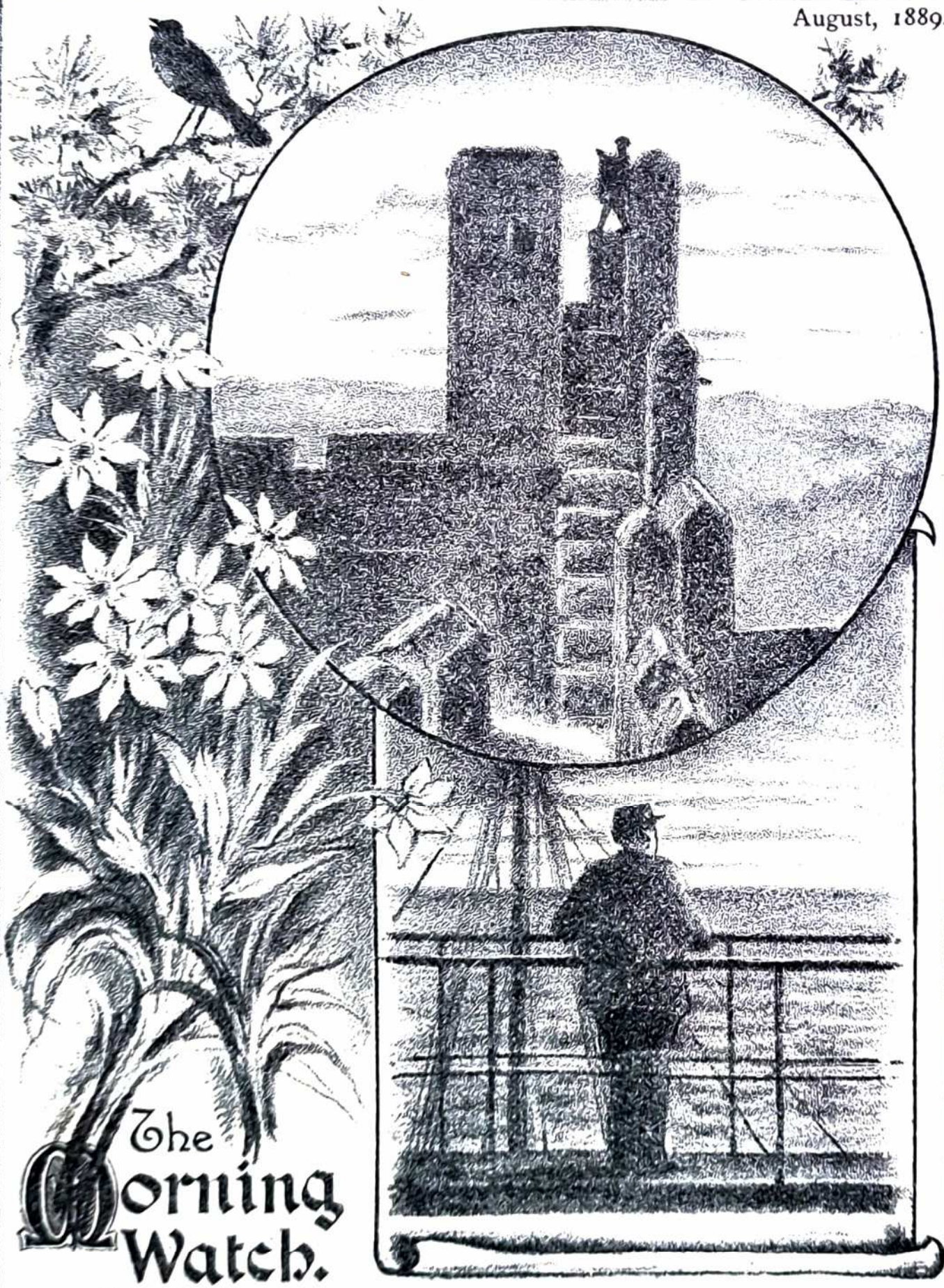
OUT of every seven Protestant missionaries, *six* have themselves been formerly heathen. That is to say, the heathen have sent forth six times as many missionaries as all the Christians in the world put together.

THERE is as much money buried in the city of London, in the houses of Christian people, in jewellery and silver plate as would evangelise the globe.

THE MOON.		THE SUN RISES	SETS.
First Quarter, . .	6th July.	Sabbath, 7th July, at	3.44; 8.58.
Full Moon, . .	12th "	" 14th "	3.54; 8.50.
Last Quarter, . .	19th "	" 21st "	4.4; 8.41.
New Moon, . .	28th "	" 28th "	4.17; 8.30.

1	M	The bundle of life.—*1 Sam. xxv. 29.*
2	Tu	The path of life.—*Ps. xvi. 11.*
3	W	The issues of life.—*Prov. iv. 23.*
4	Th	Ye killed the Prince of life.—*Acts iii. 15.*
5	F	The crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love Him.—*James i. 12.*
6	S	Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.—*Rev. xxii. 17.*
7	S	O my people, what have I done unto Thee? and wherein have I wearied thee? Testify against Me.—*Micah vi. 3.*
8	M	Which of you convinceth Me of sin?—*John viii. 46.*
9	Tu	Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord.—*Is. i. 18.*
10	W	I will plead with you face to face.
11	Th	I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the Covenant.—*Ezek. xx. 35-37.*
12	F	Son of Man, the house of Israel is to Me become dross.—*Ezek. xxii. 18.*
13	S	Who shall stand when He appeareth? for He is like a refiner's fire, and like fullers' soap.—*Mal. iii. 2.*
14	S	O God, Thou art terrible out of Thy holy places.—*Ps. lxviii. 35.*
15	M	The Lord is with me as a Mighty One and a terrible.—*Jer. xx. 11.*
16	Tu	Thou didst terrible things which we looked not for.—*Isa. lxiv. 3.*
17	W	Ye shall drink indeed of My cup.—*Matt. xx. 23.*
18	Th	Follow thou Me.—*John xxi. 22.*
19	F	The time of My departure is at hand.
20	S	I have fought a good fight.—*2 Tim. iv. 6-7.*
21	S	I will deliver My sheep out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.
22	M	I will feed them in a good pasture.
23	Tu	I will seek that which was lost, and bring again that which was driven away,
24	W	And will bind up that which was broken,
25	Th	And will strengthen that which was sick.
26	F	Seemeth it a small thing unto you to have eaten up the good pasture, but ye must tread down with your feet the residue of your pastures?—*Ezek. xxxiv. 12-18.*
27	S	I am the Good Shepherd.—*John x. 11.*
28	S	They preached everywhere, the Lord working with them.—*Mark xvi. 20.*
29	M	She eateth not the bread of idleness.—*Prov. xxxi. 27.*
30	Tu	I must work the work the works of Him that sent Me, while it is day:
31	W	The night cometh when no man can work.—*John ix. 4.*

August, 1889.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK, JAMES McKELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—(1) How many *new* things and (2) how many *golden* things are mentioned in Revelation?

SENIORS.—1. Five passages for one who thinks his sin too great to be forgiven. 2. Five passages for one who is proud of her beauty.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—Robert R. Stevenson. BALLYLAGGAN.—Lizzie Blair, Robert A. Blair, W. P. Blair, "N," "Nil Desperandum." BELFAST *(Brownlow Street S.S.)*—Robert J. Rainey, Joseph Alexander Thompson. BELFAST *(College Street, South, S.S.)*—Alfred Alexander, Joseph Alexander, Samuel Alexander, Annie Allen, James Armour, Martha S. Armour, John Armour, J. J. Black, Mina Black, Alfred Chancellor, T. G. Courtney, Ellen R. Cully, Jeanie Edgar, Mary M'Donald Edgar, S. C. Gibson, John Graham, William Graham, James Harvey, Lizzie Stewart, Annie Wilkinson. CASTLEDOUGLAS.—Nellie Culton. GLASGOW.—E. L. Brown. GREENOCK.—Daniel M'I. Black, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston. HAMILTON.—Mary H. Martin. INVERKIP.—Amelia H. Lang. KNOCKBRACKEN.—Minnie Reid, James Scott. LEEDS.—James Paterson, J. Pomphrey, Lizzie Pomphrey, Willie Archie Paterson (Quest. 1 and 3). LIMAVADY.—William John Blair. LIVERPOOL —Beatrice Jane Hegan, Lily M'Clure. LONDONDERRY.—E. S. Mathers. NEMPHLAR.—Maggie Frame, Janet Frame, Grace Scott (all answered Quest. 1). PAISLEY.—Kate Hunter, Maggie Moffat, Thomas Muirhead. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alexander Adams. STRANRAER. — Willie Duffus, Mary Hamilton, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert Andrew Higgins, Thomas Peter Higgins, William Alex. Higgins, James Shankland. WHITHORN.—Alex. Culton. WISHAW.—Thomas Tudhope.

Seniors.

AIRDRIE. — Lizzie S. Stevenson. BELFAST *(C.S.S.)*.—John Allen, Charles H. Chancellor, David Kennedy. GREENOCK.—Kate D. Ralston. HAMILTON.—Maggie K. W. Martin. INVERKIP.—Annie H. Lang. LEEDS.—Jeanie Logan Paterson, J. Pomphrey. LONDONDERRY. — E. S. Mathers. NEMPHLAR.—William Shirlaw. STRANRAER.—Maggie Hamilton.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

Aug. 4.—Saul chosen of the Lord.—1 Sam. ix. 15-27. Text, Prov. viii. 15. Quest. 35. Ps. xix. 12-14.

THE simplicity of Samuel's life is to be noted. He wore nothing that made him look like a person of distinction. We can gather Saul's character from the fact that he knew almost nothing about Samuel, less than his servant did (v. 6). Saul in comfortable circumstances did not understand the misery caused by the Philistines or take much notice of the decay of godliness.

Samuel opposed to election of a king is very cordial with Saul. He gives up his own views gracefully, when he finds it is the will of God. Saul did not seek the kingdom which was to be the ruin of him. Is he excused for that? Every position has its special trials, but God gives the more grace the more we need it, when we ask.

The most solemn words are to be said to a man when he is alone.

Aug. 11.—Samuel's farewell address.—1 Sam. xii. 1-15. Text, 1 Sam. xii. 24. Quest. 36. Ps. xx. 1, 2.

IT is a great claim to make at the end of the life-time of public service that there is not a stain on his hands as a judge. Samuel makes it, and yet he had bad sons. A good man who had a godly father was sent for to come home and see him lying dead. He seemed hardly even sad and they spoke to him about it. He said, "I am so proud to see him there with his battle all done, and so well done, that I cannot be sorry."

The history of Israel just sinning and suffering, repentance and mercy, like every human life.

Aug. 18.—Saul rejected by the Lord.—1 Sam. xv. 10-31. Text, 1 Sam xv. 23. Quest. 37. Ps. xx. 3-5.

THE grief of Samuel over the message of the Lord was for the shock he feared

it would be to faith in Israel. The people had demanded a king, but God had selected this man to be the king. Men would wonder whether God really gave them guidance, or whether it was all Samuel's doing. Samuel appears more anxious than God not to disturb the faith of the people—"he cried unto the Lord all night." Yet his anxiety was godly, *i.e.*, it was given him by God.

The pretext of offering the Amalekite spoil in sacrifice was an after thought when Saul saw there was going to be trouble. The real reason for sparing it was greed. The whole meaning of the expedition against Amalek spoiled by Saul. It was a work of judgment; no gain was to be made from it, that the heathen might learn. Saul could spare Agag, a murderer, and yet seek to put David and his own son Jonathan to death.

Saul all wrong, for he began to make excuses. A real penitent never does that. Saul is anxious to have reputation after character is gone. To be rejected by God will not be half so bad, he thinks, if it is not made public.

Aug. 25.—The anointing of David.—1 Sam. xvi. 1-13. Text, 1 Sam. xvi. 7. Quest. 38. Ps. xx. 7-9.

SAMUEL can only sit and grieve over Saul. God must also see to the safety of all Israel. The sacrifice at Bethlehem was not a pretext. The fears of the people at the sight of a prophet among them—an index of the state they were in. A shadow will frighten a man in sin.

Samuel had the same idea as Israel of what a king should be, and felt that the handsome Eliab was the man. Eliab had a fine presence, but a mean soul (see xvii. 28). David seems to have been a neglected son, doing the drudgery, but he did it well and was happy. If he did not get fair play at home he did not brood on that; he had a heart with which the Lord was pleased.

Likely David did not know to what work he was called. But the Lord claimed him, he knew, and he gave himself into His hands.

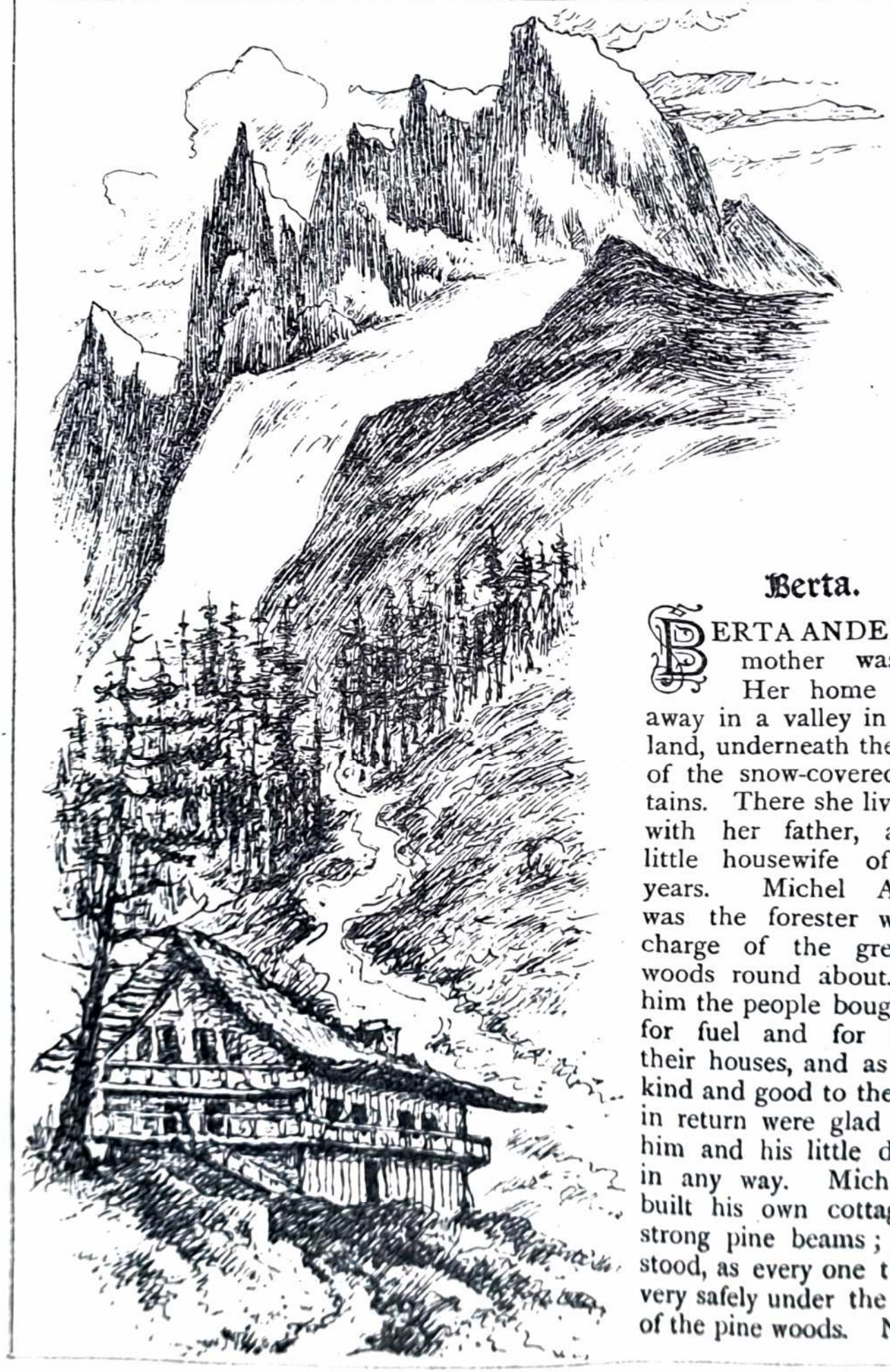
Sept. 1.—David and Goliath.—1 Sam. xvii. 32-51. Text, Rom. viii. 31. Quest. 39. Ps. xxi. 1, 2.

ONE day Napoleon and a visitor, a Mrs. Balcombe, were walking on a rugged path in St. Helena when they met porters carrying heavy burdens. The lady ordered them to stand aside, but Napoleon drew her back, saying, "Respect the burden, Madam."

THE first missionary to Greenland was a Moravian named Beck. He laboured for five years without success; but at last, one day in June, 1738, when he had been speaking about the sufferings of Christ in the Garden and on the Cross, a man came up to him and said, "Tell me that again, for I too wish to be saved." This was the first convert in Greenland.

"NEVER listen," says Jeremy Taylor, "at doors or windows: for besides that it contains in it danger and a snare, it is also an invading my neighbour's privacy, and a laying that open which he therefore enclosed that it might not be open. Knock therefore at the door before you enter, and remember that there is no difference between entering into his house, and looking into it."

A Greek philosopher was one day seen in the streets, carrying something under his cloak. A friend came up to him and said, "And what is this that you have under your cloak?" "O," said he, "I am carrying it under my cloak just that you may *not* know what it is!"



Berta.

BERTA ANDEREGG'S mother was dead. Her home was far away in a valley in Switzerland, underneath the shadow of the snow-covered mountains. There she lived alone with her father, a clever little housewife of twelve years. Michel Anderegg was the forester who had charge of the great pine woods round about. From him the people bought wood for fuel and for building their houses, and as he was kind and good to them, they in return were glad to help him and his little daughter in any way. Michel had built his own cottage with strong pine beams; and it stood, as every one thought, very safely under the shelter of the pine woods. Nothing

could be more beautiful than its surroundings. Above the dark pines rose the mountains in soft white masses, or—where their slopes were too steep for the snow to lie—in black, jagged peaks. Berta delighted in the beauty of her home. She never tired watching the different shades of colour on the peaks, changing as evening fell from pink to rose, from rose to violet, from violet to grey. Sometimes she would see, far up the mountain side, what seemed like a little wreath of snow fall. She knew that was an avalanche, and that immediately the air would be filled with a noise like thunder; but, although she was much alone, she never was afraid.

She went to the little school in the valley when the weather permitted, and to church also. She had been taught by the good pastor that God in heaven was her Father, that He had made the mountains and the streams, that He was good to all, and that He loved and cared for His children. She could repeat Luther's favourite Psalm, *Eine feste Burg ist unser Gott*, which is the same as "God is our refuge and our strength." So, even when the thunder rattled among the mountains and the tall pines bent their heads to the storm, Berta did not feel afraid.

The flowers, too, were her delight. The stretches of grass on the lower slopes of the mountains, where the goats and cows of the valley pastured, were literally a bright patchwork of blossoms. Gentians of the deepest blue contrasted with the red Alpine rose; and Berta often arranged them in little bunches and gave them to the travellers who passed her father's cottage on their way to see the great *gletscher* or stream of ice that came down the mountain side.

Berta's mother had died in the summer, and in the following winter she had bravely tried to fill that dear mother's place. It was a very frugal home, and housekeeping was not very difficult. A neighbour helped her to bake the coarse brown bread they ate, and that, along with a sort of hard cheese and the goats' milk, formed the principal part of their food. Berta had a goat of her own—a special pet. She had found it, a little kid, shortly before her mother died. It was lying among some rocks, badly hurt, and she took it home tenderly, nursing it until it became quite strong. She named it Nannchen, and so attached did they become, one was rarely seen without the other. About the time I am telling you of it had a little kid of its own, and was the means, under God, of saving Berta's life.

The winter was over; the snow was melting in the valleys, the buds were bursting on the larch trees, and the sun's rays were growing warmer every day. One evening Berta had called home the goats, and was preparing her father's evening meal ere his return, when suddenly, without any warning, and with a crash louder than any thunder, an avalanche of snow swept down the mountain side, carrying death and destruction in its course. Berta knew too well what had

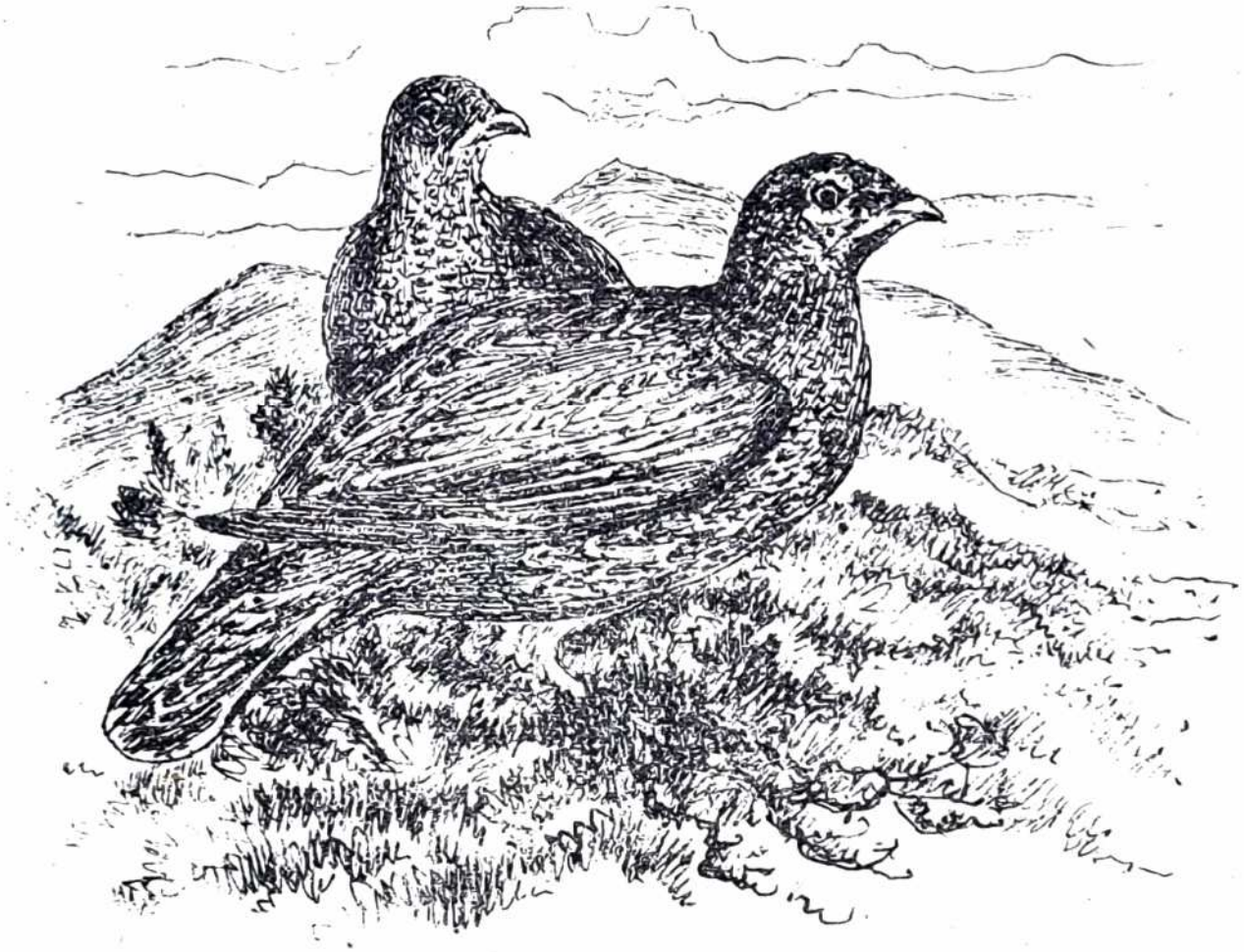
happened, and instantly thought of death, but the pine woods had broken the force of the huge mass, and the well-built little cottage stood the strain, although its timbers partly gave with the shock. Berta trembled. It was perfectly dark, and she still heard the snow, carrying stones and uprooted trees, passing over the roof. She fell on her knees and asked God to take care of her, or if it was His will she should die, to send His good angels to take her home to Heaven.

When the crash came she had been standing in an outer room, from which a little ladder led up to a loft above, where the hay for the goats' winter feeding was kept. She tried to find the door leading into the kitchen, but to her dismay it was shut, and so jambed she was unable to move it. She sat down, leaning her head on her hands, to think. She wondered if her father on his way home had been overtaken by the avalanche—if any of the other cottages had been buried —how long it might take to dig her out. What if she were to die of hunger! Ah! God knew and would take care of her. Had she been in the inner room she could have had plenty to eat. Again she tried the door with all her strength, but in vain.

A long time passed; Berta could not tell how long. All had become as silent as the grave. She felt faint, and tried to say *Unser Vater* —"Our Father"—out aloud, but her voice failed her.

All at once she heard a little noise. It almost sounded as if some one spoke to her. She listened, and then suddenly remembered it was her dear Nannchen, who was up in the loft among the hay with her little kid. Oh, how glad she was to have her company! She groped about and found the little ladder, and soon had her arms round her favourite's neck. How good God was! Nannchen had plenty to eat, and now Berta could have plenty to drink. At once she went down the ladder and found a little pail, and Berta and the kid shared good Nannchen's milk for four days. Yes; it took four days for the villagers to dig through the snow that blocked the road up to the forester's house. They rested neither day nor night, with Michel and the good Pastor at their head, but with little hope of finding Berta alive. You may imagine how full every heart was of gladness and gratitude when Michel clasped his child in his arms, and when she told how God had indeed been a very present help in trouble.

NEW GUINEA is the second largest island in the world. When the missionaries first went there, says the Rev. Mr. Scott, there were so many people anxious to learn to read that there were not books enough to give them one apiece. They taught as many as they could at one time off one book, but so great were the crowds that many of the people learned to read upside down!



The Story of the Grouse.

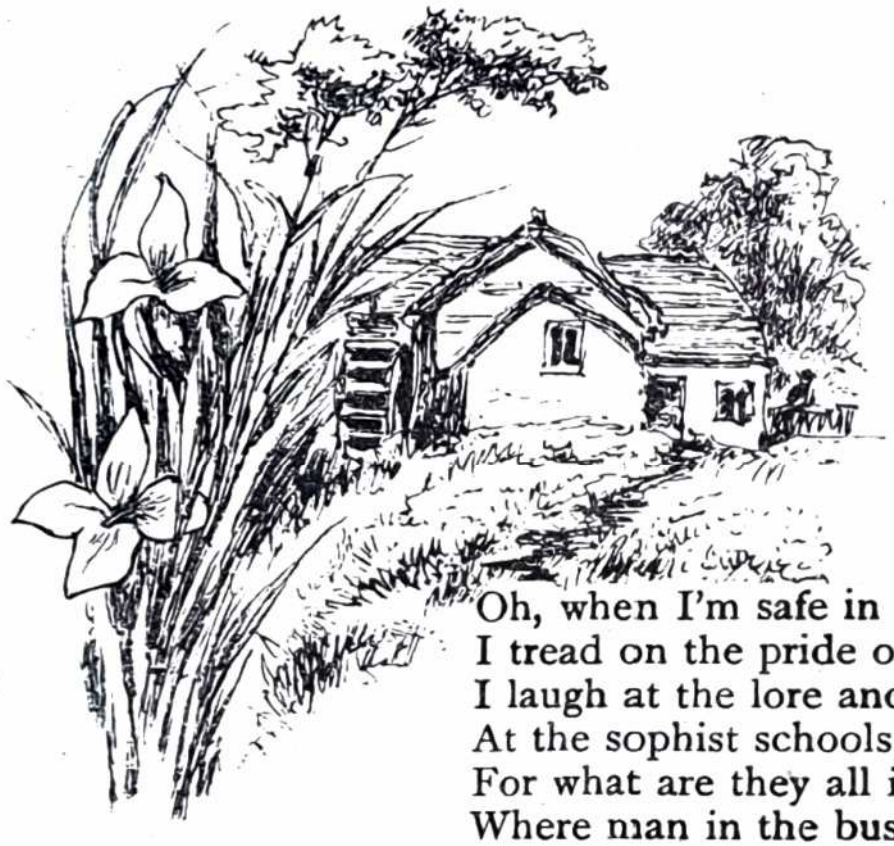
THERE were six of them besides father and mother, and this, the 22nd of July, was their tenth birthday. That is, they were ten weeks old, for the Grouse count their ages by weeks, not years. Only ten and July nearly over! They were born late in the season, on the 20th of May in fact, and as they were much smaller than most other birds, they were very anxious to be older and bigger. But they were a very happy family, and specially so to-day. Their parents were of high birth, having been born, and their friends before them for hundreds of years, on one of the loftiest mountains of Scotland, and Grouse boast besides that they are the original inhabitants of the country, being the only kind of bird that is found in Britain and no where else in the whole world. They were high born, I say, and brought up their children very simply, but it was their custom every birthday to have a little present for each of them, and sore, sore did the children long till it came round. A week seemed as if it would never pass.

This morning as usual they rose and dressed for breakfast. But so excited were they that they ate but little, and though they had seen two days before that the rain would not come on till late that night, they could not rest till they were off. They always went on their birthday to see the place where they were born, a high tuft of heather down

the hill. Somehow it didn't seem so high as when they were little, but they liked to see it, and then there were the shells they had lived in, or rather bits of them, such a rich dark brown with beautiful black spots; only, I am sorry, they sometimes quarrelled a little over them, for the boys claimed the best, and then the girls cried.

They came home foot-sore and wing-sore, and though they had eaten ever so many *pieces*, and done nothing but drink the whole way, they were as hungry as could be. They tidied themselves and took their places at table, the girls nestling as close to their father as they could. And what clapping of wings when they saw it was white heather for dinner! Two of the girls rose up and kissed their mother, who had gone a long way for it that morning while they were still asleep, but the boys ate as hard as they could, and one of them actually put his wing twice on the table. But his mother spoke to him, for they all had names, only such queer ones that I can't spell them. The youngest girl, who was not strong, was fast asleep with her father's wing around her.

They all talked, as was right, a good deal during dinner; the oldest girl most of all. "O I wish," she said, "I was in my 'teens. When shall I be thirteen?" "O shame," said her father laughing, "don't you know that after all the schooling you have had?" So she began to count on her three toes, though that was forbidden, and then said, "the 9th of August." "O you silly," said her brother,—but he was a rare arithmetician—"it's the 12th; I know because it is one day after the next full moon." "Very well," said his sister, "it was just a mistake, but I wish it was the 12th. It would be so nice to be in my 'teens, because I should have a long tail, and this is the way I would walk"—but first she asked if she might leave the table. And she walked so prettily, so like her mother, that her father laughed and crowed and crowed, and then his boys after him, till their little sister was awakened. But their mother looked very sad. "My dear," she said, "I hope you will have many birthdays, all very happy; but growing old is a solemn thing. And time passes quick enough; don't long for it to pass quicker. There is many a happy bird to-day that will be in sore trouble to-morrow, through loss of health, or friends, or character. Don't think only of yourself." Then she was silent for a little, for there was a great fear in her heart. That very morning her husband and herself had seen a keeper and his dog on the hills counting the coveys and the birds, and they knew too well what that foreboded. So after a little—and they had all become very quiet — she added, "And besides, my dear, the 12th of August is a sad day in our family history. My mother and my four brothers were killed that day, and my poor father stricken so grievously that he died four days after. It is very natural, my dear, to wish to be older than you are, but you don't know what that means, either for yourself or others."



Oh, when I'm safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all in their high conceit
Where man in the bush with God may meet.

—*Emerson.*

GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate Army during the American Civil War which ended in 1865, is reckoned by most British officers to have been one of the ablest military commanders in history. After the war he was made President of Washington College, Virginia. He was accustomed to say to the students when they entered college some such words as these: "Now, my friends, I have a way of estimating young men which does not often fail me. I cannot note the conduct of any one, for even a brief period, without finding out what sort of a mother he had. You all honour your mothers; need I tell you that I know you will have that honour in reverent keeping?"

Speaking about temperance on one occasion, says Miss Margaret Preston in the *Century* magazine for July, he said, "Men need no stimulant; it is something I am persuaded that they can do without. When I went into the field at the beginning of the war, a good lady friend of mine gave me two sealed bottles of very superb French brandy. I carried them with me through the entire campaign, for four years, and when I met my friend again, after all was over, I gave her back both her bottles of brandy, with the seals unbroken."

The Little Rift within the Lute.

"YOU might be a great man," Curran said to Grattan, "if you would only tie up your papers."

The Work and Contention of Heaven.

BY RALPH ERSKINE; BORN, 1685; DIED, 1752.

IN heavenly choirs a contest rose,
That stirred up strife will never close—
What rank of all the ransomed race
Owes highest praise to sovereign grace?

Babes thither caught from womb and breast
Claimed right to sing above the rest,
Because they found the happy shore
They never saw or sought before.

Those that arrived at riper age
Before they left the dusky stage
Thought grace deserved yet higher praise
That washed the blots of numerous days.

Anon the war more close began,
What praising harp should lead the van?
And which of grace's heavenly peers
Was deepest run in her arrears?

"'Tis I," said one, "'bove all my race
Am debtor chief to glorious grace."
"Nay," said another, "hark, I trow
I'm more obliged to grace than you."

"Stay," said a third, "I deepest share
In owing grace beyond compare;
The chief of sinners you'll allow
Must be the chief of singers now."

"Hold," said a fourth, "I here protest
My praises must outvie the best;
For I'm of all the human race
The highest miracle of grace."

"Stop," said a fifth, "these notes forbear;
Lo! I'm the greatest wonder here,
For I of all the race that fell
Deserved the lowest place in hell."

A soul that higher yet aspired,
With equal love to Jesus fired,
"'Tis mine to sing the highest notes
To love that washed the foulest blots."

Another rising at his side,
As fond to praise, as free of pride,
Cried, "Pray give place, for I defy
That you should owe more praise than I.

"I'll yield to none in this debate,
I'm run so deep in grace's debt
That sure I am, I boldly can
Compare with all the heavenly clan."

Quick o'er their head a trump awoke,
"Your songs my very heart have spoke,
But every note you here propale
Belongs to me beyond you all."

The listening millions round about
With sweet resentment loudly shout,
"What voice is this, comparing notes,
That to its song chief place allots?

"We can't allow of such a sound—
That you alone have highest ground
To sing the royalties of grace;
We claim the same adoring place."

What! will no rival singer yield
He has a match upon the field?
"Come then, and let us all agree
To praise upon the highest key."

Then jointly all the harpers round
In mind unite, with solemn sound,
And strokes upon the highest string
Made all the heavenly arches ring,

Ring loud with hallelujahs high
To Him that sent His Son to die,
And to the worthy Lamb of God
That loved and washed them in His blood.

Free grace was sovereign empress crowned
In pomp, with joyous hosts around;
Assisting angels clapped their wings,
And sounded grace on all their strings.

The emulation round the throne
Made prostrate hosts, who every one
The humblest place their right avow,
Strive who shall give the lowest bow.

The next contention without vice
Among the birds of paradise
Made every glorious warbling throat
Strive who should raise the highest note.

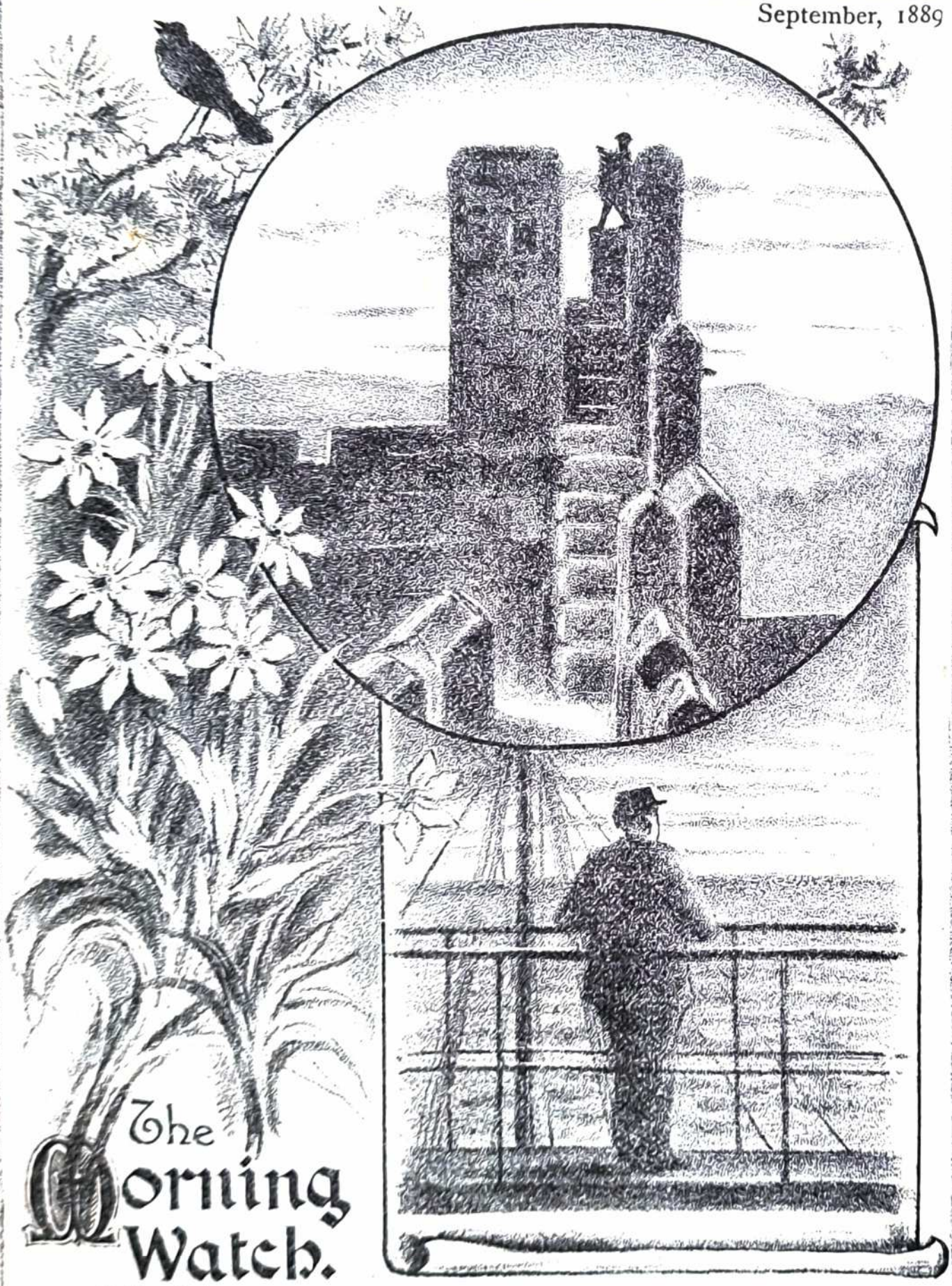
Thus in sweet, holy, humble strife,
Along their endless, joyful life,
Of Jesus all the harpers rove
And sing the wonders of His love.

Their discord makes them all unite
In raptures most divinely sweet;
So great the song, so grave the bass,
Melodious music fills the place.

THE MOON.		THE SUN RISES	SETS.
First Quarter, . .	4th August.	Sabbath, 4th Aug., at	4.30; 8.16.
Full Moon, . .	11th "	" 11th "	4.43; 8.1.
Last Quarter, . .	18th "	" 18th "	4.57; 7.45.
New Moon, . .	26th "	" 26th "	5.12; 7.25.

1	TH	Their soul shall be as a watered garden.—*Jer. xxxi. 12.*
2	F	He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit:
3	S	For without Me, ye can do nothing.—*John xv. 5.*
4	S	And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.
5	M	Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps.
6	TU	And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil; for our lamps are going out. *(R.V.)*
7	W	But the wise answered, saying, Not so; lest there be not enough for us and you:
8	TH	But go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.
9	F	And while they went to buy, the Bridegroom came;
10	S	And they that were ready went in with Him to the marriage: and the door was shut. *Matt. xxv. 6-10.*
11	S	The soul of the people was much discouraged because of the way.—*Num. xxi. 4.*
12	M	Without were fightings; within were fears.—*2 Cor. vii. 5.*
13	TU	We have not wrought any deliverance in the earth.—*Isaiah xxvi. 18.*
14	W	O remember how short my time is.—*Ps. lxxxix. 47.*
15	TH	Make no tarrying, O my God.—*Ps. xl. 17.*
16	F	It is not for you to know the times or the seasons, which the Father hath put in His own power.—*Acts i. 7.*
17	S	Surely I come quickly; Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus.—*Rev. xxii. 20.*
18	S	Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt.—*Matt. xxvi. 39.*
19	M	I will come with the mighty acts of the Lord God:
20	TU	I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of Thine only.
21	W	O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth;
22	TH	And hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works.
23	F	Yea, even when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not;
24	S	Until I have declared Thy strength unto the next generation.—*Ps. lxxi. 16-18. (R.V.)*
25	S	When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dream.
26	M	Then was our mouth filled with laughter, and our tongue with singing:
27	TU	Then said they among the nations, The Lord hath done great things for them.
28	W	The Lord hath done great things for us; whereof we are glad.
29	TH	Turn again our captivity, O Lord, as the streams in the South.
30	F	They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.
31	S	Though he goeth on his way weeping, bearing forth the seed; he shall come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.—*Ps. cxxvi. (R.V.)*

September, 1889



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK, JAMES McKELVIE & SON.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. Christ saw people when they did not see Him. Give instances. 2. A list of Christ's names in the first five chapters of Hebrews.

SENIORS.—1. Names given by God to His enemies to show their powerlessness. 2. "The righteous are bold as a lion." Give instances.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—Robert R. Stevenson. BELFAST *(Brownlow Street S.S.)*—Robert J. Rainey. BELFAST *(College Street, South, S.S.)*—Joseph Alexander, Annie Allen, John Armour, James Armour, Martha S. Armour, Jonathan Black, Mina Black, Alfred Chancellor, T. G. Courtney, Ellen R. Cully, Jeanie Edgar, Mary Edgar, T. C. Gibson, John Graham, William Graham, Lizzie Harrison, Fred Harvey, Sarah M'Kee, Annie Wilkinson. CASTLE-DOUGLAS.—Nellie Culton. GLASGOW.—Janet Barclay, E. L. Brown. GREENOCK.—Daniel M'I. Black, Edward L. Grieve, John Kirkwood, James M'Crea, Janet M'Donald, Mary G. M'Neil, Annie C. Paterson, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston. INVERKIP.—Matthew Lang. KNOCK-BRACKEN.—Maria M'Clelland, Minnie Reid, Annie J. Scott. LEEDS.—Willie Archie Paterson, J. Pomphrey, Lizzie Pomphrey. LIVERPOOL—Beatrice Jane Hegan, Lily M'Clure. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alexander Adams. SHANDON.—Arch. B. Finlay. STRANRAER.—Willie Duffus, James Shankland, Alice Stewart, Florence Mary Stewart. WHITHORN.—Alex. Culton. WISHAW.—Thomas Tudhope.

Seniors.

BELFAST.—John Allen, Charles H. Chancellor, GREENOCK.—Duncan M'Neil, Annie C. Paterson, Kate D. Ralston. INVERKIP.—Annie H. Lang. LEEDS.—James Paterson, Jeanie L. Paterson. NEMPHLAR.—"Naomi."

International Sabbath School Lessons.

Sept. 1.—David and Goliath.—1 Sam. xvii. 32-51. Text, Rom. viii. 31. Quest. 39. Ps. xxi. 1, 2.

GOLIATH appears to David no more than a braggart, for he is an enemy of the Lord. David has learnt from the ordinary helps and deliverances of life to know that God will always be with those who seek him. Saul sends out David with a blessing which might have rid himself of the giant long before if he had only known what he said. Saul's armour was unproved by David—he was not used to it. It was not in the strength of armour he was to trust, but in God. Nations feel, like Saul, that defence is in armament, not, like David, that it is in character and faith.

When the champion was slain, the Philistines fled. A firm face to sin, one blow at temptation, and its strength is gone.

It is part of a boy's duty to cultivate his eyesight and strengthen his limbs, to be a good marksman, a good runner, good at all manly games. If David had been a listless, lazy, idle boy, he never could have saved his country.

Sept. 8.—David and Jonathan.—1 Sam. xx. 1-13. Text, Prov. xviii. 24. Quest. 40. Ps. xxi. 3, 4.

DAVID cannot believe that Saul can hate him so unless there be some fault charged against him. A proof of his nobleness that he can't understand Saul's jealousy. It is a dreadful thing, said Euripides, a heathen, for a child to know anything against his own father. Jonathan so good a son that he can hardly believe what David says. When David says there is only a step between him and death, his faith is breaking up. It is just a chance how soon he may be taken by Saul; it depends on his own sharpness how long he may escape him. Whereas the fact is, God's promise, God's purposes, are between him and death. Verses 11 and 12 are very beautiful. Jonathan means to speak to David, and instead breaks out into prayer to God. We are never nearer a friend than when we are both near God.

Sept. 15.—David sparing Saul.—1 Sam. xxiv. 1-17. Text, Rom. xii. 21. Quest. 41. Ps. xxi. 5, 6.

KINDNESS to an enemy was the law of the Old Testament as well as of

the New, for God is and ever was love (Ex. xxiii. 4, 5). We must never even insult an enemy. Saul had been anointed; the very name of Christ had been named on him; the worst person we know was made in the image of God. Saul wept, blessed David, owned his sin, recognised God's purpose—and sinned still more.

Sept. 22.—Death of Saul and his son.—1 Sam. xxxi. 1-13. Text, Ps. xxxiv. 16. Quest. 42. Ps. xxii. 23, 24.

SAUL'S crowning sin was consulting the witch. When God refused to answer him, he should have cried the louder. Samuel had warned him against the sin of witchcraft many years before. To consult a gipsy, a fortune-teller, about marriage as some young people do, or about anything, is to insult the Most High God; it is blasphemy in the highest degree. If God be for us, who can be against us? And if God be against us, what can a lying man or woman do for us? Saul had spared the Amalekites when God bade him destroy them, and now it is an Amalekite that gives him his death wound. The sins we spare will not spare us. Jonathan stood by his father to the last.

Sept. 29.—Review of the Lessons.—Ps. lxxv. 7. Ps. xxii. 27, 28.

THE Israelites wished to be like their neighbours. They were tired of prophets, men of God; they wished a king, a warrior. God gave them the very best man in all Israel of the kind they sought, and richly endowed him with kingly gifts. But was it fair in God to punish Saul because he was not fit for a position he never sought? Certainly, because God offered him grace as well as gifts, strove with him continually, gave him Samuel and David for friends, and Jonathan for a son. There is no nobler son in the Bible or in any history. The inner life of Saul is given us more fully than any other man's in Holy Writ, just because his history is that of the ordinary every-day sinner who is ever becoming *another man*, but never seeks to be made a *new man*.

Oct. 6.—The Tribes united under David.—2 Sam. v. 1-12. Text, Ps. cxxxiii. 1. Quest. 43. Ps. xxiii. 1-4.

The Children's Psalm.

I.

OF course you know which Psalm that is. The 23rd—"The Lord's my Shepherd"—that is the Psalm you learn first and love most dearly. That is the Psalm which belongs to you by right.

Mr. Mark Guy Pearse says about this Psalm, prettily and truly, that it is beautiful for situation. Shall I tell you what I think it is like? Right in the heart of Palestine there lay the town of Shechem. No town, from Dan to Beersheba, was pleasanter to see. Round about it were fields green with grass or yellow with corn, and orchards of olives, and figs, and pomegranates. It was famous, too, for its singing birds, of which there seemed to be an endless variety. The inhabitants used to say that theirs was the most musical town and valley in all the land. But on both sides of Shechem, north and south, rose two mountains, steep and rocky—Ebal and Gerizim. The one was the Mount of Cursing, and the other was the Mount of Blessing; for on their slopes the tribes had gathered to hear the blessings and the curses of God's law read to them when they entered Canaan at the first. Now, the 23rd Psalm is like the fair town of Shechem, with its orchards and

singing birds, lying right between Ebal and Gerizim. The Mountain of Cursing rises on one side of it, and the Mountain of Blessing on the other; and because it is there in the midst it is so very beautiful and so very sweet.

Look at the psalm which goes before it. It begins with that bitter cry, "My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?" It reminds us of the Mountain of the Curse. And look at the psalm which comes after it. It speaks of the everlasting gates and the King of Glory. It reminds us of the Mountain of Blessing. And in the valley between lie the green pastures and the still waters of this psalm.

The Lord our Shepherd knows both of the mountains well. He has been out on the hill of the curse, in the darkness and the storm, bearing the wrath of God instead of you and me. But He has His throne to-day up on the hills of blessedness, where there is nothing to hurt or annoy. And just now He is leading us on, like the sheep of His flock—on through the fields and meadows that are between.

Shall we give Him three names, corresponding to the three places? 1. He is the Good Shepherd. 2. He is the Great Shepherd. 3. He is the Chief Shepherd.

"I GIVE up my sinful self to Thee, soul and body, to be at Thy disposal; only Thou must be forthcoming for me in all things."—*Jean Stiel, Shotts, about 1690.*

The Gulls and the Fishermen's Nets.

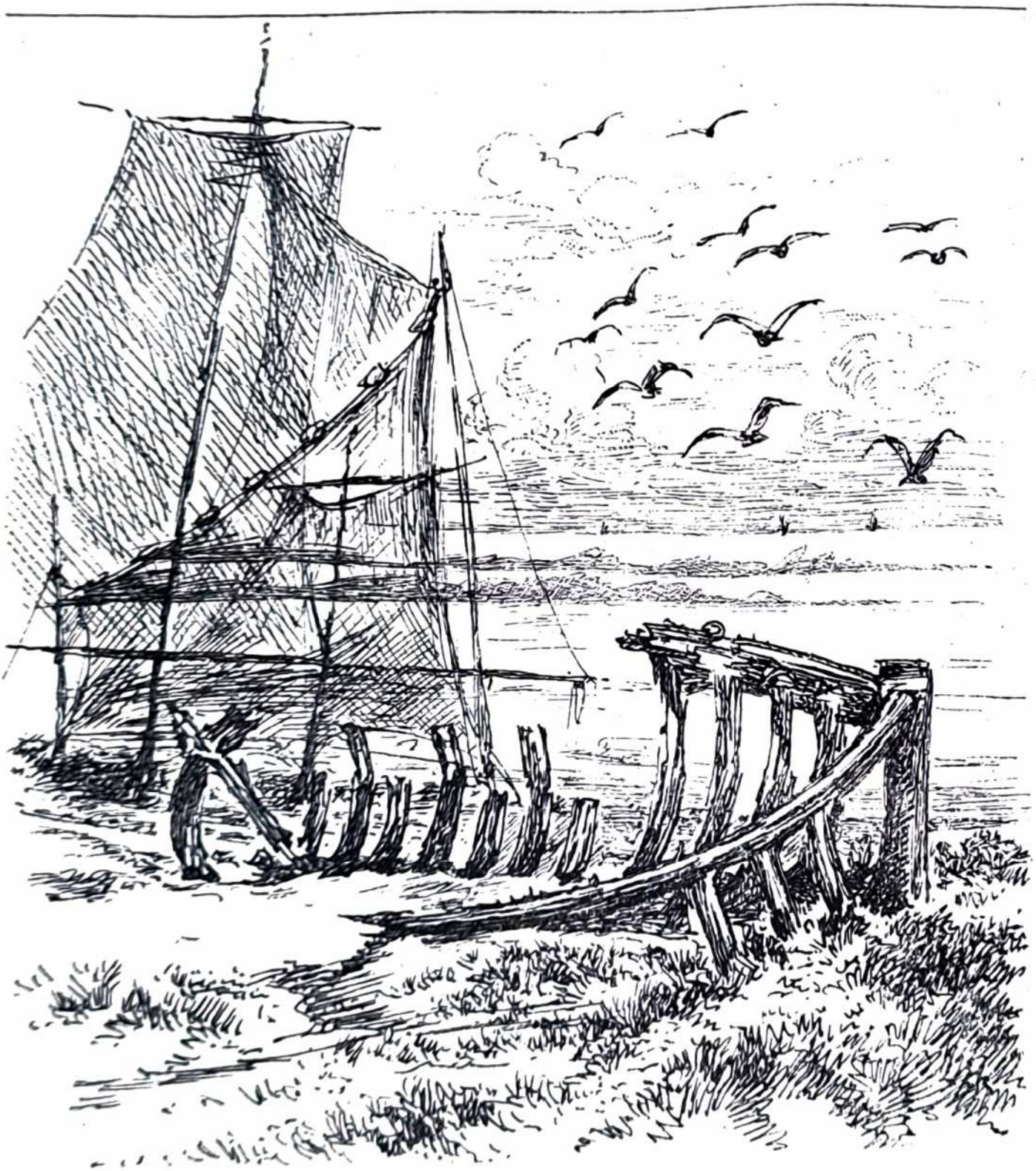
DO you know what these gulls were saying a little ago? Shall I tell you? Their father seemed to be fast asleep, rising and falling on the waves. He was very weary. He had gone out as was his wont in the wake of a steamer to pick up food. He liked to let little children see him darting down for bits of biscuit, but to-day he had been treacherously used. It was a large excursion party that was on board, a Friendly Society returning from their annual trip. They threw bread to him, and, when he was off his guard, fired pistols at him. The poor gull was much grieved, but had said nothing to his wife, not wishing to alarm her.

She was busy giving her young ones a lesson, telling them about the sun and the moon, and the tides, and the laws of storms, and the porpoises, and great big men and women. She was telling them how clever men were, far cleverer and wiser than gulls, or any other bird, and so they were called superior beings, lords of creation, and the sea and the land and everything belonged to them, for they were little lower than the angels.

"And can they swim like us, mother?"

"Oh yes, they are splendid swimmers."

"But," said one of the boy gulls, "they can only swim for ten minutes, and most of them are afraid to dive." "And some of



them," said one of his sisters, "are afraid even to wade. I saw some children shrieking and kicking yesterday when their nurse was taking them to bathe." "Yes," said a third, "and men are often drowned. There were three on the beach two months ago."

"Can they fly, mother?"

"Well, not many of them," she said, for she saw she would need to be careful, "just one or two who are called professors."

"But," said the boy, "they can only go a little bit up, mother, and they can't go against the wind like us, and they need one kind of balloon to go up in and another to come down in, and they fly only once in a week, and the weather

must be good." "Oh how funny," said the youngest little gull, "and what do they do with their balloon if it is stormy?" "They don't go up then at all, and then the other superior people who paid money to see them fly, in the belief that they would break their necks, throw stones at them, and tear their balloons in pieces."

"Can they catch fish like us, mother?"

"Oh yes, my dear, hundreds of them all at once, with boats and nets."

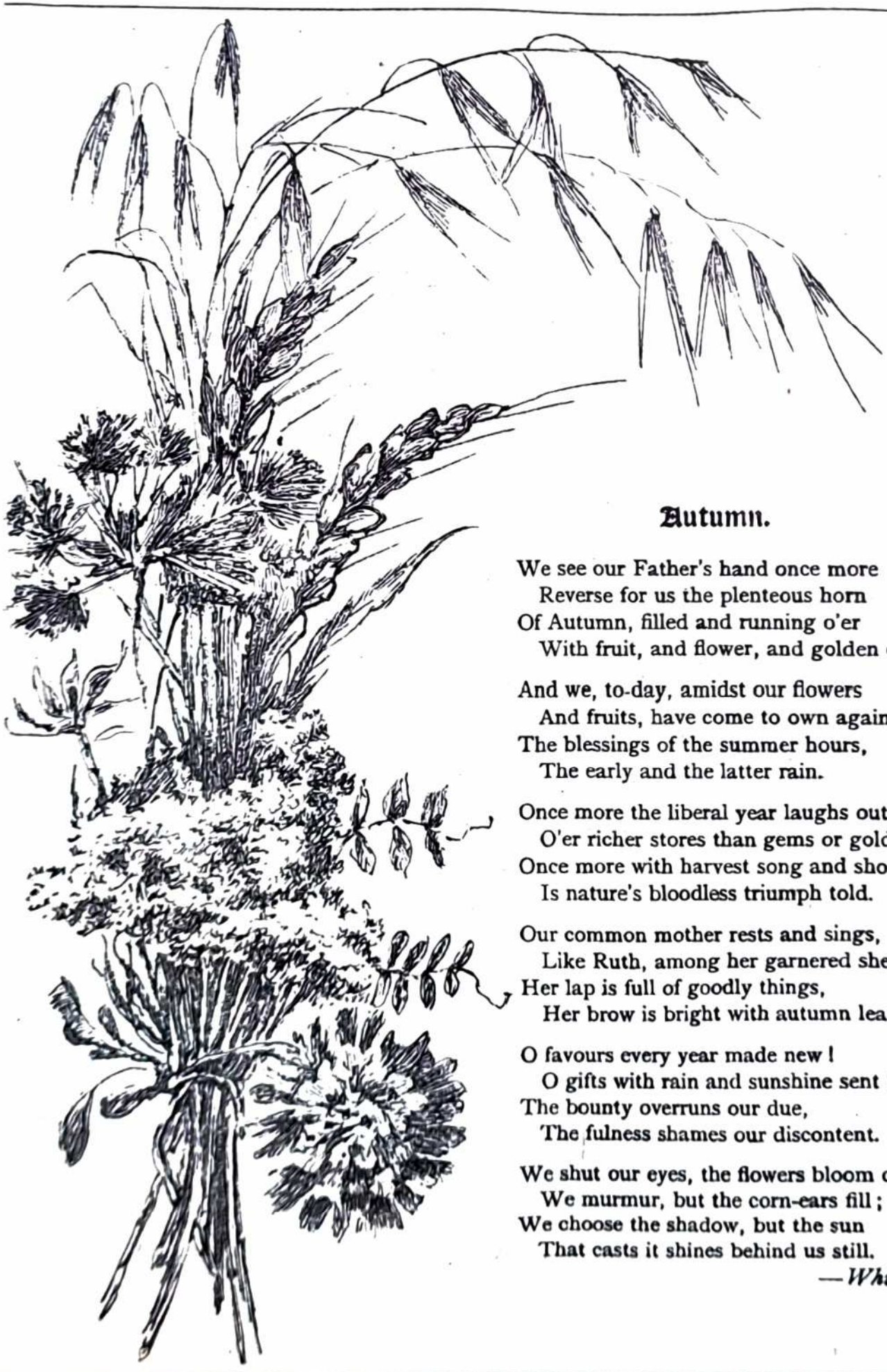
"Yes, mother," said the same boy who had spoken before, a very clever gull he was, and very tall for his months, "but it takes one set of men to make the boats, and another set to make the nets, and a third to fish, and when it is stormy they stay at home, and their boats are knocked to pieces, and their nets drift away, and sometimes even in good weather they catch nothing at at all." "Oh how ridiculous," said one of his brothers, who just that very moment rose up in the air and pounced down and got a whiting which he brought to his mother. "And when they do catch fish," continued his brother after he had done laughing, "they don't eat them, but they get other men to carry them far away for other men to eat who can't fish." "And what do the men eat who catch the fish?" "Oh," said the boy, "some of them never eat anything; they just drink, and strike one another, and tell lies to their best friends, and fall down on the ground and cut themselves."

"And they look so dirty, too, mother," said the youngest little girl. She was dressed in such a pretty grey with white trimming, and looked so sweet and neat.

"My dears," said their mother, "the moon will be up in twenty minutes, and it is time we were home. Come away, Father." So home they flew, but on the way the children said one to another, "Do you know I am dreadful glad I am a gull, and not a superior person, aren't you?" And their mother said to her husband, "These boys of yours, dear, do put such awkward questions. What can I say to them?" "My dear," he said, "I really do not know. I can't make out men and women at all. The good are good beyond all words, but the bad—Oh dear! I really think the best thing you can do when the children put such questions is to fall sound asleep like me and pretend you don't hear them."

"WITH my heart and soul, O Lord, I this day make choice of Thee. And I know that Thy consent to this stands recorded in Scripture, so that I need no new signification of it."—*John Wilson, Maybole, Aug. 4, 1678.*

IF I have found favour with you, madam, my last suit to you is, that you would leave me a legacy, and that is, that my name be at the very last in your prayers.—*Samuel Rutherford to a godly gentlewoman, 1646.*



Autumn.

We see our Father's hand once more
  Reverse for us the plenteous horn
Of Autumn, filled and running o'er
  With fruit, and flower, and golden corn.

And we, to-day, amidst our flowers
  And fruits, have come to own again
The blessings of the summer hours,
  The early and the latter rain.

Once more the liberal year laughs out
  O'er richer stores than gems or gold;
Once more with harvest song and shout
  Is nature's bloodless triumph told.

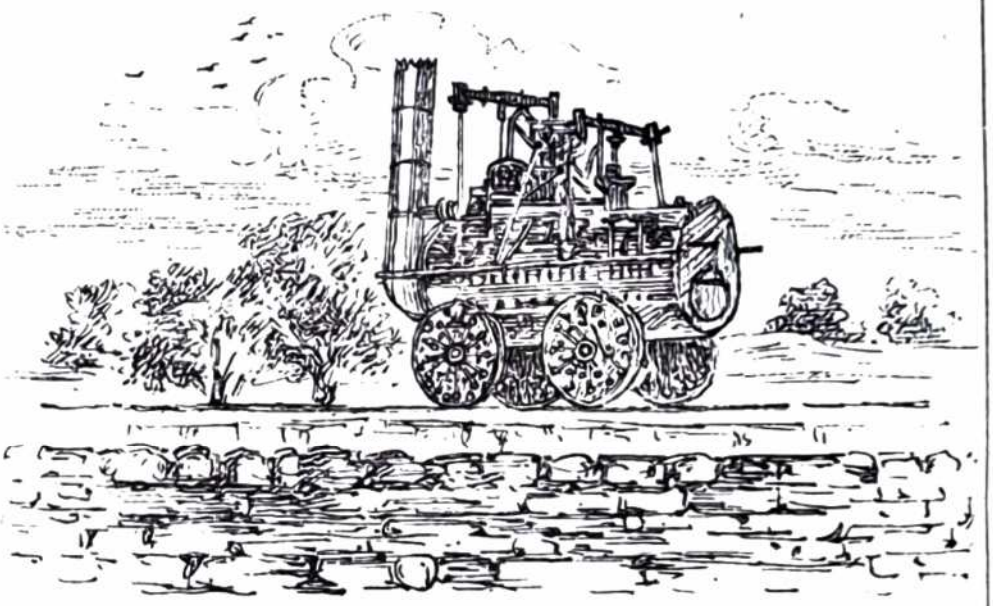
Our common mother rests and sings,
  Like Ruth, among her garnered sheaves;
Her lap is full of goodly things,
  Her brow is bright with autumn leaves.

O favours every year made new!
  O gifts with rain and sunshine sent!
The bounty overruns our due,
  The fulness shames our discontent.

We shut our eyes, the flowers bloom on;
  We murmur, but the corn-ears fill;
We choose the shadow, but the sun
  That casts it shines behind us still.

—*Whittier.*

IT is sixty-four years on the 27th of this month since the first railway passenger train in the world ran. It went from Darlington to Stockton, in Durham. An immense concourse of people had assembled, many of them expecting, and some hoping, to see the engine blow up.



The train, says Mr. Smiles in his Life of George Stephenson, consisted of six waggons loaded with coals and flour; after these was the passenger coach, named 'The Experiment,' filled with the railway directors and their friends, and then twenty-one waggons fitted up with temporary seats for passengers; and, lastly, came six waggon-loads of coals, making in all a train of thirty-eight vehicles. On some parts of the road, to the astonishment of every one, a speed of 12 miles an hour was reached. By the time it reached Stockton there were about 600 persons in the train or hanging on to the waggons.

A curious thing happened, however, before the train was able to start. The engine, which is still to be seen at Darlington, was standing with its furnace full of coke, but the fire had not been lit. There were no matches in those days, and a lantern was sent for. But before it was brought a man in the crowd had kindled the fire with a burning-glass which he carried about with him, I am sorry to say, to light his pipe! So it was the sun itself which started the first railway train.

But the sun, indeed, just finished what it had begun long before. For it was the sun's heat that made the coal from which the coke was made. And it was God Who made the sun and gave George Stephenson a spirit of wisdom. He is the First and the Last, the Alpha and the Omega, the Beginning and the End, the Father of Lights, from Whom cometh down every good gift and every perfect gift.

The whole earth is full of His glory, full of wonderful things which He has made for us to find out, and they are so plain and so near us that the people who come after us will not be able to understand how it was we never saw them.

ELEVEN years ago there were in South America three Republics in which there was but one solitary Protestant Christian labourer, and that one was a woman.

AS many wants as I had, God had as many outgates and rich supplies provided for me. And the way to bring in providences is still to be observing Providence; even from a drink of cold water to salvation.—*From a paper written by Janet M'Ginnies, Dalry, Dec. 22, 1716.*

Antonio Stradivari.

"A workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

THE violin is the noblest of musical instruments because it comes nearest to the human voice. "It is a mine of musical sound, sweetness, and power; it expresses every kind of feeling; it seems almost to be a living being, as if a soul had been breathed into it."

Could you guess how many separate things it is made of? No less than seventy, and all of them, except the strings and the loop at the foot, of wood, maple, pine, and ebony. Of these seventy, fifty-seven are firmly glued together, and the remaining eight are moveable. There is no metal used. And how much does a violin weigh? Less than 1lb. A good one costs £2 and upwards, though a London maker supplies them, quite new, for 4/6, at a profit of 8d to himself. But if you would be content to take an old one, a very old one, made by Stradavari, you might have it for 400 or 500 guineas! Stradavari used to sell them for 4 guineas. Why are they so dear now?

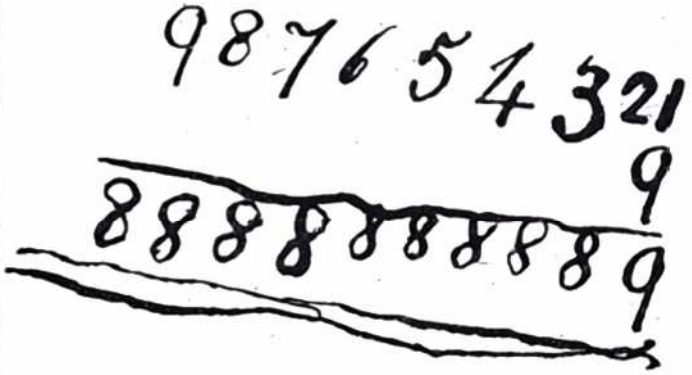
He lived at Cremona, a city of Northern Italy, and died there, at the age of 88, in 1747. So that he lived in Italy when the Covenanters lived in Scotland. He was making fiddles when they were hiding in the peat bogs or hanging on the gallows tree. And now, in 1889, you boys and girls are laughing and playing and at this very moment, within three weeks' sail of us, there are poor slaves, men, women, boys, girls, being felled to death; and not so far away, perhaps within twenty yards of your own door, drunkards are breaking their wives' and children's hearts.

Stradivari was what the Bible calls a 'cunning,' that is, a skilful, workman. He worked with all his might, and worked his very best. He chose his material with the greatest care, keeping the wood beside him seasoning for years, and rejecting it without mercy for the slightest flaw. There are at least a thousand of his violins in existence—and they say a good violin well cared for should last as long as time, its tones becoming sweeter, richer, every year—and the beauty of the workmanship is wonderful. The purfling or ornamental work is so exquisitely done that, to see its full beauty, one needs to use a magnifying glass. He was no less careful with all the little inside fittings that are never seen. And the result is this, that as long as

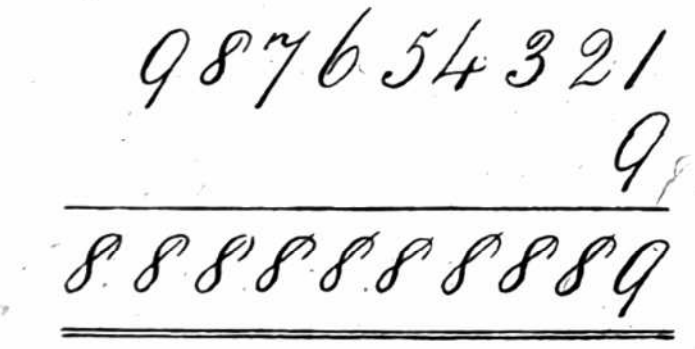
> Any master holds
> 'Twixt chin and hand a violin of his,
> He will be very glad that Stradivari lived,
> Made violins, and made them of the best.

I hope you love the Lord Jesus Christ as your Saviour, but you should often think of Him as the Carpenter. There would be nothing

slovenly or careless or false or slipshod about His work. "This Man hath done nothing amiss." Why should your exercises be done like this?



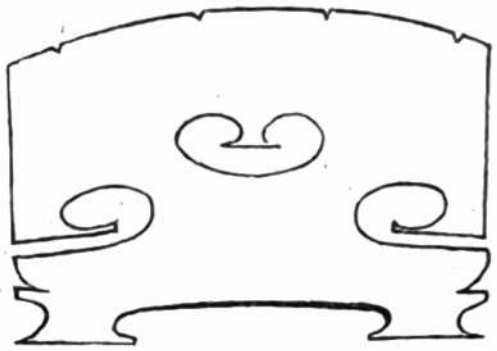
You may not be very good at making figures yet, but make them as well as you can, and take a ruler for your lines, even though it should only be the back of a knife!



Yes, that is a great improvement, and you will do better yet! Go up second dux!

I am sorry I cannot give you Stradivari's portrait, but they say he was tall and thin, and was scarcely ever seen without his white apron, for he was always working.

The first time you have the chance of examining a violin, take a look at the *bridge*. It is the little bit of wood in the centre over which the strings are stretched. It is by it the vibrations of the strings are transmitted to the body of the instrument. It is of maple, and is shaped like this:—



No other wood and no other shape will do. Before Stradivari's time the bridge was differently made. Its present shape is the result of his experiments, and every violin bridge is, therefore, as one has said, a monument to his genius.

A violin and a fiddle are the same thing. Strange to say, they are the same word too. They both come from the Latin *fides*, a string, from which comes *fidicula*, a stringed instrument. *Fidicula* later on became *fidula*, which in Italian was softened into *viola*, *violino*, but in French became *fideille*, and in German *fiedel*, and so in English *fiddle*. Just as an Ephraimite long ago was known not to be a Gileadite by his calling a stream Sibboleth instead of Shibboleth, so you could tell an Italian from a German now by holding up a *fiddle*; the Italian would say violino! There is a mine of history in the name as well as a mine of music in the thing.

Old Rufus.

RUFUS left the house three weeks ago last Saturday night. We have not seen him since, and I fear he must be dead.

Rufus was only a cat, but I was his master, and he was my friend, for more than ten years. He was

very little, and very helpless, when I got him. He was my second cat, the first one being his elder brother. Him I had six weeks or so, and I called him Rufus because he was red. The person who gave him to me brought him in a little box which she had lined with pink. His coverlet was of *cretonne*, and at the head of his bed she had placed a watch that he might know when to lie down at night! He died, and his brother, who was more white than red, coming in his place, succeeded to his estate, which consisted of the bed, the coverlet, the watch, daily bread and milk and porridge, with occasional fish and flesh, and an extra dainty on the Sabbath-day; with the wide world to roam in:

> A heritage, it seems to me,
> A king might wish to hold in fee.

With the estate he succeeded to the title, and so became Rufus II. And well he answered to his name. One night at worship I specially remember; in those days he was never absent from it, morning or evening; he seemed taken up with the singing. On this particular night he was stretched out on the rug, and I thought he was asleep. We were reading the last chapter of the *Epistle* to the Romans and had reached the 13th verse: "Salute Rufus, and his mother and mine." I read it quietly like the other verses, but had no sooner said "Salute Rufus," than, poor creature, he uttered his little cry, and stretched his legs and arched his back and looked up wistfully.

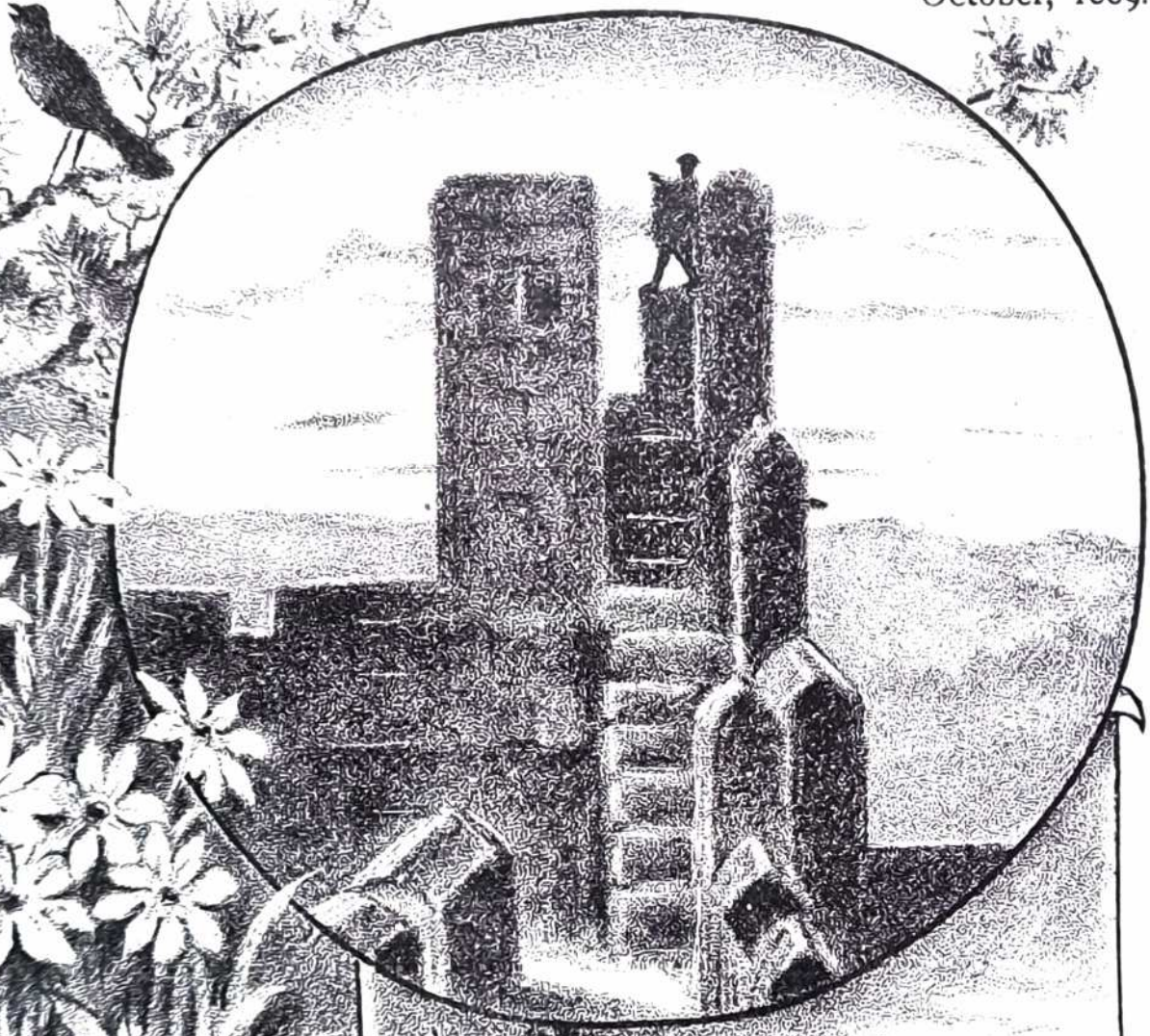
I anticipated a great future for him after that, but I had little experience then. He turned out to be no genius after all; and perhaps had even less than ordinary cats' ability, and much less than their usual affection. But he did his best, I think. And once he came to the prayer-meeting in church. He heard my voice, and I knew the tinkling of his little bell, but the laughter of some children scared him, and he never ventured back again. Ah, how many folks I know who have never ventured even once!

He grew sedater as he grew older, and I took away his bell. Yet, now and again, to the very last, he had little bursts of friskiness and merriment. Every stranger he had to interview, and some, I know, he dearly loved. But as is the manner of us Scots he was not demonstrative. On rare occasions he would lick my hand, six times a year or so, but evidently chiefly because he feared I might misjudge him. Poor Rufus, I wish you could have said as much for me as I gladly say for you. I know you judged me, and had good reason, too. And many a time those eyes of yours reproved me, and sometimes they kept me from doing wrong. I wish I could have said good-bye to you. I wish I had you back one minute even, and I would beg your pardon for many things I did, many a thought, and word, and look. But you will pay as little heed to this Morning Watch as to that evening one, ten years ago. Yet it would ill become me to forget you. I like to think of you. I only wish I were one half as good as you, poor old Rufus!

THE MOON.		THE SUN RISES	SETS.
First Quarter, . .	2nd September.	Sabbath, 1st Sept., at	5.24 ; 7.10.
Full Moon, . .	9th "	" 8th "	5.37 ; 6.53.
Last Quarter, . .	17th "	" 15th "	5.51 ; 6.33.
New Moon, . .	25th "	" 22nd "	6.5 ; 6.15.
		" 29th "	6.19 ; 5.56.

1	S	Rightly do they love Thee.—*Song of Sol. i. 4. (R. V.)*
2	M	Come, see a man which told me all things that ever I did.—*John iv. 29.*
3	Tu	One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see.—*John ix. 25.* God's Son, the effulgence of His glory, and the very image of His substance.—*Heb. i. 3. (R. V.)*
4	W	Whom He hath appointed heir of all things.—*Heb. i. 2.*
5	Th	A great High Priest, that is passed into the heavens.
6	F	Not an High Priest which cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities.—*Heb. iv. 14, 15.*
7	S	I beseech Thee shew me Thy glory.—*Ex. xxxiii. 18.*
8	S	Your God is a revealer of secrets.—*Dan. ii. 47.*
9	M	God called me by His grace to reveal His Son in me.—*Gal. i. 16.*
10	Tu	The Lord revealed Himself to Samuel (a little boy).—*1 Sam. iii. 21.*
11	W	The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness.—*Rom. i. 18.*
12	Th	The Lord Hath made bare His holy arm.—*Is. lii. 10.*
13	F	The glory which shall be revealed in us.—*Rom. viii. 18.*
14	S	And they shall see His face.—*Rev. xxii. 4.*
15	S	Covet earnestly the best gifts.—*1 Cor. xii. 31.*
16	M	Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning.—*1 Peter iii. 3.*
17	Tu	Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain.—*Prov. xxxi. 30.*
18	W	As a jewel of gold in a swine's snout, so is a fair woman which is without discretion.—*Prov. xi. 22.*
19	Th	Thou makest his beauty to consume away like a moth.—*Ps. xxxix. 11.*
20	F	This corruptible must put on incorruption.—*1 Cor. xv. 53.*
21	S	The Lord of Hosts shall be for a diadem of beauty.—*Is. xxviii. 5.*
22	S	Jesus Christ hath abolished death.—*2 Tim. i. 10.*
23	M	He will be our guide even unto death.—*Ps. xlviii. 14.*
24	Tu	The beggar died and was carried away by the angels into Abraham's bosom.—*Luke xvi. 22. (R. V.)*
25	W	I saw under the altar the souls of them that were slain,
26	Th	And white robes were given unto every one of them ;
27	F	And it was said unto them that they should rest yet for a little season.—*Rev. vi. 9-11.*
28	S	Now here Lazarus is comforted.—*Luke xvi. 25. (R. V.)*
29	S	The Lord of Hosts shall be for strength to them that turn back the battle at the gate.—*Is. xxviii 5. (R. V.)*
30	M	We are more than conquerors.—*Rom. viii. 37.*

October, 1889.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK. JAMES McKELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. Of which of the apostles do we know the fathers' names? 2. What persons are called *wise* in the Gospel of Matthew?

SENIORS.—1. New Testament characters whose *tribes* we know. 2. Contrast the Paradise of Gen. ii. and iii. with th t of Rev. xxi. and xxii.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—Robert R. Stevenson. BELFAST *(College Street, South, S.S.)*—Annie Allen, J. J. Black, Mina Black, Alfred Chancellor, T. G. Courtney, Ellen Rebecca Cully, Jeanie Edgar, Mary Edgar, T. C. Gibson, John Graham, William Graham, Lizzie Harrison, Fred Harvey, Agnes T. Martin, Anna Bella Martin. BELFAST *(Brownlow Street S.S.)*—Robert James Rainey. CASTLE-DOUGLAS.—Nellie Culton. CASTLEREAGH.—Jessie Whyte. GLASGOW.—Janet Barclay, Bessie Stirling. GREENOCK.—Daniel M'I. Black. LEEDS.—L. Pomphrey, Willie A Paterson. LOANHEAD.—Grace Allison, Caroline Haddow, Susan S. Haddow. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alexander Adams. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. SHANDON.—Archie B. Finlay. STRANRAER.—Willie Duffus, Anna B. Bradford, Annie Hamilton, Mary Hamilton, Agnes A. Higgins, Robert A. Higgins, Thomas P. Higgins, William A. Higgins. WHITHORN.—A. Culton, No name.

Seniors.

AIRDRIE.—Lizzie Stevenson. BELFAST *(College Street, South, S.S.)*—John Allen, Charles H. Chancellor. GLASGOW.—Agnes Stirling. INVERKIP.—Annie H. Lang. LEEDS.—James Paterson, Jeanie L. Paterson. NEMPHLAR.—Wm. Shirlaw. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. STRANRAER.—Maggie Hamilton.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

Oct. 6.—The Tribes united under David.—2 Sam. v. 1-12. Text, Ps. cxxxiii. 1. Quest. 43. Ps. xxiii. 1-4.

DAVID was anointed as a mere lad to be king. Yet here the people come of their own free will, years after, to carry out the decree of God. "Thou shalt feed," in v. 2, is "Thou shalt shepherd"—the first time in the Bible a king is so spoken of. The Son of David—"the Good Shepherd"—was also thirty years old when He began His reign.

Jerusalem was a bare, rocky bit of the land from which the Canaanites (Jebusites) had never been driven. It was chosen as the new capital, but the Jebusites thought it was so safe, with precipices on three sides, that a guard of blind and lame was sufficient. These guards themselves said (so read v. 8) that David could not take it.

David hated the blind, not because they were blind, but because they were boastful and insolent. One naturally expects deformed people to be meek and lowly, yet they are often singularly vain and vicious. Some scholars think *the blind and lame* refer to the false gods that were supposed to protect the place.

The curse of war and of unsettled government had robbed the land of tradesmen to make soldiers. Men had to come from Tyre to build David's house.

Oct. 13.—The Ark brought to Zion.—2 Sam. vi. 1-12. Text, Ps. lxxxvii. 2. Quest. 44. Ps. xxiii. 5, 6.

ISRAEL had been settled 400 years, and God still dwelt in a tent. David felt that he must have "the altar near the throne." The road to Jerusalem was hilly and rough. Indeed, till recently there was not a mile of made road in Palestine. Uzzah broke a plain command (Numb. iv. 15), and his punishment was terrible in order to breed a great awe about the things that represented God. It is not said his soul was lost. There are difficulties that we must leave to God Himself to settle; when we must not "play at Providence," but stand still and see His salvation. Fifty years of the Ark brought no blessing that we read of to Abinadab; Obed-Edom got it in three months; how, we cannot tell, yet all men saw it. The blessing continues to this day. The Arabs still call his field *Kuryet-es-Saideh*, the dwelling-place of the

blessed man. "There is only one other spot in Palestine as green." Every house in which there is true family worship is an Obed-Edom's house.

Oct. 20.—David's Thanksgiving Prayer.—2 Sam. vii. 18.29. Text, 1 Thess. v. 18. Quest. 45. Psalm xxiv. 1, 2.

WE pray when we ask things from God and when we go over our life and see God in it all. David wonders at God's goodness to such a man as he is. He has reached the height of his prosperity, and yet he is at his humblest.

What God has done is as nothing to what he will do for a godly man. The blessing is not only "for a great while to come," but for evermore.

God "knows His servant." The comfort of praying when we do not know what to say. We do not know what is wrong, we cannot explain our sin, or our trouble, and often dare not even think of it, it is so great. God knows without words and beyond words.

David got credit for doing what he was willing to do. So did Abraham. Not for mere good intentions, but for what they actually would have done for God had He permitted them.

Oct. 27.—Sin, Forgiveness, and Peace.—Psalm xxxii. Text, Rom. v. 1. Quest. 46. Psalm xxiv. 3, 4.

HERE are two opposite view of God taken by the same man. At first he was in misery and in silence. He had sinned and would not acknowledge it. The blessing was that he was then made wretched. An ambassador has often to make complaints to try to get wrongs set right, he often makes unpleasant demands at the court at which he is. But if he were to leave the court and the country it would mean war. God's Spirit strives with men in sin, "His hand is heavy upon them"; but to leave them alone in sin would mean death.

So David is brought to himself to own his sin and to repent it. Now God is his Hiding Place, his Instructor, his Guide. "If thou wouldst flee from God, flee to God."

Nov. 3.—David's Rebellious Son.—2 Sam. xv. 1-12. Text, Eph. vi. 2, 3. Quest. 47. Psalm xxiv. 5, 6.

The Children's Psalm.

II.

HE is the Good Shepherd, let us say, because He climbed that shameful hill of cursing and sorrow—the Good Shepherd, who laid down His life for the sheep on the Cross that crowned the hill. The 22nd Psalm tells us of the sufferings He bore for us: how the soldiers parted His raiment, how His enemies compassed Him round, how His Father God hid His face from Him. There never was a love like His. I wonder if you know about the villagers of Eyam and their love. It was the year of the Great Plague; and the infection had been brought to the little Derbyshire village in a box of clothes sent from London. But the minister, Mr. Mompesson, urged the people not to flee for safety to other places, lest they should take the deadly sickness with them. And the most of them obeyed him. They stayed there to die; 259 perished out of a population of 350, the minister's young wife among the rest. "I may truly say," he wrote to Sir George Savile, when all was over, "I may truly say our town has become a Golgotha, a place of skulls." You will scarcely find a nobler story in history than the story of those simple men and women who faced such a horrible death for the sake of others. But Jesus, the Good Shepherd, bore far more—the punishment

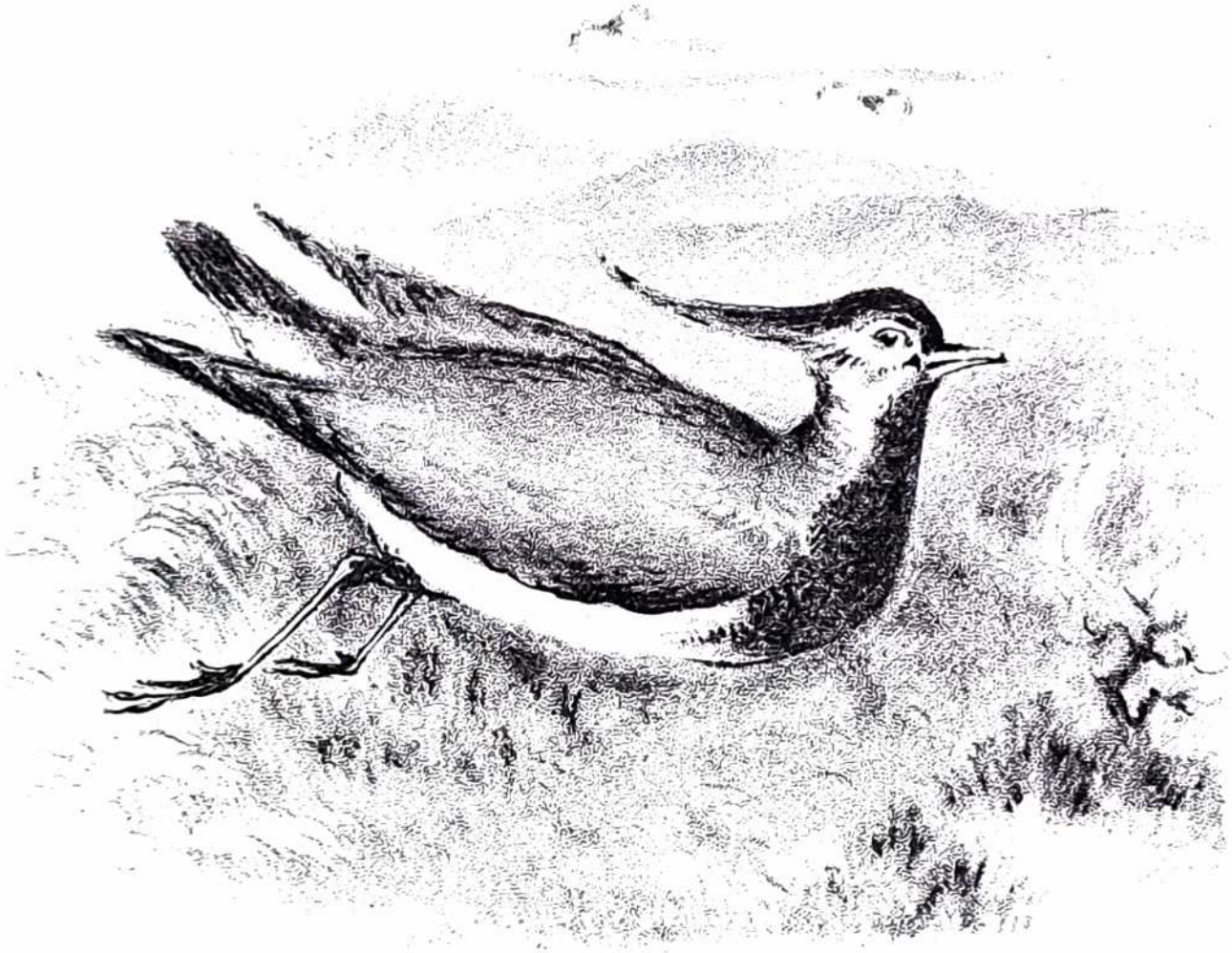
of sin, the displeasure of God. What burdens bowed His head!

2. But He is the Great Shepherd, let us say next, because He takes such care of the flock—"the Great Shepherd of the sheep," who guides them, and feeds them, and guards them, and keeps them safe in the fold that lies between the hills. That is what the 23rd Psalm speaks about—His manifold, unwearying, most powerful, most tender care of His lambs and His sheep. First, He washes them, but not in a fountain of clear and sparkling water; no, in the crimson fountain of His blood, shed for them on the Mountain of the Curse. And then He leads them into green pastures. He provides for them day after day whatever instruction and comfort and help they need, whether it be in the home life, or in the school life, or when they are busy at their work, or wherever they are. He succours them in temptation. He breathes good thoughts into their minds. He answers their prayers. He changes them by slow degrees into His own image and glory. Sometimes He has to send them trouble. You have seen pictures of an Eastern shepherd's crook, his long curved staff. If he sees one of the sheep wandering, he throws the curved end of the crook over its neck, and pulls it back. That must hurt the sheep, but far better that it should have the short pain than that it should die in the thickets or fall over the rocks or become a prey to fierce wild beasts. So if our Shepherd sees us straying away, He may have to use some sharp pain to bring us back again. But Oh! it is good to be His sheep and His lambs; He is so gentle and so wise and so strong. Goodness and mercy follow His people all the days of their lives. It is just as if He made them dwell, year in and year out, in the fruitful fields and orchards of Shechem.

3. Then He is the Chief Shepherd, because He has gone up the Mountain of Blessing to prepare places for those who love and follow Him: the Chief Shepherd who will appear by-and-by, and from whom we shall receive the crown of glory that fadeth not away. That is the subject of the 24th Psalm. It tells us about the honour Christ has just now, the honour and happiness His disciples are to have with Him in the end of the days. Will it not be pleasant to see the Shepherd's face? Will there be any music like the music of His voice? Will it not be a glorious thing to walk with Him in white, and never to be separated from Him any more at all? I hope we shall have this great joy. I hope the Chief Shepherd will open the everlasting doors to us, and, when we ask whether we can enter in, will say what Goodwill the Porter said to the Pilgrim, "I am willing, with all my heart." So in God's house for evermore our dwelling-place shall be.

It all depends, children, on whether you can say here and now—each one of you in simple trust—"The Lord is *my* Shepherd."

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree;
Love is a present for a mighty king.
—*George Herbert.*



Mrs. Pewit and her Visitor.

THERE was a Curlew or Whaup that lived beside a loch in the south of Scotland in the wilds of Galloway. She had gone on business one day in May to the shore of the Solway Frith where she had spent the previous winter, and was now on her way home. She was very weary; so instead of flying the whole way across the loch she swam the last half mile. She was wondering what her children would be doing, when suddenly she heard their voices. They were crying—

> "Pee-weet, pee-weet,
> Harry my nest,
> And make me greet."

"What were you all saying a little ago?" she asked when she got home. "Oh," said her eldest daughter, "old Mrs. Pewit was passing and we were imitating her."

"It was very unkind of you," said their mother, "and you must never do it again." Then taking her daughter aside, she said, "My dear, you are almost two hours older than your sisters, and you should have set them an example. Surely you would wish them to act like little ladies? But if their eldest sister does wrong they will do wrong after her."

The little Curlew cried bitterly and promised to be good in days to come. "I am greatly pleased," her mother said, "to see you so sorry. But you must beg Mrs. Pewit's par-

don. I shall call on her to-morrow and take you with me."

So, next day, they called. Mrs. Pewit was at home. "My children," said Mrs. Curlew, "acted most unkindly to you yesterday, and they are sorry for it, and my eldest daughter has come to ask you to forgive her."

Mrs. Pewit was much pleased though also much astonished at the visit, for the Curlews had always been looked upon as much bigger and grander folks than the Pewits. "I forgive her from my heart," she said, "if she needs to be forgiven, but I don't think there is any harm in imitating people if it be done playfully and not in mockery, and I am sure your daughter did not mean to be unkind." Then Mrs. Pewit kissed her, and said, "Would you like to see my little babies? They are not out of their shells yet, but I hope they will be in ten days." Her nest was only a little hollow in the ground with a few bits of grass and rushes in it, but she was very proud of it. Her eggs were dark green, with brown spots and patches. "Do you know," said Mrs. Curlew, "that I always have four eggs too, and that I arrange them exactly as you do, the narrow ends in? Isn't it very odd?" "Yes," said the Pewit, "my mother always arranged hers that way, and so did her mother."

The young Curlew after a little was told to run out and play. The two old Birds had a long talk and grew very friendly. "I am so glad I called, Mrs. Pewit," the Curlew said at last, "and I hope you will not take it amiss if I ask you about a matter that has often troubled me. Why do people say that your ancestors two hundred years ago used to betray the poor Covenanters when they were hiding in the peat-mosses from King Charles' dragoons? Surely it can't be true!"

Mrs. Pewit was silent for a little, being greatly moved, but at last she answered, "Dear Mrs. Curlew, it is good of you to be so straightforward with me. I know that what you have said is commonly believed, and it is printed in books, they say, but it is not true. Let people prove it if they can, let them give instances. No, Mrs. Curlew, in blaming us they were blaming God. Are we not His servants and the servants of those who love Him? Could we defeat His purposes, or put to death those whom He wished to save alive? The Covenanters themselves sometimes suspected us I know, but it was only when their faith was weak. God sent us to encourage them. If a poor Pewit loved her little ones, could God forsake His chosen? How could we betray the Covenanters? We loved them dearly, and were sorry for them. Cold and wet and hungry, the heather was no place for men like them! Oh they were so good and brave and patient, and yet so cheerful in spite of all! The Pewits often lay awake whole nights listening to them singing, and many a time they wondered what it was they sang. Their language was so different from ours!

'Thou art my hiding-place; Thou shalt
From trouble keep me free;
Thou with songs of deliverance
About shalt compass me.'

There was a Mr. Peden that was always singing that. I wish I knew the meaning of it."

"It sounds very grand," the Curlew said. "He must have been singing to God. And I have no doubt, dear Mrs. Pewit, that you are right in all you say. God sent your people not to betray the Covenanters, but perhaps to warn them, and certainly to comfort them. I have often heard the Ravens tell that some of their ancestors used to carry bread and flesh to a good man who was hiding by a brook."

"That would just be Mr. Peden," said the Pewit, "Oh, I am so glad."

"Oh, no!" said the Curlew, "it was far, far away, and long before the Covenanters' time. But it proves that God uses us poor birds to do whate'er His pleasure is. And now, my dear Mrs. Pewit, I must be going home; I am only sorry I never called on you before, I should have been wiser and better if I had, but you will let me come again?"

As they were going away, the Curlew saw that her little daughter would have liked to say something. "What is it, my dear?" she said. "Please ask Mrs. Pewit if my sisters and I may come too."

"Would you like to come?" said Mrs. Pewit.

"I should like very much, and will all your little babies have pretty crests like yours on their heads?"

"I hope so, my dear, and they will be very glad to see you. Good bye." "Good bye."

So they went home very thoughtful and happy, and that night Mrs. Curlew told her children all about the Covenanters, and her daughter told her sisters after they were in bed about Mrs. Pewit's eggs, and spoke so much about the lovely crests they would have, that they dreamed that a man with an old, old cloak, but a sweet, sweet face, came out of a river and gave them all crests reaching half way down their backs. It was just the sun shining over the hill the next morning; and while they slept their little heads had been turned, and the long crests were just their own long bills!

THE device of the Moravian Missionary Society is an ox between a plough and an altar, with the motto inscribed below, "Ready for either"—ready for the plough if the husbandman call to break up the fallow ground, or ready for the altar if the Great High Priest call for sacrifice.

A LITTLE girl, who was watching a sunset in crimson and purple and orange, asked her mother if that was "the power and the glory."

THE condition of the heathen world is the scandal that overshadows the fame of Christianity.

IF we could lay hold upon the merchandise of England and America, writing over all our ships and all our cargoes, "Holiness to the Lord," it would do more to Christianise the world than all our missionaries.—*Dr. A. J. Gordon.*

WHEN Stanley first crossed the African continent, the first question put to him on reaching the western coast was, "*Have you any gin?*"

THE blood of thousands of African natives is at present crying to Heaven against the British race.—*Sir Charles Warren.*

IT is my sincere belief that if the slave trade were revived with all its horrors, and Africa could get rid of the white man, with the gunpowder and rum which he has introduced, Africa would be a gainer in happiness by the exchange.—*Sir Richard Burton.*

A Martyr's Epitaph.

For I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.—ROM. VIII. 18.

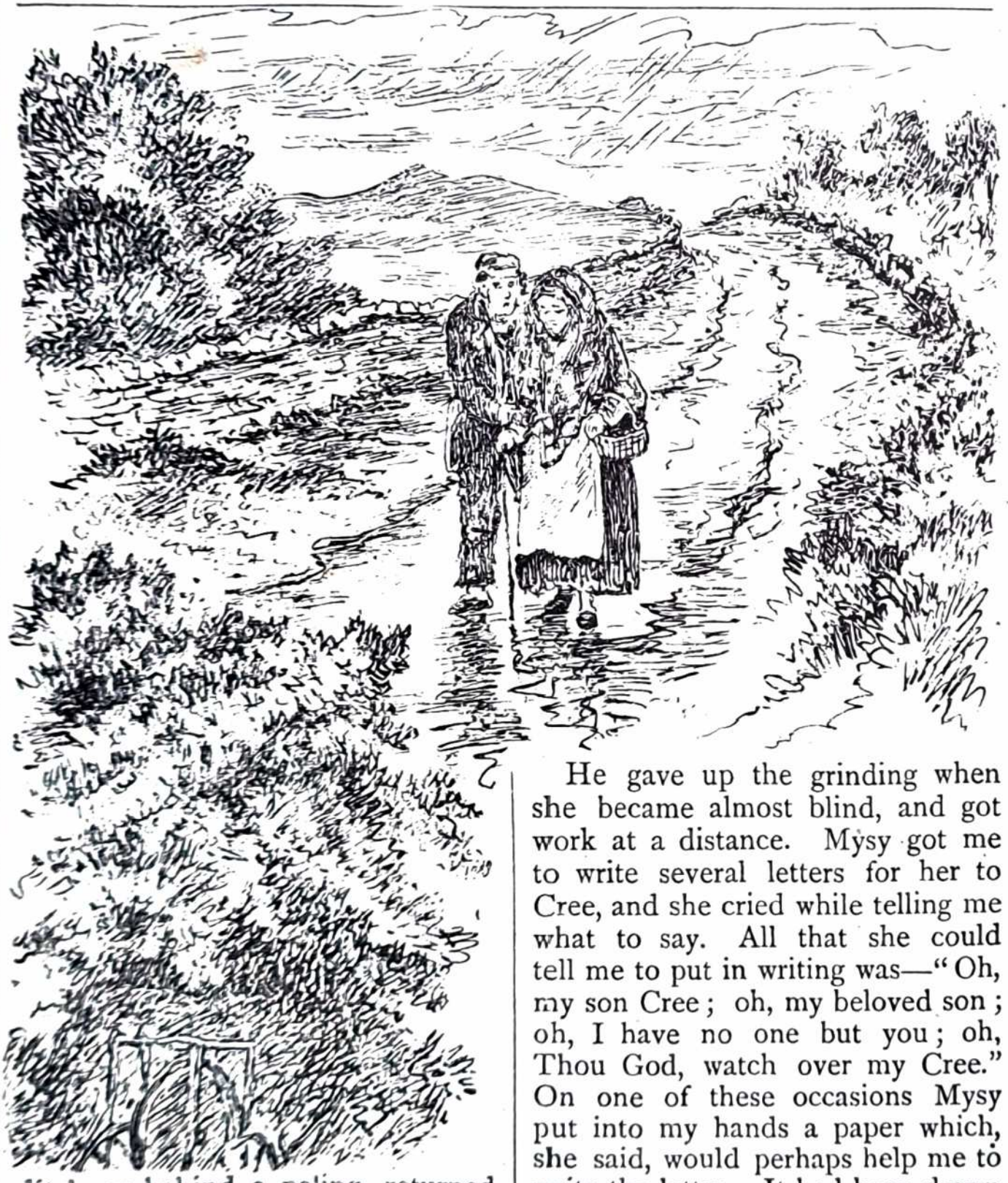
Remember what a martyr said
On the rude tablet overhead!
'I was born sickly, poor, and mean,
'A slave: no misery could screen
'The holders of the pearl of price
'From Cæsar's envy; therefore twice
'I fought with beasts, and three times saw
'My children suffer by his law;
'At last my own release was earned:
'I was sometime in being burned,
'But at the close a Hand came through
'The fire above my head, and drew
'My soul to Christ, Whom now I see.
'Sergius, a brother, writes for me
'This testimony on the wall—
'For me, *I have forgot it all.*'

Robert Browning.

Cree Queery.

THE children used to fling stones at Queery because he loved his mother.

Before he settled down as a weaver, he was knife and scissor grinder for three counties, and Mysy, his mother, accompanied him wherever he went. Mysy trudged alongside him till her eyes grew dim and her limbs failed her; and then Cree was told that she must be sent to the pauper's home. After that a pitiable and beautiful sight was to be seen. Grinder Queery, already a feeble man, would wheel his grindstone along the long highroad, leaving Mysy behind. He took the stone on a few hundred yards, and then, hiding it by the roadside in a



ditch or behind a paling, returned for his mother. Her he led, sometimes he almost carried her, to the place where the grindstone lay, and thus by double journeys kept her with him. Every one said that Mysy's death would be a merciful release—everyone but Cree.

He gave up the grinding when she became almost blind, and got work at a distance. Mysy got me to write several letters for her to Cree, and she cried while telling me what to say. All that she could tell me to put in writing was—"Oh, my son Cree; oh, my beloved son; oh, I have no one but you; oh, Thou God, watch over my Cree." On one of these occasions Mysy put into my hands a paper which, she said, would perhaps help me to write the letter. It had been drawn up by Cree many years before, when he and his mother had been compelled to part for a time, and I saw from it that he had been trying to teach Mysy to write. The paper consisted of phrases such as, Dear son Cree, Loving Mother, I am

takin' my food weel, Yesterday, Blankets, The peats is near done, Mr. Dishart (the minister), Come home, Cree. The Grinder had left this paper with his mother, and she had written letters to him from it.

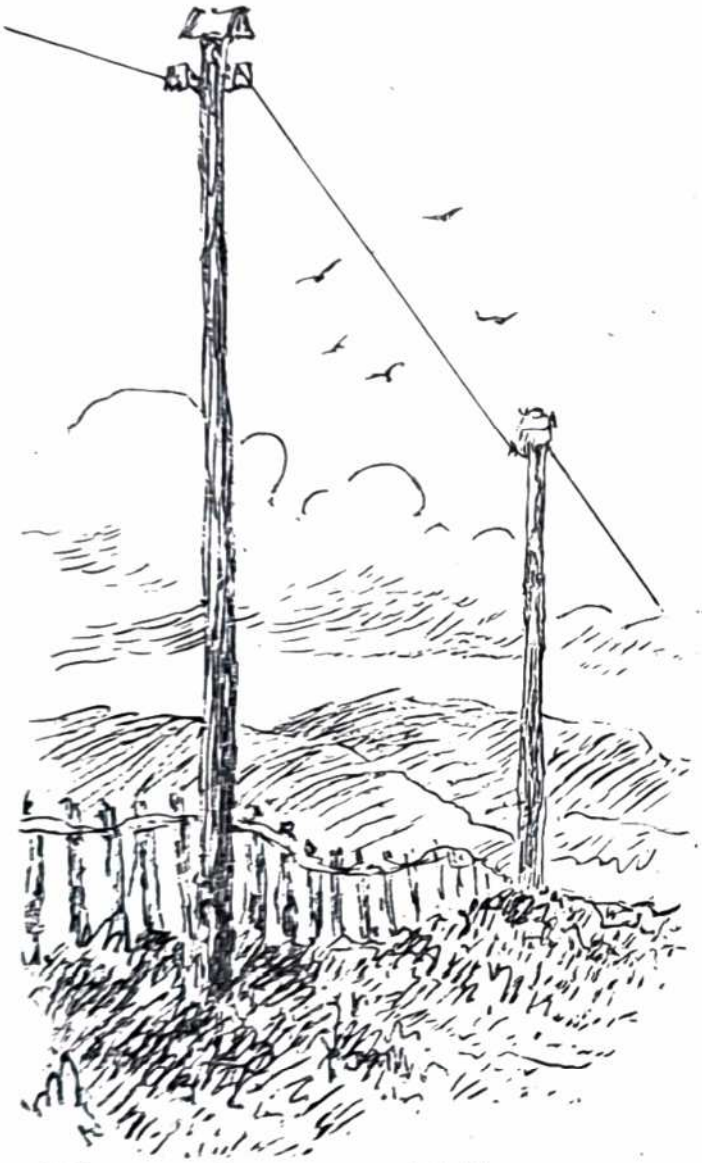
* * * *

Only by weaving far on into the night could Cree earn as much as 6/- a week. He began at six in the morning and worked until midnight.

One night it went through the town that Mysy now lay in bed all day listening for her summons to depart. According to her ideas this would come in the form of a tapping at the window, and the boys' intention was to forestall the spirit! Dite Gow's boy was hoisted up to one of the windows, and he has always thought of Mysy since as he saw her then for the last time. She lay sleeping, so far as he could see, and Cree sat by the fireside looking at her. Every one knew that there was seldom a fire in that house unless Mysy was cold. Cree seemed to think that the fire was getting low. In the little closet, which with the kitchen made up his house, was a corner shut off from the rest of the room by a few boards, and behind this he kept his peats. There was a similar receptacle for potatoes in the kitchen. Cree wanted to get another peat without disturbing Mysy. First he took off his boots and made for the peats on tiptoe. His shadow was cast on the bed, however, so he next got down on his knees and crawled softly into the closet. With the peat in his hands, he returned in the same way, glancing every moment at the bed where Mysy lay. Though Tammy Gow's face was pressed against a broken window he did not hear Cree putting that peat on the fire. Some say that Mysy heard, but pretended not to do so for her son's sake. The boys left Cree alone that night.

After his mother's death the story went abroad that he was saving money, and people began to call him Miser Cree. The day before he died a friend sent him half-a-sovereign, and when the Grinder saw it he sat up excitedly in his bed and pulled his corduroys from beneath his pillow. The woman who, out of kindness, attended him in his last illness, looked on curiously while Cree added the sixpences and coppers in his pocket to the half-sovereign. After all they only made some two pounds, but a look of peace came into Cree's eyes as he told the woman to take it to a shop in the town. Nearly twelve years previously Jamie Lownie had lent him two pounds, and, though the money was never asked for, it preyed on Cree's mind that he was in debt. His life was not, I think, a failure.—*Auld Licht Idylls. By J. M. Barrie.*

PLUTARCH tells us of a certain Pædaretus, a Spartan, who, when he found his name had not been inscribed among the Three Hundred who stood first in military rank, went away laughing. Being asked by the Magistrates the reason of his conduct, he replied, "I laughed through joy that the State has three hundred better citizens than myself."



Three Famous Telegrams.

I.

The first telegraph message ever delivered in America was sent by Professor Morse, the famous electrician, and was in these words: "What hath God wrought!"

II.

The first message transmitted by cable across the Atlantic was that sent by the directors of the Telegraph Company in England to their brother directors in America: "Europe and America are united by telegraphic communication. 'Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.'"

III.

The cable referred to was in working order for little more than two weeks. The first message was transmitted on the 17th August, 1858, the last on the 3rd September. Four hundred were sent in all, one of which alone saved our country £50,000. The cable spoke very indistinctly after the first few days, and at last the words could only be made out with the greatest difficulty. The last word that came was "Forward."

The two first messages I have told you of were very beautiful indeed. Professor Morse and the directors as it were asked God to handsel their work. "In all thy ways acknowledge Him and He shall direct thy paths." The first message the cable took was *to* Him; I think we may say the last was *from* Him. The cable of '58 was the second that had been tried, and there were other failures and disappointments still to come, but God as it were bade them be of good courage. "Forward;" try, try, try again. "Rejoice not against me, O mine enemy: when I fall I shall arise." "To him that overcometh"——

Watch and Pray.

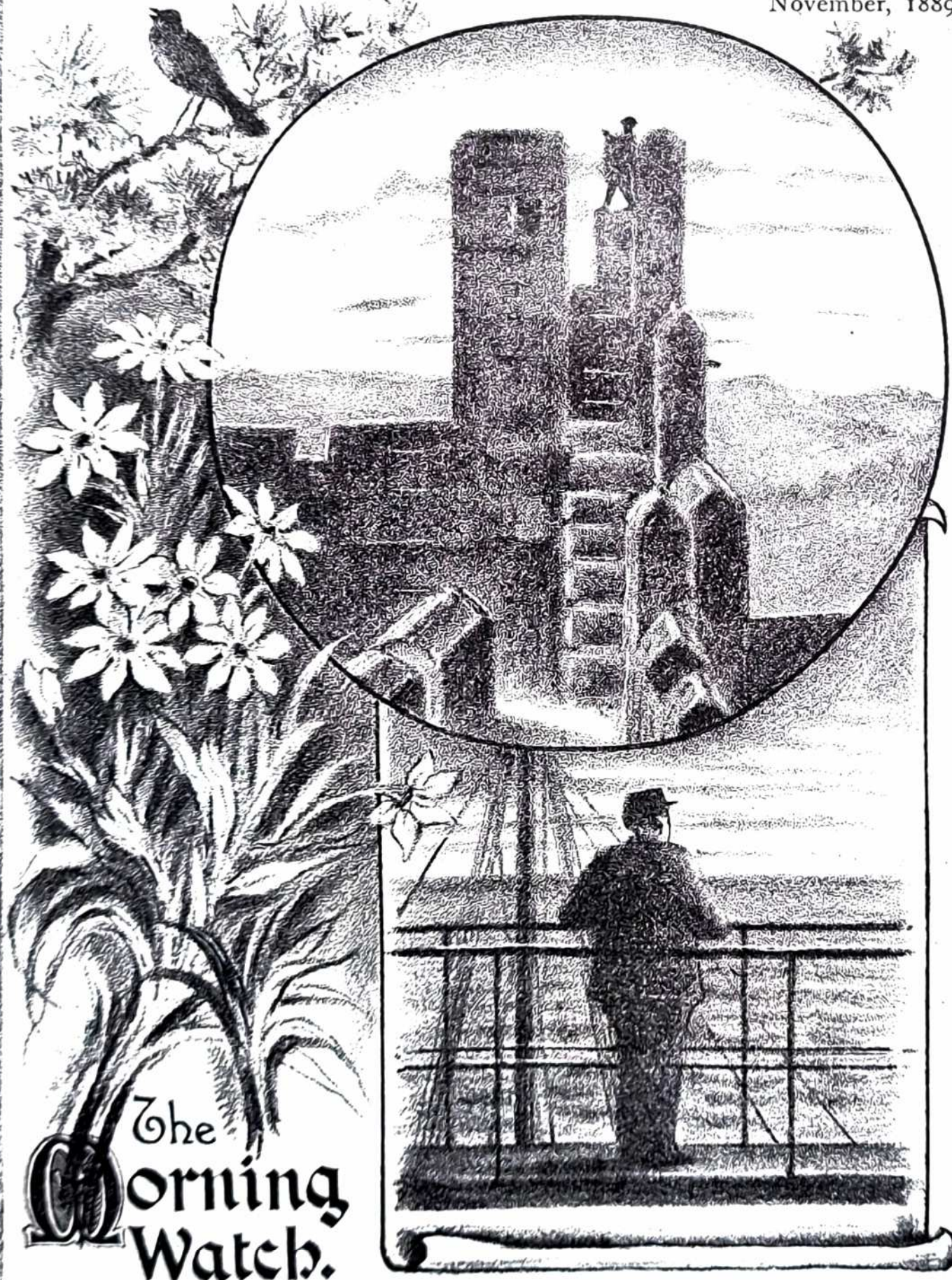
The barque by tempest vainly tossed
May founder in the calm,
And he who braved the polar frost
Faint by the isles of balm.

—*Whittier.*

THE MOON.		THE SUN	RISES	SETS.
First Quarter, . .	2nd October.	Sabbath, 6th	Oct., at	6.32 ; 5.37.
Full Moon, . .	9th "	"	13th "	6.46 ; 5.20.
Last Quarter, . .	17th "	"	20th "	7.2 ; 5.2.
New Moon, . .	24th "	"	27th "	7.16 ; 4.45.
First Quarter, . .	31st "			

1	Tu	Be not high-minded, but fear.—*Rom. xi. 20.*
2	W	Looking to thyself, lest thou also be tempted.—*Gal. vi. 1. (R. V.)*
3	Th	I said in my prosperity, I shall never be moved.
4	F	Thou, Lord, of Thy favour hadst made my mountain to stand strong : Thou didst hide Thy face ; I was troubled.—*Ps. xxx. 6, 7. (R. V.)*
5	S	By the grace of God, I am what I am.—*1 Cor. xv. 10.*
6	S	Yea, in the shadow of Thy wings will I take refuge, until these calamities be overpast.—*Ps. lvii. 1.*
7	M	But know this, that in the last days grievous times shall come.
8	Tu	For men shall be lovers of self, lovers of money, boastful, haughty,
9	W	Railers, disobedient to parents, unthankful, unholy, without natural affection,
10	Th	Implacable, slanderers, without self-control, fierce,
11	F	No lovers of good, traitors, headstrong, puffed up,
12	S	Lovers of pleasure rather than lovers of God ;
13	S	Holding a form of godliness, but having denied the power thereof.—*2 Tim. iii. 1-5. (R. V.)*
14	M	The fruit of the Spirit is love,
15	Tu	Joy, peace, long-suffering, kindness,
16	W	Goodness, faithfulness, meekness, temperance.
17	Th	And they that are of Christ Jesus have crucified the flesh with the passions and lusts thereof.—*Gal. v. 22, 23, 24.*
18	F	What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.—*Phil. iii. 7.*
19	S	One pearl of great price.—*Matt. xiii. 46.*
20	S	I know thy works, and thy toil and patience.
21	M	I know thy tribulation, and thy poverty (but thou art rich.)
22	Tu	I know where thou dwellest, even where Satan's throne is.
23	W	I know thy works, and thy love and faith, and that thy last works are more than the first.
24	Th	I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest, and thou art dead.
25	F	I know thy works, that thou hast a little power, and didst keep My word, and didst not deny My name.
26	S	I know thy works, that thou art neither cold nor hot.—*Rev. ii. 3.*
27	S	Praying for us that God may open unto us a door for the word.—*Col. iv. 3. (R. V.)*
28	M	Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path.—*Ps. cxix. 105.*
29	Tu	Should not a people seek unto their God ?—*Is. viii. 20.*
30	W	The harvest of the earth is over-ripe.
31	Th	And He that sat on the cloud cast His sickle upon the earth, and the earth was reaped.—*Rev. xiv. 15, 16. (R. V.)*

November, 1889.



The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK, JAMES McKELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. Why should we always ask a blessing before meals? 2. A list of Paul's sufferings for Christ.

SENIORS.—1. Give instances of "peace of conscience." 2. Prove that one should always strive to be "in time" for church.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—Robert R. Stevenson. BELFAST *(Brownlow Street S.S.)*—Robert James Rainey. *(College Street, South)*—Joseph Alexander, Annie Allen, Martha S. Armour, M. M. Black, A. Chancellor, T. G. Courtney, Ellen Rebecca Cully, John Graham, Wm. Graham, Fred. Harvey, Sarah M'Kee. GLASGOW.—Janet Barclay, John Stirling. GREENOCK.—Daniel M'I. Black, Edward Grieve, Eliza G. Howie, Maggie Kirkwood, James M'Crea, Betty M'Donald, Janet M'Donald, Jack Ralston, Niobe Ralston. HAMILTON.—Mary H. Martin. INVERKIP.—Amelia H. Lang. LEEDS.—Bertie Hardie, Wm. Archie Paterson, Lizzie Pomphrey, Eliza S. Sloan, John D. Sloan. LOANHEAD.—Maggie S. Craig, Jemima Crawford, Caroline Haddow, Susan A. Haddow. LANARK.—Agnes M. Frame, Janet C. Frame. LIVERPOOL.—Beatrice Jane Hegan, Lillie M'Clure (answered question 2). PAISLEY.—Tom Muirhead, Jessie Whiriskey. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alexander Adams. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland. SHANDON.—Archie B. Finlay. STRANRAER.—Anna Bella Bradford, Willie Duffus, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert Andrew Higgins, William Alex. Higgins, Thomas Peter Higgins, James Shankland, Alice Stewart, Florence Mary Stewart. WHITHORN.—Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton, James C. M'Kinnell. WISHAW.—Thos. Tudhope.

Seniors.

AIRDRIE.—Lizzie S. Stevenson. BELFAST.—*(College Street, South)*—John Allen, C. H. Chancellor. GLASGOW.—Agnes Stirling, Bessie Stirling. GREENOCK.— — Kirkwood, Kate D. Ralston. HAMILTON.—Maggie K. W. Martin. INVERKIP.—Annie H. Lang. LEEDS.—James Paterson, Jeanie L. Paterson. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alexander Adams. RATHFRILAND.—Lizzie Copeland, A. Scott.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

November 3.—David's Rebellious Son.—2 Sam. xv. 1-12. Text, Eph. vi. 2, 3. Quest. 47. Psalm xxiv. 5, 6.

ABSALOM was seeking to keep himself before the eyes of the people by the display spoken of in verse 1. He put himself more about to do mischief than many would to do good; he "rose up early." David was greatly occupied with foreign wars and the people felt neglected. His long service was forgotten in a present grievance, and a new favourite was welcome. Few believe that the man who flatters them can be a fool, or that the judge who decides in their favour is wrong. Absalom stole hearts by a pleasant manner and by flattery; so men still prefer often a manner to a man. Deceit is often perfected by some profession of religion. It was to pay a vow Absalom must go to Hebron. Men who are so easily led that they will do anything are not the less sinners because they "don't think."

November 10.—David's Grief for Absalom.—2 Sam. xviii. 18-33. Text, Prov. xvii. 25. Quest. 48. Psalm xxiv. 7,8.

THE best of all memorials is a godly name. Absalom in setting up his pillar was only keeping alive his shame.

David's officers, except Joab, think the defeat of the rebel so important that news of his defeat should at once be sent to the king. But Joab remembers that it is news of a son's death coming to a father.

Love is stronger than policy, and David's first question is not about the issue of the battle but about the safety of Absalom. The victory is too dearly bought. He would have died to save his rebel son. Love like this helps us to "behold what manner of love" God has shown us, when, "While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us."

November 17.—David's Last Words.—2 Sam. xxii. 47—xxiii. 7. Text, 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. Quest. 49. Psalm xxiv. 9, 10.

THEY are words of strong and far-seeing faith. In a life full of changes he finds one thing only unchanged—God and God's mercy. He can see that everything has been done for him by God.

He declares his own inspiration, and in the Spirit here he sees Christ's day and is glad. The Just Ruler—the true King of

men, Whose coming is to be like sunrise to a dark world, is to be a son of David according to the flesh. The first clause of verse 5 is not such a confession as David might well have made about the conduct of his family. It should be read—"For is not my house so with God," as to be the chosen line; and the last seven words of the verse should be—"For will He not make my house to grow?" The vision is so clear that Simeon hardly saw more when he said—"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation."

November 24.—Solomon's Wise Choice.—1 Kings iii. 3-15. Text, Prov. viii. 11. Quest. 50. Psalm xxv. 4-6.

SOLOMON'S choice, though wise, was not the wisest. The wisdom he asked was not "the fear of the Lord which is the beginning of wisdom." *That* was a discovery of his later years. What he sought was *cleverness*; and that was better, much better, than riches, or long life, or glory got in war, and therefore, so far, God was pleased. But God would have been better pleased had he asked *holiness* and *grace*. The comparative shortness of his life, his many sorrows, his forfeiture of the honour of being Christ's ancestor—for it was through his brother Nathan that our Lord was lineally David's Son, Luke iii. 31—show, in the light of verse 14, that there was something serious wanting in his choice.

Happy man, we say, to have had the offer of anything he wished! Yet does not every boy and girl get that offer too? Therefore, ask God to make your choice for you. John iv. 10.

December 1.—The Temple Dedicated.—1 Kings viii. 12-16, 54-63. Text, Heb. ii. 20. Quest. 51. Psalm xxv. 7, 8.

The Burning of the Books.

"Many of them which used curious arts brought their books together and burned them before all men."—*Acts xix. 19.*

I THINK this verse may teach us the meaning of three words which it is very important we should understand: Conversion, Consecration, Confession.

1.

Conversion—what is that? It is the birth of a new heart, the passing away from us of the old sinful heart, wretched and poor and blind, the entering into us of a heart altogether new, one that is born of God, one that loves God. Think of these men burning their books of magic and astrology, their spells and charms, in the market-place of Ephesus; making a bonfire of the treasures they had valued most, the things by which they gained their livelihood, the parchments full of strange signs and writings which they had consulted morning and noon and night. What could prompt them to do that? Nothing but an Almighty power, the power of God's Holy Spirit. And why should they do it? Because they had learned now to love the God of truth and purity, and were anxious to please Him. Put these two answers together, and you will know what conversion is. It is a change of heart so thorough and wonderful that only God can bring it about. And it is a change of heart which turns us round to God in love and delight. Once we looked away from Him. We consulted any book rather than His Book. We listened to anybody rather than listen to Him. But now we are ready to sacrifice everything, to give up what we prized most, because we think that there is

none like Him. Dear children, do you know anything about this great change of conversion? Can you repeat from the heart Philip Doddridge's hymn: "'Tis done, the great transaction's done; I am my Lord's and He is mine?"

II.

Then Consecration—what is that? It is surrender to a new Master, forsaking the old habits and sins that have ruled us, yielding ourselves up to Christ, that He may cleanse us and keep us and use us, that He may do with us just what pleases Him. The men of Ephesus did that. They cut themselves off from their old ways of thinking and living; they chose Christ to be their King through all the future. It was like Cæsar burning his boats behind him when he crossed the river. It was as much as to say: "We have done with that old road; we have entered on a new path; we have set our faces in the opposite direction; we mean to belong only and always to Jesus." Have you made this surrender, children? Many would like to have Christ as their Saviour from death at last, and yet would like to keep their own foolish and evil ways meanwhile. They are fond of the devil's work, and they simply want to escape the devil's wages. But there can be no salvation on these terms. The wicked books must be burned. The old life must be forsaken. Jesus must be accepted without reserve as our Master. And not our Master for a day or two, but for ever. In the year 1496 there was a great bonfire in the Square of St. Mark in Florence. It was known afterwards as the Bonfire of Vanities. At the bidding of the Reformer Savonarola men and women brought their treasures, tapestries and pictures, cards and dice, and set the pile ablaze, and consumed it to dust and nothingness. But their good resolutions soon passed away. And by-and-by another burning followed in Florence, more solemn, more terrible, the martyrdom of the good Savonarola himself. It was different with the men of Ephesus. They said good-bye for ever to their sinful lives, and made a covenant with Christ. And they kept it. Such grace was given them, such enlargement of heart they had, such knowledge and faith they showed, that Paul could send them before long the sublimest of all his letters. It is the Ephesians, not the Florentines, whom we must try with God's help to be like.

III.

Confession—that is the third word. And what is that? It is the frank and open acknowledgment that we mean to serve and follow Christ. "Before all men" the citizens of Ephesus burned their books. They did not do it in secret. They came out to the light of day and to the busiest part of the town, and they did it there. They would be sure to be laughed at; and hated, too, for Ephesus loved the magic they were abjuring and disliked the Christ they were honouring; but that did not keep them at home. In the bustling market, in the presence of a great crowd, the books were gathered and destroyed. We should show as frankly that Christ is our

Lord and King. We should speak out our convictions whenever we have an opportunity. We should live them out fearlessly and fully, everywhere and every day. Christ will take care of us if we do, will stand by us. Sometimes at nights, when you have been out in a boat, you have seen the phosphorescence on the sea, the beautiful green light that flashed from the water when you dipped your oar into it. That gleaming phosphorescence is caused by multitudes of little marine animals; and there have been many scientific speculations about them. One writer says the light was bestowed on the little creatures for the very purpose of marking them out as a prey to other fish. But the leading men of science hold that all bright and strongly marked features are meant for the protection of the animals that bear them. Yes, the more brightly and strongly we let our light shine, the safer we are; Christ will be our Friend; He will face the Hill Difficulty side by side with us. And it is the noblest course, and the course that does most good in the world. So let us declare ourselves, openly and bravely.

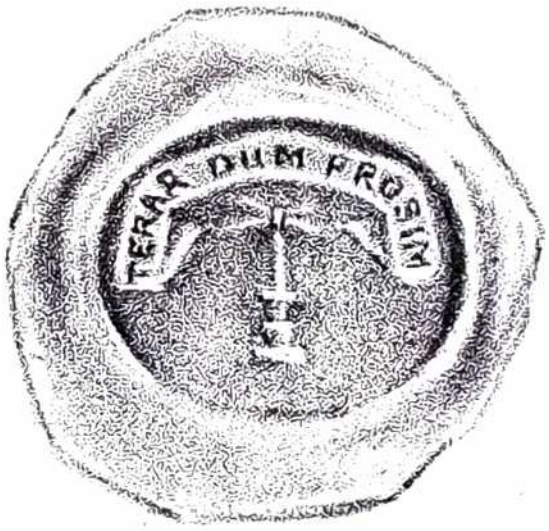
Conversion and Consecration and Confession; the new Heart, the new Master, the new Language—may God teach you and me the real meaning of these things.

"And yet there is Room."

THERE are now about 2,500 women missionaries in the heathen world, who have been sent out by British, Continental, and American Societies.

Let there be Light!

WHEN Thomas Carlyle was twenty-eight years of age, he sketched in his Journal the emblem of a wasting candle, with the motto written on it, TERAR DUM PROSIM. It was with a seal made after that pattern that he usually closed his letters.—*Early Letters of Jane Carlyle.*



TERAR, *let me be wasted*, DUM, *so that*, PROSIM, *I be of use.*

The shining of the light is our business; the placing of the candlestick is God's.

Two Collies.

JOHN TODD, the oldest herd in the Pentlands, loved to speak of the really good dogs that he had known, and the one really good dog that he had himself possessed. He had been offered forty pounds for it; but a good collie was worth more than that, more than anything to a "herd;" he did the herd's work for them. "As for the like of them!" he would cry, and scornfully indicate the scouring tails of his assistants.

Once, in the days of his good dog, he had bought some sheep in Edinburgh, and on the way out, the road being crowded, two were lost. This was a reproach to John, and a slur upon the dog; and both were alive to their misfortune. Word came, after some days, that a farmer about Braid had found a pair of sheep; and thither went John and the dog to ask for restitution. But the farmer was a hard man and stood upon his rights. "How were they marked?" he asked; and since John had bought right and left from many sellers, he had no notion of the marks. "Very well," said the farmer, "then it's only right that I should keep them."—"Well," said John, "it's a fact that I cannae tell the sheep; but if my dog can, will ye let me have them?" The farmer was honest as well as hard, and, besides, I daresay he had little fear of the ordeal; so he had all the sheep upon his farm into one large park, and turned John's dog into their midst. That hairy man of business knew his errand well; he knew that John and he had bought two sheep and (to their shame) lost them about Boroughmuirhead; he knew, besides, (I don't know how, unless by listening) that they were come to Braid for their recovery; and without pause or blunder singled out, first one and then another, the two waifs. It was that afternoon the forty pounds were offered and refused. And the shepherd and his dog—what do I say? the true shepherd and his man—set off together by Fairmilehead in jocund humour, and "smiled to ither" all the way home, with the two recovered ones before them. So far, so good; but intelligence may be abused. The dog, as he is by little man's inferior in mind, is only by little his superior in virtue; and John had another Collie tale of quite a different complexion. At the foot of the moss behind Kirk Yetton there is a scrog of low wood and a

pool with a dam for washing sheep. John was one day lying under a bush in the scrog, when he was aware of a collie on the far hillside skulking down through the deepest of the heather with unobtrusive stealth. He knew the dog; knew him for a clever, rising practitioner from quite a distant farm; one whom perhaps he had coveted as he saw him masterfully steering flocks to market. But what did the practitioner so far from home? and why this guilty and secret manœuvring towards the pool? —for it was towards the pool that he was heading. John lay the closer under his bush, and presently saw the dog come forth upon the margin, look all about to see if he were anywhere observed, plunge in and repeatedly wash himself over head and ears, and then (but now openly and with tail in air) strike homeward over the hills. That same night word was sent his master, and the rising practitioner, shaken up from where he lay, all innocence before the fire, was led out to a dykeside and promptly shot; for, alas! he was that foulest of criminals under trust, a sheep-eater; and it was from the stain of sheep's blood that he had come so far to cleanse himself in the pool behind Kirk Yetton.—*Memories and Portraits, R. Louis Stevenson.*

The Little Gossiping Snipe.

AMONG the reeds by the margin of a loch in one of the Western Isles two snipes built their nest. It took little trouble to do that, for the building consisted only of choosing a hollow spot in the ground and gathering a few withered leaves and stalks. There the mother snipe laid four eggs of olive white, spotted with brown; and when the days were longest, and the summer sun was pouring its warm rays down on moor and loch, the little snipes made their appearance. Oh they were dear little beauties! They were dressed in lovely dark maroon with spots of black and white and buff, and their dresses fitted to perfection! They were soon able to run about quite freely, and in a few weeks more they would have passed quite readily for their mother's younger sisters.

Have you ever seen a snipe? The illustration will show you that it has a very little tail and a very long bill, but it can give you no idea of the beautiful rich colours of its plumage, or of the brightness of its eye.

The Snipe family were very happy. They had most things to make them so, for there was plenty to eat in the mossy ground round the loch, the scenery was of the grandest, and there was no want of society. There was quite a colony of snipes in the neighbourhood, and Mrs. Eider-Duck was rearing a numerous family just round the corner. Indeed, one could hardly go a few yards among the reeds beside the loch without stumbling on some wild bird's nest. For the loch was far from the haunts of men, and the birds were seldom disturbed; only when a shepherd counting his sheep on the

moor passed that way, or when, in the winter time, a shooting party, with their guns and dogs, came to have what they were pleased to call a "day's sport."

The mother Snipe took great pains in training her children. She taught them how to pierce the soft soil of the marshy places with their long sensitive bills so as to find the food most suitable for them.

Now, it does seem strange that a snipe should be able to tell what is at the end of its bill when that bill

is away down in the dark earth. How can it tell when it doesn't see? Yet frail man does things as wonderful. What layer of earth is darker or more confused in its contents than the pocket of a boy with its marbles, top, pencil, string, unfinished apple, and what not? Yet shall he not with the point of one finger only unerringly distinguish every one? Could even Egyptian darkness make him mistake his pencil for his apple, though the one perchance be as soft and nutritious as the other?

The Snipes' mother also taught them how to fly, saying—"Now when you are alarmed you must squat down so on the ground at once, and if you take to flight you must dart about from side to side so as to make it difficult for any one to shoot you. All snipes are able to do that, and when my cousins come from Norway to spend the winter with us, for it is too cold there, I hope they will find you properly behaved. Try to be kind and helpful to one another and never do anything mean." The three eldest grew up as obedient and affectionate as a mother's heart could wish. The youngest daughter, I am sorry to say, came to a sad end, the result of a wicked habit. As soon as she could run about alone she became very fond of visiting all the neighbours and hearing all that was going on. She went from one to another retailing all she had heard, often adding a little bit just to make it more striking. She was a fair mimic, so she entertained the Woodcocks with accounts of the Sandpipers' peculiarities, and amused the Sandpipers with stories about the Woodcocks, and made the young people of both families shriek with laughing at her imitation of Mrs. Eider-Duck's elegant gait, until she came to think she was a very clever little snipe indeed.

But I am sorry to say she did worse. So eager did she become to hear of other birds' affairs that she sometimes hid herself in order to hear what was not intended for her ears. Her mother caught her at it only once, but it nearly broke her heart. I thought the daughter never could have forgotten what her mother and she said to one another that day. For it was the most solemn day there had ever been in their family history. The other young ones did not know what their sister had done, but the distress of their mother was so evident that they neither ate nor drank nor played, but lay shivering together all day.

But their sister soon forgot her promise, and another day came, more solemn still. She had been hiding behind a clump of reeds, listening to an interesting disagreement between her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Sandpiper. Mrs. Sandpiper, who never would be punctual, had kept her husband waiting a whole half-hour that day, and dearly though he loved her, the annoyance it had caused him, and the heavy loss it had occasioned several other birds whose time had depended on his—to say nothing of the shame of it all—so grieved him that he spoke for once most bitterly. And Mrs. Sandpiper, instead of being grieved, as a true wife should have been at

having made her husband say things he never could think of afterwards without pain, spoke back tauntingly and sneeringly. And our friend, the listening snipe, was just wondering how many calls she could make that afternoon, and where she would begin, when her mother's words came into her mind—"Oh, my dear, dear child, never do anything mean." But she pushed them from her, and determined to go first to the Eider-Ducks'. So she was ripe for judgment, and it came. A passing hawk had noticed her, and was now poised in the air above her, but so intent on her thoughts had she become that she did not notice him. It was but the work of a moment, and all her wit and cleverness and beauty perished. With one swoop he seized and carried her off, and a faint scream of terror was the last that was heard of her who was spoken of ever afterwards as "the little gossiping snipe."

The Emperor Nero.

THIS is the man who put the Apostle Paul to death.

His early training, owing to his father's death and his mother Agrippina's banishment, was left to two slaves, a dancer and a barber. But Agrippina was soon recalled, and the charge passed into her own hands. She set herself at once to win the throne for him. The struggle lasted thirteen years. She got the Empress put to death, and then married the Emperor Claudius, her own uncle.* Six years afterwards she poisoned him, and Nero, her son, became Emperor, 12th October, 54. Claudius had left a son, a noble boy, Britannicus. Him Nero poisoned at a banquet to which he had invited him. He died at the table in presence of the guests, who were commanded to resume the feast the moment the poor lad's body was removed. Soon after, Agrippina's own turn came. First he enticed her, under guise of love, on board a ship so built that at a given signal it fell to pieces. To his consternation his mother swam ashore, and there was nothing left for him to do but to send his guards to murder her. With her latest breath she called him "monster." To this crime he was chiefly urged by his love for a woman named Poppaea whom he had stolen from her husband. Her he made Empress after he had murdered, in her twentieth year, his wife Octavia, the sister of Britannicus. The year after he kicked Poppaea to death. Is it any wonder that the Roman historian, Tacitus, feels himself compelled to apologise for the tediousness of such a record of bloodshed and crime?

* An act viewed with horror by the heathen world, and yet, this very year, in the face of Christendom, the Pope has sanctioned a similar union in the case of the profligate brother of the King of Italy.

Yet the one half has not been told. In the year 64 the Great Fire broke out which destroyed ten of the fourteen "regions" into which Rome was divided. Rightly or wrongly, Nero was accused of having caused it. He certainly had looked on with undisguised delight. To appease the populace, who demanded some victim, he laid the blame, as the historian says, "on the common people called Christians." He put vast numbers of them to death, adding mockery to cruelty, wrapping them in wild beasts' skins and setting dogs at them, or crucifying them, or setting them on fire and using them as torches by night.

Meantime the city was rising from its ruins, Nero building for himself a Palace, called from its splendour The Golden House. It had three covered galleries, each a mile long. In front of its chief entrance stood a marble Colossus, or huge statue, of the Emperor, 120 feet high. From it the neighbouring theatre was called the Colosseum. In 66 he went to Greece, for he was proud of his singing and fiddling and driving, to contend at the great games for prizes. Woe to the man who tried to beat the Emperor! One poor singer who drowned his voice was put to death! It is no wonder, therefore, that in every contest, even in the chariot race in which he actually rolled over, chariot, horses, and all, in mid career, Nero got the crown!

His course was now all but finished. Yet, ere the close, God, Who had striven with him from the beginning, sent one last messenger, His best and greatest, the chief of the Apostles, to offer him forgiveness through the blood of Christ. But to his sins he added yet this above all, he put Paul to death.

The end soon came. His people could bear him no longer, his legions revolted, his prayers and tears were met with ridicule. In vain he asked to be allowed to sail to Alexandria that he might earn his bread by singing in the streets! He fled from Rome to a freedman's house four miles off, and crawling on hands and feet into a little room through a hole made in a back wall, lay waiting for his doom. It was the 9th of June, the anniversary of his wife Octavia's death. Presently, hearing the trampling of his pursuers' horses, he drew out two daggers, and died by his own hand, a slave giving him the final blow. And so perished miserably, in the thirty-first year of his age, the last of the race of the Cæsars.

Whoso him bethoft
Inwardly and oft,
How hard it were to flit
From bed unto the pit,
From pit unto pain
That ne'er shall cease again,
He would not do one sin
All the world to win.

—*Inscription in the Parish Church of Feversham.*

DR. LIVINGSTONE'S last public words in Scotland were these, addressed to a school in Hamilton, "I have just two things to say to you, FEAR GOD, AND WORK HARD."

THE MOON.		THE SUN RISES	SETS.
Full Moon, . .	7th November.	Sabbath, 3rd Nov., at	7.32; 4.30.
Last Quarter, . .	15th "	" 10th "	7.46; 4.16.
New Moon, . .	23rd "	" 17th "	8.1; 4.3.
First Quarter, . .	29th "	" 24th "	8.15; 3.53.

1	F	Some men's sins are open beforehand, going before to judgment :
2	S	And some men they follow after.—*1 Tim. v. 24.*
3	S	He telleth the number of the stars : He calleth them all by their names.—*Psalm cxlvi. 7.*
4	M	I, the Lord, which call thee by thy name, am the God of Israel.—*Isa. xlv. 3.*
5	Tu	I have ever called thee by thy name : I have surnamed thee.—*Isaiah xlv. 4.*
6	W	I have girded thee, though thou hast not known Me.—*Isaiah xlv. 6.*
7	Th	Therefore My people shall know My name.—*Isaiah lii. 6.*
8	F	He calleth His own sheep by name.—*John x. 3.*
9	S	I will write upon him My new name —*Rev. iii. 12.*
10	S	For the Lord's portion is His people.—*Deut. xxxii. 9.*
11	M	The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear Him, in those that hope in His mercy.—*Psalm cxlvii. 11.*
12	Tu	And My delights were with the sons of men.—*Prov. viii. 31.*
13	W	For ye are our glory and joy.—*1 Thess. ii. 20.*
14	Th	There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth. *Luke xv. 10.*
15	F	So then they that are in the flesh cannot please God.—*Rom. viii. 8.*
16	S	This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased.—*Matthew. iii. 17.*
17	S	Fret not thyself because of evil doers, neither be thou envious against the workers of iniquity.—*Psalm xxxvii. 1.*
18	M	For they shall soon be cut down like the grass.—*Verse 2.*
19	Tu	As a dream, when one awaketh, so, O Lord, when Thou awakest, Thou wilt despise their image.—*Psalm lxxiii. 3.*
20	W	The way of the wicked He turneth upside down.—*Psalm cxlvi. 9.*
21	Th	But the salvation of the righteous is of the Lord.—*Psalm xxxvii. 39.*
22	F	And they shall see His face and His name shall be in their foreheads.—*Revelation xxii. 4.*
23	S	For the righteous Lord loveth righteousness.—*Psalm xi. 7.*
24	S	This people have I formed for Myself; they shall shew forth My praise.—*Isaiah xliii. 21.*
25	M	If ye will obey My voice indeed and keep My covenant then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto Me.—*Exodus xix. 5.*
26	Tu	The Lord thy God hath chosen thee to be a special people unto Himself.—*Deuteronomy vii. 6.*
27	W	Him that cometh unto Me I will in no wise cast out.—*John vi. 37.*
28	Th	Father, I will that they also whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am.—*John xvii. 24.*
29	F	We know that when He shall appear we shall be like Him.—*1 John iii. 3.*
30	S	Behold, what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us that we should be called the sons of God.—*1 John iii. 1.*

December, 1889.

The Morning Watch.

Edited by
REV. J. P. STRUTHERS, M.A.,
GREENOCK.

GREENOCK. JAMES McKELVIE & SONS.
EDINBURGH & GLASGOW, JOHN MENZIES & CO.

One Halfpenny.

The Title-page of this Magazine will in future have a new Illustration every Month.

Business Communications to be addressed to the Publishers, JAS. M'KELVIE & SONS, Greenock.

The 1889 Volume of

The Morning Watch

IS NOW READY,

Price ONE SHILLING,

(Free by post, 1s. 1d.).

Copies of the 1888 Volume may still be had.

JAMES M'KELVIE & SONS, GREENOCK.

May be had of all Booksellers.

Bible Questions.

JUNIORS.—1. Give the names of six or more rivers mentioned in Genesis. 2. Seven women spoken of in Joshua.

SENIORS.—1. A list of miracles connected with *water* in the Old Testament. 2. A list of people in trouble who could get no one to help them.

Answers to be sent to Rev. A. P. GILLESPIE, B.A., Loanhead, by Edinburgh, not later than the 17th. No prizes will be given, but the names of those who give correct answers will be published.

Good answers to the Questions in the last number have been received from—

Juniors.

AIRDRIE.—Robert Stevenson. BALLYMONEY.—Georgina Dick. BELFAST.—Annie Allen, J. Black, Mina Black, A. Chancellor, T. G. Courtney, Ellen R. Cully, Jeanie Edgar, Mary Edgar, John Graham, Wm. Graham, Fred. Harvey. GLASGOW.—Gavin R. L. Brown, Elizabeth L. Brown, Janet Barclay, John Stirling. GREENOCK.—Daniel M'I. Black, Edward Grieve, Jessie Y. Howie, Mary G. M'Neil. HAMILTON.—Mary H. Martin. INVERKIP.—Matthew Lang. LEEDS.—Bertie Hardie, Wm. Archie Paterson, L. Pomphrey, Willie Pomphrey, Elizabeth S. Sloan, John D. Sloan. LIVERPOOL.—Lizzie M'Clure. LOANHEAD.—Grace Allison, Caroline Haddow. NEMPHLAR.—Agnes M. Frame, Janet Frame. PAISLEY.—Kate Hunter, Maggie Moffat, Tom Muirhead. PORT-GLASGOW.—Alexander Adams, Lizzie Pollock, Walter Pollock. SHANDON.—Archie B. Finlay. STRANRAER.—A. M. Bradford, Willie Duffus, Maggie Hamilton, Mary Hamilton, Agnes Ann Higgins, Robert Andrew Higgins, Thomas Peter Higgins, William Alex. Higgins, Willie Murray, James Shankland, Alice Stewart, Elizabeth S. Stewart, Florence Mary Stewart. WHITHORN.—Alex. Culton, Nellie Culton, James C. M'Kinnell.

Seniors.

AIRDRIE.—Lizzie S. Stevenson. BELFAST.—John Allen, C. Hurst Chancellor. GLASGOW.—Agnes Stirling, Bessie Stirling. HAMILTON.—Maggie K. W. Martin. LEEDS.—James Paterson, John Pomphrey. RATHFRILAND.—Walter Campbell, Robert James Campbell, Lizzie Kean, M. Kean.

International Sabbath School Lessons.

December 1.—The Temple Dedicated.—1 Kings viii. 12-16, 54-66. Text, Hab. ii. 20. Psalm xxv. 7, 8.

THE Israelites had permitted the Ark of God to dwell in a tent for 450 years, while they themselves lived in ceiled houses. Yet He comes in willingly and heartily and keeps back none of His glory. And how slow He was to go away? It took 416 years of sin to provoke Him to forsake His house, and back he came the moment they rebuilt it, and He never left it till his Son was crucified and man's redemption won. It is in the house of prayer He still puts His name. In the church on the Sabbath day, man, woman, and little child, may see His glory as it is nowhere else to be seen in Heaven or on earth.

Dec. 8.—Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. 1 Kings x. 1-13. Text, Matt. xii. 42. Quest. 45. Ps. xxv. 10,11.

THIS is another of the innumerable proofs given in the Bible that the knowledge of God was sent to the heathen in Old Testament times, and that they were as heartily welcomed as the Jews. The Queen of Sheba's hard questions would doubtless be about sin, and judgment, and forgiveness. All other questions are trifling and easy compared with these. Christ tells us He will answer all our questions if we come frankly to Him. (Matt. xii. 42.) Sheba or Sabaea was South Arabia.

Dec. 15.—Solomon's Fall. 1 King xi. 4-13. Text, 1 Cor. x. 12. Quest. 50. Ps. xxv. 12, 13.

ISRAEL was meant to shew the world what a nation should be that had God as its true king. Solomon was doing everything to destroy that purpose. He joined heathen kings, as if he were one of them, in their enterprises and followed them in their worst sins. His readiness to build heathen temples for his wives, and that, too, right in view of God's temple, and to allow heathen worship, shows that the worship of God had come to mean little for himself. Readiness to join with bad men in trade, in friendship, or in marriage, proves that God has not His place in the heart.

Men are always warned of their sins, and so in judgment they are without excuse. There are not only vicarious sacrifice and vicarious faith in the Bible but also vicarious mercy. The judgment on Solomon was postponed for David's sake.

Dec. 22.—Close of Solomon's Reign. 1 Kings xi. 26-43. Text, Eccl. xii. 13. Quest. 51.

PREPARATION is being made for punishment while Solomon feels all secure in his sin. His own hand gets his own scourge ready. He knew men, was a judge of character, and promoted Jeroboam for his steadiness and industry, but he did not know himself, or see how he was wasting his days.

God too gave honour to a well-doing man, but he abused the honour for he could not wait God's time. The people were ready for rebellion, weary of the extravagance and tyranny of Solomon. He knew that, and the end of his reign was embittered by knowing that everything would be overthrown at his death. He died a comparatively young man.

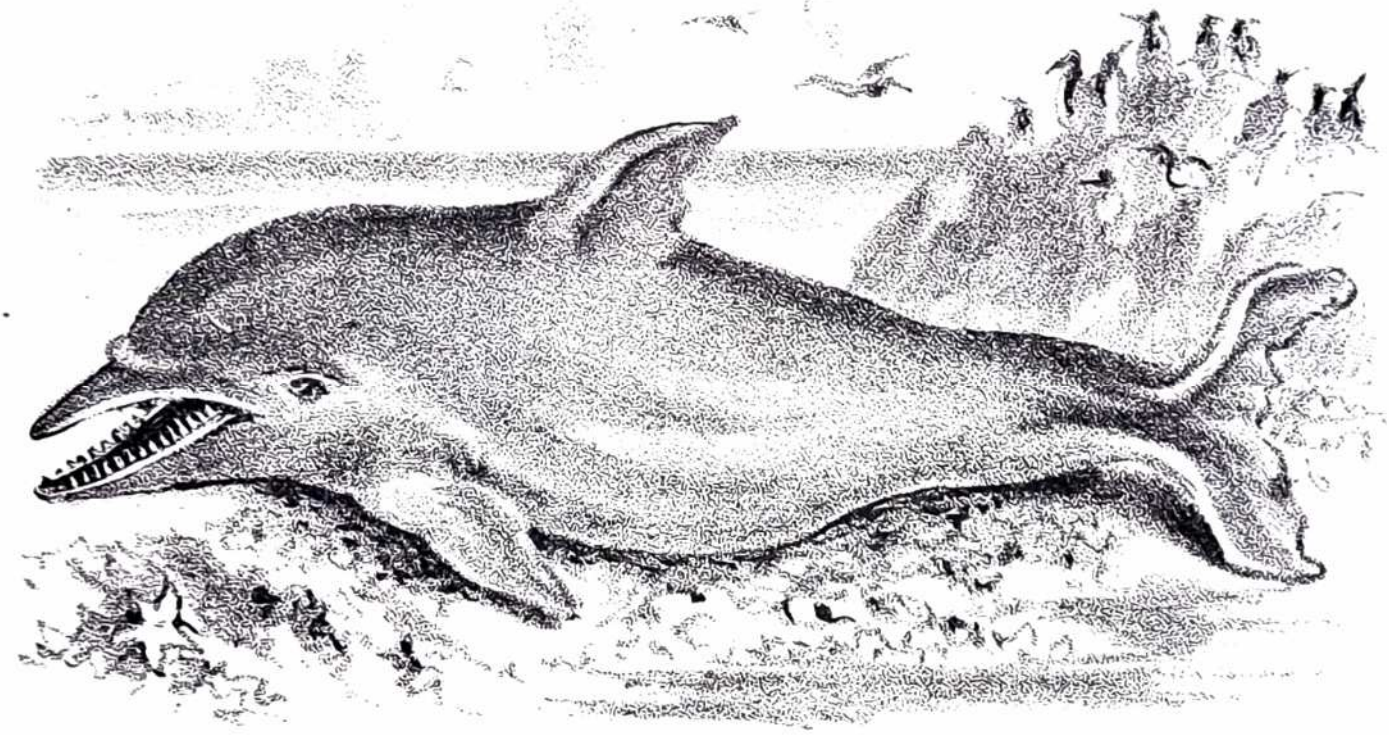
Dec. 29.—Review of Quarter's Lessons. Text, Luke i. 33. Quest. 52.

Arion and the Dolphin.

DO you know the story the old Greeks used to tell about Arion and the Dolphin?

It was about the year 700 B.C., when Periander was king of Corinth, and Arion was his friend. He was a poet, and second to none of his time in singing and playing upon the lyre. He had gone to Sicily to take part in a musical contest, and having won the prize and received many presents, had embarked in a Corinthian ship to return home. For he trusted Corinthians above all other men. But the sailors coveted his treasures, and conspired to murder him. And he discovering their plan offered them his money, and entreated them to spare his life. But they would not yield, and told him he must die. Then he asked them to grant him one favour: would they allow him to sing one song and play upon his lyre once more before they cast him into the sea? The sailors readily agreed, well pleased that they should hear the best singer in the world. Then Arion put on his festal robes, and took his lyre, and standing on one of the rowing benches played and sang a farewell song, and then leaped into the sea.

So the sailors sailed away, and his treasures were divided. But, says the story, while Arion sang, a shoal of dolphins had gathered round the ship, for dolphins are lovers of music, and one of them took him on its back and carried him over the sea two hundred miles to Taenarum in Greece, which was near his home. And so it happened that he got safe to Corinth long before the sailors in



the ship. And he told his tale to the king, but he would not believe him, and cast him into prison, and waited till the ship was come. The sailors were then summoned to his presence and were asked about Arion. They said they had left him safe in Italy. And that very instant Periander gave the word and Arion appeared before them, dressed just as he was when hs leaped into the sea. And the sailors confessed their guilt, and were punished according to their deserts.

One can't help thinking that this legend must have been founded on the strange history of Jonah, who had lived a hundred years before. The experiences he passed through were not such as could be hid. The mariners, who, when the sea ceased from her raging, feared the Lord exceedingly, would tell the story in every Mediterranean port at which they touched. And Jonah himself would tell it. For God meant it to be told. "The sign of the prophet Jonah" was the most striking type of the resurrection of Christ God ever gave the world, and the resurrection was the grandest token of His love, and His love is the one thing He has ever wished all men to know.

The Speaking Bit of Wood.

WHILE I was building the Mission House one day, I required some nails and tools. Lifting a piece of planed wood, I pencilled a few words on it, and requested our old Chief to carry it to my wife, who was living in a hut some distance off, and she would send what I wanted. In blank wonder he stared at me and said, "But what do you want?"

I replied, "The wood will tell her." He looked rather angry,

thinking that I befooled him, and said, "Who ever heard of wood speaking?"

By hard pleading, I succeeded in persuading him to go. He was amazed to see her looking at the wood and then fetching the needed articles. He brought back the bit of wood and eagerly made signs for an explanation. Chiefly in broken Tannese, I read to him the words, and told him that in the same way God spoke to us through His Book; the will of God was written there, and by-and-bye, when he learned to read, he could hear God *speaking* to him from its page as my wife heard me from the bit of wood.

A great desire was thus awakened in his soul to see the very word of God printed in his own language. And when my work of translating parts of the Bible began, his delight was unbounded and his help beyond all value. The miracle of a speaking page was not less wonderful than that of speaking wood!—*John G. Paton: Second Part.*

Little Agnes Hunter.

SHE was tidy and orderly, and of thorough cleanliness; a splendid housekeeper, and she had lovely eyes. She had lost her mother when she was but fifteen. The illness was a very long and trying one, and Agnes was her only nurse. But no nurse could have done more. The minister of the family, who had many opportunities of seeing how she did, laid his hand on her head one day and said—"A blessing will follow you, my lassie, for your duty to your mother."

Agnes Hunter became in time the wife of a godly man, and the mother of the great Dr. Livingstone. It was the kind, gentle way he inherited from her that enabled him to win the love of the savages of Africa.

Leeby.

I HAVE heard of a man who would have taken Leeby far away into a county where the corn is yellow when it is still green with us, but she would not leave her ailing mother. From her earliest days, when she was still a child staggering round the garden with Jamie in her arms, her duty lay before her, straight as the burying-ground road. There was need of her in the little home at the top of the brae, where God, looking down upon her as she scrubbed and gossipped and sat up all night with her mother, and never missed the prayer-meeting, did not perhaps think her the least of His handmaids. Her years were less than thirty when He took her away, but she had few days that were altogether dark. Those who bring sunshine to the lives of others cannot keep it from themselves.—*A Window in Thrums.*

Kitty Wren's Mistake.

"I'M sick of this old brown dress," said a little Wren, eyeing herself with great dissatisfaction in a shallow pool in the stream. The stream flowed through a wood, and on its banks underneath the gnarled roots of an oak tree there was a Wren's nest. It was daintily

The Wren.

made and was so like its surroundings that it could be distinguished from them only with difficulty. The little builder had been very particular, and this was the fourth nest she had made. The others had not been satisfactory, but this one pleased her in every way. She liked to hear the murmuring of the stream, and the sunbeams flickered down so brightly through the green leaves of the trees that one discontented thought never entered her head. She had a sweet voice and a cheerful disposition, and there she reared her two broods, and was as happy as a little bird could be. It was winter time now and the nights were cold, so the Wrens still slept all together in the old nest to keep each other warm.

Kitty Wren was one of the first brood, and it was she who made the remark, "I am sick of this old brown dress," a remark which somewhat startled her mother.

"My dear Kitty," she said, "I am astonished and vexed to hear you speak so. Our dress is warm and suitable, and what more could we wish?"

"I certainly would wish a little more colour," said Kitty, "something bright in blue or yellow or crimson. It is just as dowdy as dowdy can be, and our tails stick up so ridiculously."

"For my part," said her mother, 'I much prefer my own tail to that of the Peacock trailing on the ground. It must be extremely inconvenient, and I have always heard that great danger is connected with the bright plumage of a bird. We can dart about and be but little noticed, but a bird with gay feathers is an easy mark for a schoolboy's sling or a sportsman's gun."

Kitty was silent, but not in the least convinced. She flew off to a plantation of young firs which was near, to pay a visit to her cousins, the golden crested Wrens, and to unburden her grievance to them. She told them that she admired their orange crests so very much, and that she was very much ashamed of being such a homely little bird. Her tail too was a consuming vexation. "Was it not too absurd?"

Her cousins were very good natured. They laughed and tried to stroke down her tail, but it was of no use; it would stick up.

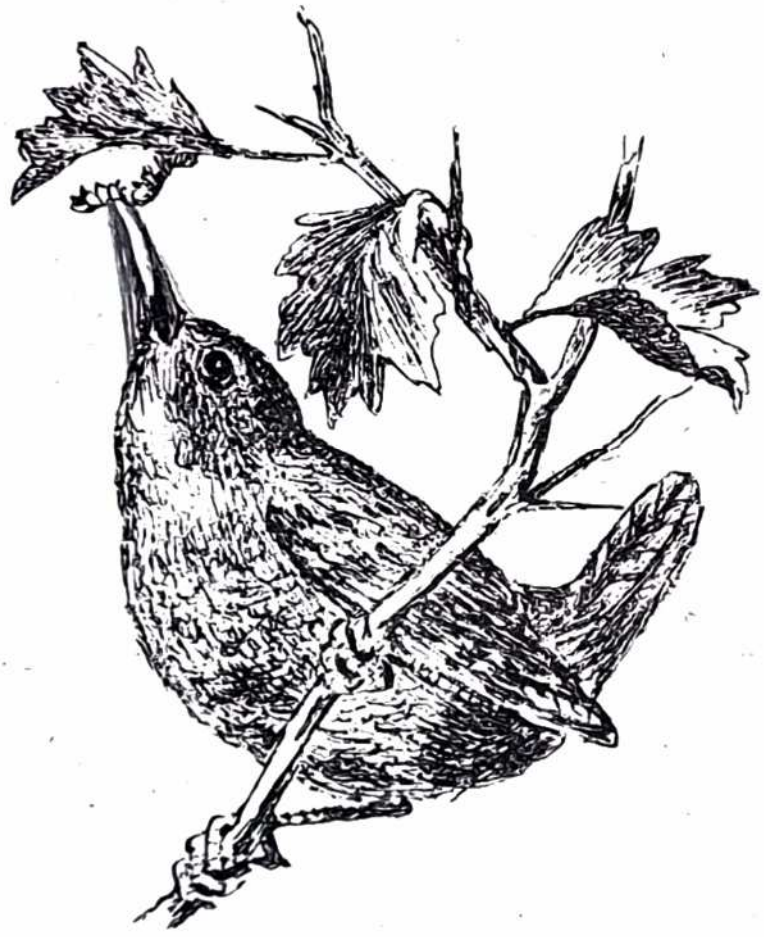
"Suppose we make you a crest, Kitty?" they said. The suggestion was hailed with delight, and her eldest cousin, who had some original ideas in his head, after looking very much out of the corner of one eye, said, "I've got a plan. Just wait a minute," and flew off to a neighbouring hill where the furze blossomed all the year round.

He soon came back with a little sprig in his bill, and having chosen one golden blossom which was about the right size, he managed with the help of some sticky stuff which he found on the fir trees to fix it on the top of Kitty's brown head. The vain little creature was delighted. She flew about in great spirits and was much gratified to find that her new adornment attracted a great deal of attention from the other birds.

Evening drew on and it was becoming very cold. Should she

return home? No; they would all laugh at her, and her mother, she knew, would command her to take off her new crest. She wonld just stay away this night at any rate. And she passed it very uncomfortably, suffering a good deal from cold and afraid to put her head under her wing in case she should spoil her crest!

In the morning she was hopping rather stiffly alongside a hedge looking out for breakfast, when a schoolboy, attracted by such a curious little specimen of a bird, dashed his hat down on the top of her, nearly knocking all the breath out of her poor little body. Slowly lifting up the corner of his hat the boy took hold of his prize, but—it was only a common Wren! The golden crest had been knocked off. The boy rubbed his eyes; he was certain he had seen something shining on the bird's head! But the mystery was never solved to him. He had a kind heart, however, and as he knew that the bird would not live in confinement, he allowed it to fly off.



Kitty's first thought was to go home and say nothing of what had happened. Her second was to tell how very foolish she had been, and how nearly she had perished through her own silly vanity.

"My child," said her mother, "I am glad you have told me everything so honestly and candidly, and I hope you will never forget the lesson you have learned. A spirit of contentment and cheerfulness is more to be desired than gay clothing, and it will make others happy as well as yourself."

DURING the last thirty-four years, according to Dr. Ernst Engel's computation, 2,253,000 men have been actually killed in battle. And all these were in the flower of their youth and the fulness of their strength.

Thanks before Meat.

FOR A CHILD.

WHAT God gives, and what we take,
'Tis a gift for Christ His sake;
Be the meal of beans and pease,
God be thanked for those and these;
Have we flesh, or have we fish,
All are fragments from His dish.

Robert Herrick, 1591-1674.

Alexander the Great.

ALEXANDER, the first of men to be called "The Great," was the son of Philip king of Macedon and his wife Olympias, and was born in the year 356 before Christ. Philip was a man of wonderful ability. His young son used to say, "My father will leave me nothing to do," but the son lived to do even greater things than the father had done. He was carefully educated, having for his tutor from his thirteenth to his sixteenth year, "the three best years of his life," no less a man than Aristotle, one of the wisest men who ever lived. Alexander carried with him through all his wars a copy of Homer's Iliad which Aristotle had given him.

He fought his first battle when he was eighteen. The Thebans and Athenians were at war with the Macedonians, who were led by Philip. It was the son's bravery that won the day. There was a body of Theban soldiers, 300 strong, called the Sacred Band, all young men chosen from the best families, and so arranged in battle that every man had an intimate friend standing next to him. Alexander charged them, but they refused to quit their post, and were all cut to pieces. The famous orator Demosthenes was one of the Athenians who fought that day. "My son," said Philip, embracing him after the battle, "seek for thyself another kingdom, for that which I leave is too small for thee."

Within two years Philip was assassinated, and Alexander became king. Shortly after, he was proclaimed head of the Greek people. It was at this time he went to see Diogenes, who had refused to come to see him. He was the philosopher who lived in a tub. Alexander found him basking in the sun. "Can

I do anything to serve you?" he asked. "Yes," said the philosopher, "if you would stand out of my sunshine."

In April, B.C. 334, Alexander left Europe never to return. He crossed the Hellespont, steering the ship himself, and when near the shore hurled his spear to show that he claimed Asia for his own. It was his father Philip's purpose he thus sought to carry out, but, without meaning it, he was fulfilling the decree of God; for, 200 years before, the prophet Daniel had foretold that a he-goat should come from the west and destroy the ram with two horns that represented the kingdom of Media and Persia. "And the rough goat is the king of Grecia, and the great horn that is between his eyes is the first king." Josephus, the Jewish historian, says that Alexander visited Jerusalem, and was shown these words by the High Priest.

He took with him 30,000 foot soldiers and 4,500 cavalry, and with this little army set out to conquer Asia. Before leaving home he had distributed most of his property amongst his friends, and being asked what he had kept for himself replied, "My hopes." But however great these may have been, they were surely more than surpassed.

In the west of Asia, first of all, army after army fled, and province after province was captured. In Phygia he came to the town of Gordium, where was a famous waggon, whose pole was fastened by an intricate knot of bark. It was an old saying that the man who could undo the knot should be King of Asia. Alexander cut it with his sword.

In B.C. 333 he defeated Darius himself, the Persian King, who had an army of half-a-million men, and then marching south destroyed Tyre. Egypt next submitted, and there, B.C. 331, he founded the city of Alexandria, which from that time till almost our own day became the centre of commerce between the East and West. The same year he defeated Darius again and finally, and so became master of the Persian Empire. Four years later he crossed the Indus and entered India, having conquered everyone but himself. His marvellous success, for he was scarcely thirty, had filled him with pride. Forgetting his own father's miserable history he gave way to drunkenness and every kind of wickedness. He imagined himself a god, and wore on his coins the horns of a ram on his head, as if he were the son of Jupiter Ammon! It was at this time he slew Clitus, a friend who had saved his life in battle. It was a night of revelry, and Alexander was decrying his father Philip's deeds. Clitus stood up for Philip's honour. "This hand," he cried, "saved your life at the Granicus; listen to the truth, or else invite to your suppers none but barbarians and slaves." Alexander's rage was now beyond all bounds. His attendants had put his dagger out of his reach, his officers tried to hold him back, but he dashed them aside, snatched a pike out of the hands of one of his guards, and thrust it through his friend, saying, "You can go now to Philip."

The lesson was soon forgotten, and Alexander went on in sin. His soldiers were wearying to get home, and forced him to turn westwards. Reaching Babylon, B.C. 324, he busied himself receiving embassies and planning new conquests. First he would subdue Arabia, then, one by one, the remaining nations of the earth. For he was still young, and life seemed all before him.

But the end came like a thief in the night. Two days' drunkenness brought on fever. He tried to shake it off, talking and playing dice with his generals, and rising each day to bathe and offer sacrifice, but the ninth day saw the end. He was asked to whom he left the kingdom, and having answered, "To the strongest," became speechless and soon after passed away. He died on the afternoon of 28th June, 323, aged 32 years and 8 months.

But his influence did not pass away, and never will. Alexander the Great had a hand in shaping the destiny of every one of us. He lived just after the prophet Malachi had written the last book of the Hebrew Scriptures. But it was necessary for the preaching of the Gospel among all nations that the New Testament should be written in Greek, and but for Alexander that never would have been. It was his conquests, the cities and kingdoms he founded, the soldiers he left behind him, the highways for trade he opened up, that brought the Greek language and Greek thought into Palestine.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem.

THERE are at this moment in the American State of Carolina about fifteen Presbyterian Churches, filled by congregations born in that State, the descendants of men who emigrated from Scotland to America more than a hundred years ago, and who, understanding no language save Gaelic, are instructed solely by Gaelic pastors born in the colony. Every circumstance of life has altered; independence and comparative wealth have taken the place of the poverty which drove their fathers from their loved Highlands, yet the new country in which they have found these blessings has but a secondary place in their love, for they are still Highlanders at heart, and they still speak of the moorland, which their own eyes have never seen, as—Home.—*C. F. Gordon Cumming.*

O daughter, forget thine own people and thy father's house; so shall the King greatly desire thy beauty.
—Ps. xlv. 10.

SOLOMON SCHUMAN was a Moravian missionary who laboured amongst the Arawak Indians in Guiana, in South America, a hundred and forty years ago. In one of his letters, he says: "To me no tongue on earth sounds sweeter than the Arawak; and when I find a new word to express some feature of the Lord and His work I rejoice infinitely more than if I had found a lump of gold."

THE MOON.		THE SUN RISES	SETS.
Full Moon, . .	7th December.	Sabbath, 1st Dec., at	8.27 ; 3.45.
Last Quarter, . ..	15th "	" 8th "	8.39 ; 3.41.
New Moon, . .	22nd "	" 15th "	8.46 ; 3.38.
First Quarter, . .	29th "	" 22nd "	8.51 ; 3.41.
		" 29th "	8,53 ; 3.46.

1	S	Thy hidden ones.—*Psalm lxxxiii. 3.*
2	M	Yet I have left me seven thousand in Israel, all the knees which have not bowed unto Baal.—*1 Kings xix. 18.*
3	Tu	Hide me from the secret counsel of the wicked.—*Psalm lxiv. 2.*
4	W	In the day of trouble He shall keep me secretly in His pavilion.—*Psalm xxvii. 5 (R. V.)*
5	Th	When thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and, when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father.—*Matt. vi. 6.*
6	F	Seek righteousness, seek meekness : it may be ye shall be hid in the day of the Lord's anger.—*Zeph. ii. 3.*
7	S	Your life is hid with Christ in God.—*Col. iii. 3.*
8	S	I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot hear them now.—*John xvi. 12.*
9	M	Thou mindest not the things of God, but the things of men.—*Mark viii. 33.*
10	Tu	Slow of heart to believe.—*Luke xxiv. 25.*
11	W	Sorrow hath filled your heart.—*John xvi. 6.*
12	Th	The care of the world and the deceitfulness of riches choke the word.—*Matthew xiii. 22.*
13	F	O Lord, Thy thoughts are very deep.—*Psalm xcii. 5.*
14	S	Thou shalt know hereafter.—*John xiii. 7.*
15	S	Apollos, mighty in the Scriptures.—*Acts xviii. 24.*
16	M	Barnabas, the son of consolation.—*Acts iv. 36.*
17	Tu	Dorcas was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.—*Acts ix. 36.*
18	W	Nathanael, an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.—*John i. 47.*
19	Th	Anna served God with fastings and prayers night and day.—*Luke ii. 37.*
20	F	Ye have heard of the patience of Job.—*James v. 11.*
21	S	Be followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.—*Hebrews vi. 12.*
22	S	The dayspring from on high hath visited us.—*Luke i. 78.*
23	M	O Lord, to us belongeth confusion of face.
24	Tu	To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness, though we have rebelled against Him.—*Daniel ix. 8, 9.*
25	W	He hath not despised nor abhorred the affliction of the afflicted,
26	Th	Neither hath He hid His face from him.—*Psalm xxii. 24.*
27	F	He hath regarded the low estate of His hand-maiden.—*Luke i. 48.*
28	S	He hath exalted them of low degree.—*Luke i. 52.*
29	S	And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come.—*Revelation xxii. 17.*
30	M	We pray you in Christ's stead, Be ye reconciled to God.—*2 Cor. v. 20.*
31	Tu	The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen.—*Rev. xxii. 21.*